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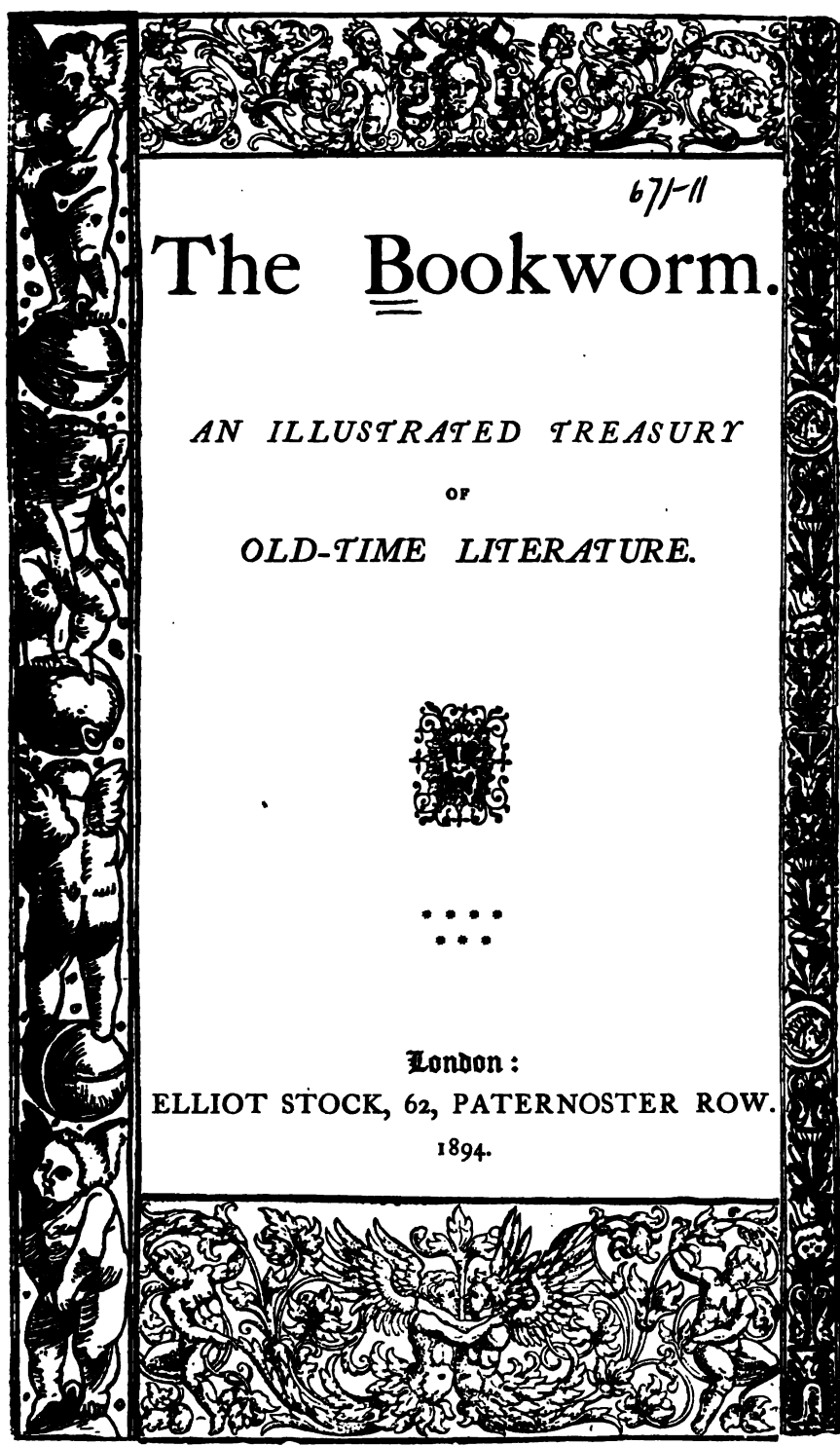
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~~IX. 34~~

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A PORTRAIT OF ÆSOP.

[See p. 369.]

No. 73.

Dec.,
1893.



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My Recollections of an Auction-Room.

MANY things have occurred since I first became acquainted with the place. It is nearly forty years ago. As a mere youth I had collected for a passing literary purpose an assortment of books, which circumstances obliged me to realise, when I had done with them. I sent them to SOTHEBY'S. It was my first experience of an auction, and it was a sorrowful one. The volumes, many in handsome new liveries, went for next to nothing. Some one, then in Castle Street, now in Piccadilly, bought largely at the sale. It was somewhere about 1858. I thought that I had made up my mind to turn my back on Sotheby's for ever. To buy books and sell them again was clearly a losing game. How little I knew about myself, of what the future would develop, of the direction given to a career by some slight and fortuitous cause!

Certain researches into early Venetian history had brought me into contact with the rarities bearing on that particular branch of inquiry; and (secondly) I believe that a copy of a *Bibliographical Manual*, purporting to be a guide to old English books, fell just about the same time in my way. I can hardly tell how it was; but I began to discern and note shortcomings in that Manual: it was by one Lowndes. My copy became a repository for marginalia and cuttings. It was as if Sotheby's had baited a hook with that work, guessing that I must bite and be caught; and I did, and was! I found myself once more back in Wellington Street, yet with a difference: some three years had elapsed; a strange new awakening had taken place; I was a bibliographer with some of the chrysalis still visible. I had begun to make memoranda and copy titles. Neither myself nor any one else at that juncture was aware that I should carry the hobby further

than scores of others who have done the same thing ever since Sotheby's was established, left their mark on a few fly-leaves, and there stopped.

In 1858 the celebrated library of Dr. Philip Bliss was sold here. I did not attend it; but I purchased a lot or so. I had sold my own property rather cheaply; I bought these new items rather dear. I was not discouraged, simply because I was impelled by a secret bent, an innate *lues*, which was steadily and irresistibly disclosing itself. My eyes were turned on other publications treating of our old English authors; and I saw how curiously they resembled the Manual I had and each other in the imperfect justice which they did to the subject. I felt that I could do something better, and I soon began to try. This is another way of saying that I forgave Sotheby's, and stole back to the old ground.

Of Christie's and Puttick's and the other emporia where books are knocked down, and occasionally, as in my case, the hopes of their owners with them, I have enjoyed a very limited experience. Still it would be ungrateful to the house in Leicester Square, if I were not to confess that it has yielded me in my time many a pleasant discovery and many an excellent bargain. Was it not there that I bought the classic Somers Tracts in thirty folio volumes, with the "Laws of New York," 1693—the first book printed there, I take it—and several other unique Americana among them? Did I not attend the great Surrenden sale there, when the Dering books were offered, and have to my next neighbour at the table no less a man than John Forster, Esquire? How vividly I call to mind pointing out to him the rarity and interest of an uncut copy on large paper of Archbishop Laud's "Speech in the Star Chamber," 1637, and his magnificent affability in rendering me thanks!

One point the three haunts, which I have been specifying, have in common; for as there is no Christie and no Puttick, so there is no Sotheby. It is not a *nom de plume*, but a *nom de marteau*. Everybody knows SOTHEBY'S. No one would dream of mentioning to you that he was going to Wilkinson's, or had made a purchase at Sotheby, Wilkinson, and Hodge's. These modern excrescences the public repudiates. True enough, Mr. Hodge knocks you down the lot, and you pay Mr. Hodge for it, or take the consequences; but I say once more, you buy it at *Sotheby's*, do you not? Sotheby's is the *dépôt*, Sotheby's the password: ever has been, is, and shall be.

I hope that my good friends will pardon my paradoxical vein. The present heads of the house in nowise derogate from their

predecessors. Their business has enormously expanded ; they have identified themselves with almost every big affair in books, prints, coins, china, all the days I am able to recall. I have grown up into a slowly developing knowledge of that eventful and ever-changing scene. I have witnessed all the most important properties which have been submitted to the hammer in those rooms. I have beheld generations of collectors, generations of booksellers, come and go. It is not that I am very old, but it has been my fortune to mingle much with my seniors ; and I once surprised and amused some one who was speaking to me of Mr. Coventry Patmore, by saying : " Yes, I knew his father and mother—and his grandmother." What is more to the immediate purpose, I knew Sotheby's, when there was a Sotheby ; and I was in the room, and a sale was proceeding, when the sad tidings arrived in 1864 that the senior partner had been drowned while on an angling excursion. I retain his short, slight figure perfectly in my mind's eye. Long before his death he had ceased to take any active part in the business ; but he came to and fro, and interested himself in Milton, Melancthon, and the old English poets.

Mr. Samuel Leigh Sotheby, whose portrait the firm possesses, was apparently the third of his race. Let me retrace my steps a little. The house had been established in 1744 in York Street, Covent Garden, by Mr. Samuel Baker, a bookseller, who in 1774 took into partnership Mr. George Leigh, and seems to have died or retired in 1777 ; there is a portrait of him, not in the rostrum, but on an eminence, whence he surveys the *spolia opima* of three decades of auctioneering, and a small print exists of Leigh, who in 1780 was joined by the first of the Sothebys (Mr. John Sotheby). In 1800, the style was Leigh, Sotheby, and Son, Mr. Samuel Sotheby having been admitted ; and in 1803-4 the seat of business was removed to 145, Strand, opposite Catharine Street. The Leigh interest disappeared, so far as the catalogues shew, in 1816 ; and thenceforth down to 1830 *Mister* Sotheby worked alone. In 1818 he left the Strand, and set up in 3 (now 13), Wellington Street. It was a commonplace step, perhaps ; circumstances and time have converted the spot into classic ground. The third and last Sotheby succeeded as a partner in 1837, and the affairs were under the direction of the " Messrs. Sotheby " till 1843, when Mr. John Wilkinson was lifted up from the counting-house to the rank of a principal ; and, the elder Sotheby having died, the designation became, what it remained till 1864, Sotheby and Wilkinson. In that year, Mr. Edward Grose Hodge, also a member of the staff

since 1848, obtained well-merited preferment, and although Mr. Samuel Leigh Sotheby, the last of his family, died some thirty years ago, the house, no doubt advisedly and wisely, preserves the name which links it with a long and honourable past.

It was precisely when the sale of the grand Harleian library, of which the catalogue was drawn up for Osborne by Dr. Johnson, was impending, and a larger share of public notice was attracted to these matters, that Samuel Baker started in York Street. I am not writing the annals of the firm; but I may mention that the maiden sale was the collection of books belonging to Thomas Pellet, M.D., which lasted 16 days, and produced £859 odd. In 1754-5, Dr. Mead's books occupied 28 days, and produced only £2,340; and in 1756, 40 days devoted to the library of Martin Folkes yielded no more than £3,091 odd. Gradually more important properties came to hand: the effects of Samuel Tyssen, 1802, 38 days, £9,102 16s. 7d.; Prince Talleyrand, 1816, 18 days, only £8,399; James Bindley, 1819, 28 days, £7,692 6s. 6d.; the Dimsdales, 1824, 17 days and £7,802 19s.; Sir Mark Sykes, same year, prints and coins, nearly £20,000. Of course, very interesting days have been experienced, where the financial result was not very striking, as when in 1799 the firm disposed of the library of the Right Hon. Joseph Addison, "Author and Secretary of State," for £533 4s. 4d.; and in 1833 of that of "the Emperor Napoléon Buonaparte [*sic*]" removed from St. Helena, for £450 9s. (his tortoiseshell walking-stick bringing £38 17s.); and, once more, when the drawings of T. Rowlandson, the caricaturist, were sold in 1818 for £700. Are not those living who would now add a third o, and think the lot not too high? But the portions of the stupendous Heber library dispersed here in 1834, owing to the prevailing depression and what Dibdin called the *bibliophobia*, nearly ruined the auctioneers. They rallied from the blow, however, and have never suffered any relapse to bad times, whatever account they may be pleased to give of the very piping ones which they have known pretty well ever since '45, when Mr. Benjamin Heywood Bright's important library was intrusted to their care. The secret of this steady and sustained progress is to be found, I apprehend, in the general confidence secured by strict commercial integrity. The house receives business, but never solicits it.

I cannot help thinking, however, that whatever credit the existing management may fairly claim, it was the second Sotheby—the *Mister* Sotheby of or about 1816-30—who impressed on the concern his powerful and enduring individuality. He had a long innings,

and had excellent opportunities of building up the structure which his son and successor inherited. The latter was the link between the old *régime* and the new ; he lived to see many modifications, and to contract an alliance with fresh blood ; and he survives to-day in Wellington Street, hard by Waterloo Bridge, as certainly as Shakespear does in Stratford-upon-Avon and elsewhere, carrying on his affairs by proxy, as it were. Others, for the sake of convenience, act on his behalf ; nevertheless, no one should deceive himself. The place is "Sotheby's" in 1893 just as it was in 1793.

Two more modern personalities, with whom I have come into very frequent contact during my visits to Sotheby's, are Mr. John Wilkinson and Mr. Edward Grose Hodge. Of the latter, who in bygone—half historical—times occupied a stool in the counting-house as a book-keeper, and was conspicuous by his raven-black locks, I shall say nothing, because I could only reiterate the common feeling about his capacity for business, his gentlemanly address, and his thorough independence of character. Mr. Wilkinson was the principal seller in my earlier days ; his appearance, as it is impressed on my mind, when I became an habitual frequenter of the rooms about 1858, was very agreeable, and his manner highly prepossessing ; he was then in the full vigour of life. Halliwell and he were very intimate, and I have dined with him at Halliwell's table. One not very unreasonable idiosyncrasy on his part was his tenacious resistance to the admission of any one else to a share in the conduct of the sales ; he persisted in keeping Mr. Hodge out, so long as he physically could. He liked to lord over the whole show to the very last. I think that the spirit of *monarchy* remains rather strong in Wellington Street.

I can just recall the Wolfreston sale in 1856. I was not actually present ; but I heard a good deal about it soon afterward. It was a small collection of early English books and tracts formed under the Tudors or early Stuarts ; the copies were often uncut, and as often imperfect or dog's-eared. But there were among them a few startling rarities—some not even till then put on record by the learned in these affairs. The owner would have gladly accepted £30 for the lot, and the day's sale realised £750. Think of that ! Is it nothing to have Sotheby's to our friend ? In spite of disappointments, which will sometimes happen, and flat Saturday afternoons, when sovereigns are constantly knocked down for 15s. each, this institution is among our public benefactors not the least. One of the family—the Wolfrestons, not the Sothebys—dined with me years after, and told me how it was. The books had lain in a

corner of the library time out of mind, unnoticed and unheeded, and it was thought as well to get rid of them. They should have marked the day with a white stone when a friend (he *was* a friend) recommended them to apply to Wellington Street.

The Roll of Honour and Fame. Oh, what a long one it is ! Letting alone the professional element, to which I shall advert in a moment, think of the names which rise up to one's lips—names of persons eminent in nearly every vocation and walk of life : men of genius, men of culture, men of rank ! the student, the amateur, the spectator ! I have beheld with my own eyes Robert Inglis, who had sold a magnificent library in 1826, before I was born, and lived to form a second ; George Daniel, David Laing, Henry Bradshaw, Alexander Dyce, John Forster, J. O. Halliwell, Sir Stirling Maxwell, Henry Stevens of Vermont, Sir Thomas Phillipps of Middle Hill, George Smith, Christie-Miller, R. S. Turner and Samuel Addington. But Lord Melbourne, Tommy Hill (Paul Pry), Lord Macaulay, M. Libri, Philip Bliss, Bulkeley Bandinel, Lord Crawford, and a host of others, have crossed that threshold. Henry Huth looked in once or twice while the Daniel sale was going on ; and you brush elbows at this moment with Frederic Locker, Buxton Forman, Dr. Ginsburg, and other notabilities of our own day. So it has always been ; there is a weird fascination, there is a charm, which draws us all more or less toward the spot, where the game of chance (for such it is) is being played, even if we do not enter the lists or let our own voices become audible. Leigh Hunt used to be fond of telling me, how he had attended the Roxburghe sale in 1812, just as a looker-on, out of a sort of speculative curiosity, which it might task a separate paper to define.

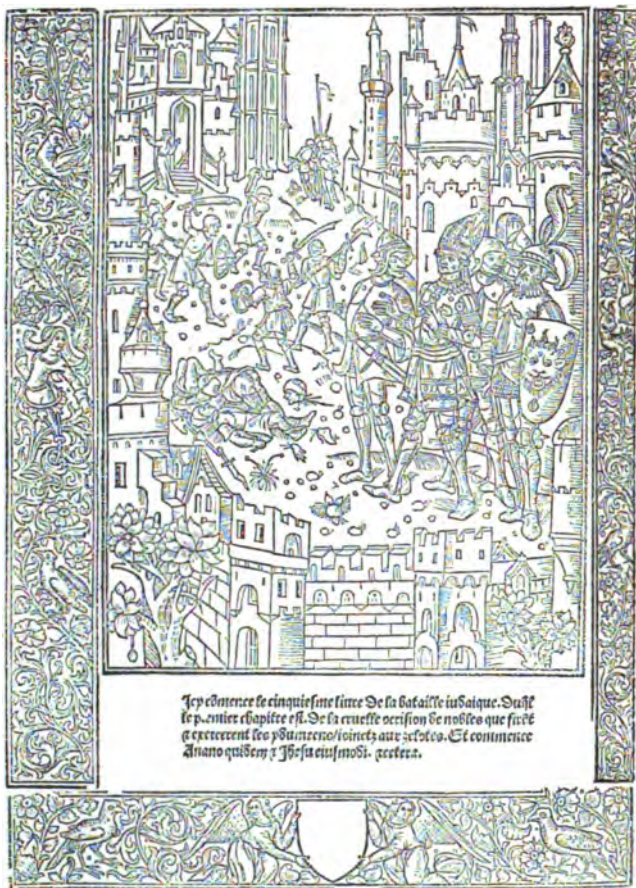
The tap of the hammer against the desk is often awaited with considerable anxiety by those actually competing for the lot before the room. I had a singular adventure here in 1858. Among a mass of rubbish an unique copy of Surrey's "Virgil" was put up one day. The bidding for it stopped at £6 12s. 6d. At that sum it was mine. But the hammer did not fall. The auctioneer repeated the amount several times, and kept his eye on the open door. The company did not understand what this strange movement signified. No one topped my offer. All at once, breathless, rushed in Mr. Thorpe, agent for the library at Britwell, asked what lot was up, and what price had been reached. "£6 12s. 6d.," now said Mr. Wilkinson, unmasking, and I lost my gem, which Mr. Thorpe carried off at £20. How I disliked him !

An occasional visitor to the rooms was George Daniel, of Canon-

bury, whom I well recollect. I sat next to him one day at a sale, and when some ordinary bookseller's lot was knocked down in his name, I innocently inquired if he had purchased it. "No, sir," he urbanely replied, "if I were to buy all that *that* Mr. Daniel does, I should have an Alexandrian library." The authentic G. D. was a retired accountant, whose idiosyncrasy consisted of *rare morceaux*, *bonnes bouches*, uniques—copies of books with a provenance, or in jackets made for them by Roger Payne—nay, in the original parchment or paper wrapper, or in a bit of real mutton which certain men call sheep. He was a person of literary tastes, and had written books in his day. But his chief celebrity was as an acquirer of those of others, provided always that they were old enough or rare enough. An item never passed into his possession without at once *ipso facto* gaining new attributes, almost invariably worded in a holograph memorandum on the fly-leaf. Daniel was in the market at a fortunate and peculiar juncture, just when prices were depressed, about the time of the great Heber sale. His marvellous gleanings came to the hammer precisely when the quarto Shakespear, the black-letter romance, the unique book of Elizabethan verse, had grown worth ten times their weight in sovereigns. Sir William Tite, J. O. Halliwell, and Henry Huth were to the front. It was in 1864. What a wonderful sight it was! No living man had ever witnessed the like. Copies of Shakespear printed from the prompters' MSS. and published at fourpence, fetched £300 or £400. I remember old Joseph Lilly, when he had secured the famous Ballads, which came from the Tollemaches of Helmingham Hall, holding up the folio volume in which they were contained, in triumph, as some one whom he knew entered the room. Poor Daniel! he had no mean estimate of his treasures—what he had was always better than what you had. Books, prints, autographs—it was all the same. I met him one morning, in Long Acre. I had bought a very fine copy of Taylor the Water Poet. Oh, yes, sir," he said, "I saw it; but not quite so fine as mine." He went up to Highgate to look through Charles Matthews the elder's engravings. They were all duplicates—of course inferior ones. "Damn him, sir," cried Matthews afterwards to a friend, "I should like him to have had a duplicate of my wooden leg."

W. CAREW HAZLITT.

[To be concluded next month.]



FROM VÉRARD'S "JOSEPHUS," 1492 (*much reduced*).



Our Note-Book.

THE most recent addition to the excellent series of "Books about Books" (Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.) is the editor's own volume, entitled "Early Illustrated Books," and it is no disparagement to the preceding volumes to state that it is in almost every respect the best in the series. No standard of comparison between this or previous issues can be very well set up; but, taking it purely on its own merits, it will be found of much more general interest and importance than the others. It is an excellent book, and is a most successful attempt, now made for the first time, to compress in a small compass a general view of the history of book illustration during the golden age of printing. Mr. Pollard is naturally indebted to the works of several specialists, notably to Dr. Muther, Dr. Lippmann, the Vicomte Delaborde, the Duc de Rivoli, and Mr. Conway; but for every one conversant with the writings of these distinguished bibliographers probably a hundred, and possibly five hundred, will read Mr. Pollard's book. In the extremely high rate at which we live (and read) to-day it is all but impossible for the specialist's work to obtain a hearing outside his special *clientèle*, and anything which brings even a condensed view of his learning before the general reader is to be commended. But Mr. Pollard is himself not only a specialist of a very high order, and with unique opportunities of study, but he possesses the additional merit of being able to utilise his learning in a manner in which even he who runs may read. We have read Mr. Pollard's book with keenest interest, and have no hesitation in declaring it to be the best possible introduction to the very wide study which its title implies. The author starts at a period somewhat anterior to the appearance of the printer, and deals in a clear and necessarily brief manner with the Publishers and

Illuminators, and the part which they played in early book-illustrating. He then deals with what he terms "The Completion of the Printed Book," from which, in reality, the subject of his work starts. The first illustrated book, as distinct from the written Manuscript, appeared from the press of Albrecht Pfister, at Bamberg, in 1461. Pfister issued in or about this year four works, which contained together about 200 cuts, executed, however, in clumsy outline: of this number 100 belonged to the "Edelstein," a collection of German fables, dating from the earlier half of the fourteenth century. After Pfister's attempt came a blank of ten years, during which period, however, there were one or two feeble attempts in the way of illustration. In 1471 a translation of the "Legenda Aurea" of Jacobus de Voraigne appeared with a small cut prefacing each of the 234 biographies, and from this time the Illustrated Book may be said to have taken a stand, and from which the subject enters into many ramifications. The origin and growth of illustrated books, not only in Germany, but also in Italy, France, Holland, Spain, and England is traced step by step with great care and accuracy. Besides a frontispiece derived from Breydenbach's "Peregrinatio" (Mentz, 1486), no less than 58 plates are given in Mr. Pollard's work, and of these we take the liberty of reproducing the example given on page 8.

* * * *

Either the taste for collecting bookplates is much more widely spread than is commonly supposed, or the study of Heraldry is being largely revived, if we may judge by the fact that the Ex-Libris Society now numbers over 350 members. As the society was founded less than three years ago, such a result speaks well for the energy of the council and officers. The annual general meeting and conversazione will be held in January or February next, at St. Martin's Town Hall, when there will be an exhibition of ancient heraldic documents and charters, in addition to the collections of scarce bookplates formed by the members. It is understood that owing to the annual change of officers, Mr. James Roberts Brown will relinquish the post of chairman, in which case the present hon. treasurer, Mr. Walter Hamilton, will be proposed for that office, and some other member of the council will be elected to take charge of the Society's funds, which are in a very flourishing condition, and are expected to show a handsome balance at the end of the year. Whilst on the topic of bookplates, it may be mentioned that besides the new edition of Mr. Castle's book one is also promised, by Mr. Charles Dexter Allen, on American Ex-Libris,

a field as yet left untouched by authorities on this branch of collecting.

* * * *

It will be remembered that the handbook on French bookplates by Mr. Walter Hamilton went out of print within a few days of its issue, and is now very scarce. Another and far more extensive work will be issued by the same author (but not by the same publishers) early in 1894. It will contain a descriptive list of all English dated bookplates and of the engravers of the same, in addition to a collection of quaint and humorous mottoes on bookplates, and a complete bibliography of the literature on Ex-Libris. In fact it will be for the collector of to-day what the "Guide" written by the Hon. J. Leicester Warren was for the collector of thirteen years ago. It will contain numerous facsimiles of old and rare plates from Mr. Hamilton's extensive collection which have not hitherto been reproduced.

* * * *

The librarian of the public library of the City of Boston is issuing month by month in the *Bulletin* of the library a most valuable and interesting chronological index to historical fiction, including prose, fiction, plays, and poems. The index began in 1892, and is still in course of publication. The first few numbers dealt with fiction relating to the Discovery of America, the American Revolution, the United States. Another dealt with stories illustrating American life. England occupied three numbers of the *Bulletin*. (1) To James I.; (2) James I. to Victoria; (3) Victoria. Scotland and Ireland occupy each one number of the *Bulletin*. The index, which is not confined to books in the public library of Boston only, claims to be exhaustive. The annual subscription to the *Bulletin* is one dollar. To librarians, bibliophiles, and others it is a great boon, and is well worth the price. Another library whose publications ought to be known in this country is the Harvard University Library, presided over by Mr. Justice Winsor. The series of "Bibliographical Contributions" which are issued from the library are of much value. Bibliographies of Hogarth, Beaumont and Fletcher, Michelangelo, Halliwell-Phillipps and Persius have been published. Three volumes have already been issued. The title of one of the most recent numbers is "Notes on Special Collections in American Libraries"—a great help to students and bookworms.

* * * *

Some important additions have been made during the past few weeks to the Guildhall Library. First and foremost are several works

relating to the poet Shelley, presented by Mr. Thomas J. Wise and Mr. H. Buxton Forman. These are the outcome and firstfruits, so far as the Guildhall Library is concerned, of the Shelley Exhibition, and will form an excellent basis for other Shelleyana. The trustees of the British Museum have presented the Corporation with some very beautiful prints and drawings, being accurate reproductions of drawings by old German, Flemish, Dutch, and English masters. They include excellent portraits of Turner, Rubens, and Van Dyck. Many of the old London newspapers which were exhibited at the journalists' reception have also been permanently added to the library. At the instance of Mr. A. A. Wood, the chairman, an attempt has been made to strengthen the department of technical works at the Guildhall.

* * * *

As a chapter in the history of what we may describe as aristocratic bookselling, Mr. Arthur L. Humphreys's "Piccadilly Bookmen: Memorials of the House of Hatchards" is most acceptable. The career of a bookseller such as John Hatchard is not an ordinary one, and Mr. Humphreys (who is one of the two partners in the firm of which Hatchard was the founder) has contrived to say much that is new and interesting. Sydney Smith, writing in the *Edinburgh Review* in 1810, thus describes the shop: "There is a set of well-dressed, prosperous gentlemen who assemble daily at Mr. Hatchard's shop—clean, civil personages well in with the people in power, delighted with every existing institution, and almost with every existing circumstance—and every now and then one of these personages writes a little book, and the rest praise that little book, expecting to be praised in their turn for their own little books, and of these little books thus written by these clean, civil personages, so expecting to be praised, the pamphlet before us appears to be one." Since this was written, however, things have undergone some wonderful changes, and in bookselling such is especially the case. This is all the greater justification for the publication of such books as that now before us. Hatchard's, however, is still *the* aristocratic bookshop of the West End, and if there is one bookshop more than another in London in which the lover of beautiful books feels a consuming desire to break one of the commandments, it is certainly that of Hatchard's. Mr. Humphreys's book is charmingly got up, and has portraits of John Hatchard (1768-1849) and Thomas Hatchard (1794-1858), besides other illustrations.



Lowndes's "Bibliographer's Manual."

THE following "rules for cataloguing" which have been issued to contributors to the new edition of the above standard work appear to possess so many extremely useful suggestions that we have no hesitation in printing them *verb. et lit.* They will serve, for example, as an excellent guide to the compilation of catalogues of private as well as public libraries.

I.—Lead off with author's surname, followed by Christian name in round brackets. Enter under the Christian name if the author is a sovereign, prince of a sovereign house, or pope.

(a) If the author's name is not on the title-page, but mentioned elsewhere in the body of the book, place both names in square brackets.

(b) If the author's name is not known, say so; use the term [Anon.].

(c) Pseudonymous works enter under the author's real name when known, with a reference from the pseudonym (*Examples*: Boz, Titmarsh).

(d) Where the author's real name is not known, enter under the pseudonym.

(e) Where the author's pseudonym is better known than the real name, enter under the pseudonym, with reference from the real name (*Examples*: Voltaire, Melancthon, George Eliot Gavarni).

(f) Translations enter under author's name, with a reference from the translator's name.

(g) Biographical and autobiographical works enter under the name of the subject of the biography, with a reference from the writer or editor.

II.—Make a *complete* and *exact* transcript of title-page. Give the dates as printed, in roman letters or arabic numerals, as the case may be. Omit quotations or texts, and show that these have been omitted by three dots (. . .). Woodcuts, &c., on the title-page to be noted thus : [woodcut], [vignette].

III.—Where no imprint is given on the title-page give the words of the colophon, and state that it is the colophon by placing the word colophon in square brackets, thus [Colophon:].

IV.—Collate according to signatures, or pagination. If the work is in more than one volume, give the number of vols., and collate each separately.

V.—When giving the pagination, give also :—

(a) The number of unnumbered pages.

(b) The number of blank pages.

(c) The number of pages of advertisements (if any) at beginning or end of the book.

(d) The height of the volume in inches.

VI.—Give the number of illustrations (if any). If the illustrations are full-page plates, say so, and say whether they are engravings on wood, copper, steel, &c. Where the illustrations form the most important part of the work, enter under the artist's (not the engraver's) name, and give the name of the writer of the text in the title.

VII.—Give any interesting information about the particular copy described, and write such information below the transcribed title in square brackets.

VIII.—If the book were ever sold at an auction sale, give, if you can, a reference to the particular sale, and the amount it realised.

IX.—Use one slip of paper (in size 8 × 6) inches for each work.

X.—Describe each work in the order of these rules.





“ The Imitation of Christ.”

IN the ephemeral world of books, any work which lives and continues to be read for over four centuries must possess some hidden value which warrants such a long existence. Of all extant books, except the Holy Scriptures, it is certain that no work has been so widely read, or so highly esteemed, as “The Imitation of Christ,” by Thomas à Kempis. This is shown by the fact that from the time when the first edition was printed, in 1470, no less than 5,000 different editions are known to have been issued. What editions beyond these may have been produced and lost, no one can now tell ; but when this calculation is taken in conjunction with the fact that “The Imitation” has been translated into fifty-six languages, some vague conception can be formed of the millions of copies which must have been circulated and read down to our own day.

Before the invention of printing, “The Imitation” was copied and circulated widely in MSS. through all the countries of Europe. That its renown had been widely established in this form is shown by the fact that it was one of the few books which were considered worthy of being printed during the first twenty-five years of the reign of the new art. A deep interest must always attach to the first edition of “The Imitation” as the fountain head of the millions of copies which have been distributed over the world, counselling and comforting the hearts of men during the four centuries. To Augsburg belongs the honour of first printing “The Imitation” where about 1470 Gunther Zainer first set up the type of the immortal work. But few copies of this *editio princeps* have survived, and it is but rarely that one is met

with even by amateurs. In order that the devout reader and collector may see the form in which the precious book first saw the light, the publisher, Mr. Elliot Stock, has produced a *facsimile* of the first edition from a most beautiful and valuable copy which was originally in the library of the Monastery of St. Peter's at Salisbury. It is a handsome folio volume with broad margin, printed clearly in black letter, with its initials throughout in red. Those to the chapters are entirely red, the smaller initials occurring in the body of the text are added over the black letter. This peculiarity is common to many books of this period, and is interesting as marking the gradual transition from manual copying to printing, the black letters being all printed, while the red initials were still put in by hand.

The literary and devotional interest of the reprint is enhanced by a preface, which introduces the *facsimile*, by Canon W. J. Knox Little, M.A., in which much valuable information is given concerning the work; whilst an exceedingly full and interesting "biography," so to speak, of the book itself will be found in Mr. Leonard Wheatley's volume in the Book Lovers' Series. Five hundred copies only of the *facsimile* will be printed for sale in England on toned and antique paper with rough edges to imitate that of the original. The binding is parchment of ancient appearance and pattern.

Bookhunting in London.

THE translation of M. Octave Uzanne's fascinating book on the Book-Quays of Paris has at length appeared. In connection with this subject of bookhunting it will be of interest to state that a volume uniform with the above, entitled "The Bookhunter in London," is to appear shortly. It will contain much curious and entertaining information and many illustrations; but the name of the author is for the present withheld.



Leaves from a Sixteenth Century Diary.

DIARISTS have furnished many elaborate details that have gone to the quickening of the dry bones of history, and it happens oftentimes that modern research has disinterred some obscure chronicle that has thrown more light upon the times of the writer than whole bundles of political despatches and records of legislative measures. The gossiping Pepys has left as a heritage for the student of the Restoration period a wealth of facts, and of the "Kalendarium" of Evelyn, which lay hidden in the manor house at Wotton till discovered by Mr. Upcott, Sir Walter Scott says he "never saw so rich a mine." It was little thought when Sir Thomas Wyatt found the gates of Southwark Bridge closed against him, or when the Pope's Legate entered London with his cross gleaming from the prow of his barge, that a commonplace undertaker, one Henry Machyn, who with observing eye witnessed these and many other stirring scenes in the turbulent reign of Queen Mary, would, with quaint fantastic grammar and villanous spelling, record in a diary what he saw. Still less was it thought that the rude manuscript-book would give more details of the country's history for the thirteen years from 1550 to 1563, than any of the letters of the Secretaries of State or chronicles of the proceedings of the parliament.

Little is known of the diarist himself. Mr. Nichols, in his work on the Diary of Henry Machyn for the Camden Society, is of opinion, in the absence of any proofs of his occupation, "that his business was in that department of the trade of a merchant tailor which we now call an undertaker or furnisher of funerals." He did not begin to compile his diary until he was some fifty years of age, and as it comes to an abrupt ending it is conjectured that the diarist was suddenly carried off by the plague which was then raging in London. Like Pepys, who was never tired of recording, with tailor-like fidelity, minute details of his own wardrobe and other people's—of camlet cloaks and trimmings, and gold and silver buttons—Henry Machyn betrays a no less professional knowledge of the trappings

of funerals. Were it not with certainty known that he was an undertaker, his frequent and almost loving allusions to mourners, and banners and pennons, are too noticeable not to have suggested his calling. His record of funeral processions is perfect, not a detail escapes him. From the "poor men in gownes two and two," and the "poor women in gownes two and two," to the coats of arms all borne by their proper bearers, everything concerning the obsequies of the great is faithfully chronicled, not forgetting the "wyne, ale, and beere," and the "spiced-bread and confetts" which the mourners consume on their return.

Machyn begins his diary by various particulars as to the coronation of Queen Mary. We learn that she was proclaimed queen between five and six o'clock in the evening, "at the crosse in Chepe." Thence the peers, heralds, and trumpeters went into Powls, and "there was 'Te Deum Laudamus,' with song and the organ playhyng, and all the belles ryngyng through London, and bone-fyres and tabuls in every street, and wyne and beere and alle and evere strette full of bone-fyres, and ther was money cast away." Early in August the Queen came "riding to London and so to the Tower, making her entrance at Aldgate," which was hung with streamers. Preceded by the Lord Mayor with his mace, the Queen, accompanied by her sister Elizabeth, with her ladies in the rear, cantered under the archway which led to the Tower from the drawbridge, the procession being brought up by the aldermen and their guards with their bows and halberds. We learn that the Princess Elizabeth sat at one end of the table and the Queen at the other on the occasion of the banquet at the Westminster Hall a month later.

Sir Thomas Wyatt's ill-starred rising with his Kentish men, for the purpose of placing Elizabeth on the throne, ended by his losing his head on the block, and the Princess Elizabeth being sent to the Tower. The Kentish men "went to the court with halters about their necks and bound with cords, two and two together, through London and Westminster, and between two tilt-yards the poor prisoners knelt down in the mire; and there the Queen's grace looked over the gate and gave them pardon, and they cried out, 'God save Queen Mary,' and so to Westminster Hall, and there they cast their halters about the hall, and caps, and in the streets cried out, 'God save Queen Mary,' as they went."

In the pages of the diary we read of the popular prejudice against the Spanish prince to whom Mary was wedded. The whispers of the populace became audible, and for speaking seditious words against the Queen, frequently the offenders—mostly women—had

their ears nailed to the pillory. The old religion and its attendant pageants reigned once more. Mass was openly celebrated, religious processions passed through the crowded streets. Crucifixes, images, and confessional boxes were again put up in the city churches, and foreign ecclesiastics in strange attire were everyday sights in the busy thoroughfares. We read that shortly after her accession Mary issued a proclamation "through London and all England that no man should sing no English service nor communion, nor no priest that had a wife shall not minister nor say mass, and that every parish priest to make an altar, and to have a cross and staff, and all other things in all parishes all in Latin, as holy bread, holy water, as palm and ashes." One Doctor Reed we find openly recanting at Paul's Cross, and bitterly bewailing that as a priest he had tasted wedlock, for "by God's law he could not marry." Frequently the Spaniards and the English came into conflict with each other in street fights, processions were often assailed by the mob, roodlofts burnt, images smashed, and Popish manuals of devotion cast to the flames. Beyond these outbursts of popular feeling against the innovations of their liberties, no great national step was taken to end the tyranny. "A proclamation was issued that no man nor woman nor they that keep tables should eat no flesh in Lent nor any other time in the year that is forbidden by the Church, nor no butcher kill no flesh, but that they should pay a great fine, or else six hours in the pillory and imprisonment ten days." We learn that one Master Adams, of Little Eastcheap, did so offend by killing beasts, and was fined twenty pounds, and that men and women were pilloried for eating meat during prohibited seasons.

Cardinal Pole, the Queen's cousin, who came over from his retreat of Lago di Guarda to bring back England to the old religion and to stamp out heresy, landed in England on November 23rd, 1554. Machyn gives a very full account of his progress from Gravesend by water. Accompanied by several peers and gentry in their barges, the procession passed through London Bridge "between twelve and one of the clock." At the Steel Yard the Cardinal was met by the Lord Chancellor and Lord Shrewsbury in their barges, "their men in blue coats, red hose, scarlet caps, and white feathers." He then proceeded to the court-gate, where he was met by the King, who embraced him, "and so led him through the King's Hall; he had borne before him a silver cross, and he was arrayed in a scarlet gown and a square scarlet cap; and my Lord North bare the sword before the King, and so they went up unto the Queen's chamber, and there her Grace saluted him." With Machyn

we are permitted to be present at the solemn ceremony of reconciliation when the Cardinal absolves England for her past offences, and bids her go and sin no more. We see him met by a procession of eighteen bishops in Westminster Abbey, whilst the "Bishop of York did minister with his mitre, and they went a procession about the church and cloister." The throne of Canterbury being vacant owing to the downfall of Cranmer, Pole was advanced to that see. He was consecrated at Greenwich and confirmed at Bow Church in Cheapside, which was "hanged with cloth of gold, and with rich arras and cushions."

Of the social customs of the period we hear much that is interesting. Under the Tudors the fair dames took their share in the sport of deer-stalking. The deer were driven past certain stands covered with foliage, in which the ladies were secreted. "The Queen's grace," writes Machyn, "stood at her standing in the further park" to bring down the deer. The upper classes further amused themselves with a game with blunted darts, called *Juego de cannas*, introduced by Philip, and we read of tournaments which they arranged on the Thames, where they pelted each other with oranges, recently imported from the south. Of the various offences we learn that the selling of copper rings for gold was common, and a man and a woman were placed in the pillory for selling pots of strawberries, "the which the pot was not half full, but filled with fern." A butcher who had exposed diseased meat for sale was forced to ride about London, "his face towards the horse's tail, with half a lamb before and another behind, and veal and calf borne before him upon a pole, raw." Men who sold stinking fish were put in the pillory in company with stinking fish, which was placed around their neck. It was feared that the stray dogs who ran in hordes about the city would spread the plague, so they were ordered to be killed. In 1563 the churchwardens of St. Margaret's, Westminster, paid to "John Welche for the killing and carrying away of dogs during the plague, and for the putting them into the ground and covering the same, four shillings and two-pence." The plague at this time was making dreadful havoc in the city, and the blue cross chalked upon the doors told its melancholy tale only too plainly. The diarist makes his last entry, and it seems probable enough that he too fell a victim, and that the blue cross was at last marked on his door, and the bearers, with little enough ceremony, hurriedly carried out the remains of Henry Machyn, Citizen and Merchant Taylor of London.

ARTHUR HAYDEN.



The Printing of a Book.

THE presiding genius of the Kelmscott Press at Hammer-smith is Mr. William Morris, who has devoted much attention of late years to reviving the art of printing in accordance with the aims and ideals of the fifteenth-century masters in the art. Recently, Mr. Morris lectured to a crowded gathering at the New Gallery, Regent Street, on this topic, illustrating his subject by some admirable lantern slides, reproducing pages of the early printers. He said the scope of printing, as an art, might at first seem a small one. It was not an essential art, because there was plenty of books long before printing was heard of; it was merely a multiplying process. Nevertheless there were artistic possibilities in it, though limited. It was a notable fact that it had the shortest life of all arts. Commencing in 1453, when the Middle Ages were beginning to wear away to their end, it flourished from the artistic point of view for about a hundred years and then died. There was little good printing done after that. Though short-lived they did not complain that it commenced so late. Had it started in 1353 instead of 1453, it would have destroyed the beautiful art of calligraphy which preceded it. Had it started later, say in 1583, we should never have had any beautiful printing at all. What he wanted to show them that evening was that printing was capable of artistic treatment, and this mainly in the direction of having beautiful types well designed and put together, and printing them well upon good paper. The art was a German one in its inception, and originated at Mainz on the Rhine. From thence it spread all over Europe, the forms of type receiving successive modifications as time went on in different localities. The lecturer then showed his audience a page

from the Mainz Bible in 1453, the earliest book printed from moveable type, calling attention to the fact that the characters were a practical copy of the stately missal letters—a full-blown Gothic. There was a fine initial B, printed with wonderful accuracy in two colours. The work of doing this was, however, apparently too great to be continued, for afterwards the initial spaces were left blank for the rubricators to put the coloured initials in by hand. He next showed the book of “Decretals,” printed by Schoeffer in 1471, as a sample of the Maintz type, which prevailed in Europe for twenty years, and afterwards traced the alteration of the Gothic characters to the Roman by the Italian printers, who naturally copied the style of the manuscripts in which the Roman classics were written in the tenth and eleventh centuries. Coming to France, he gave samples of the letters used by Friburger, Kratz, and Gering at Paris, and finally concluded with a “Pliny” printed by Jensen, a Frenchman who settled at Venice in 1476, as the ultimate development of the Roman letter, the Gothic element being almost completely shaken off. The evolution of the English black-letter was also illustrated by samples from Caxton and Wynkyn de Worde (1493). He remarked on the fact that at this latter period English printers cut terribly bad blocks, a great “come down” from the artistic excellency of the thirteenth century missal illuminations. Speaking of the Venetian Press, he remarked that Aldus was the first to begin printing small, cheap books—he was the father of the cheap shilling book of the present day, for which he disliked him. Discussing the relative advantages of Gothic and Roman-faced type, he put in a plea for the former as the more artistic. Its ancient faults were largely due to following in it the contractions and abbreviations of the scribes and employing many tied letters. But he believed it could be improved, and if he had his own way would have all books printed in it. Next the lecturer instructed his audience on the great margin question, taking as his text a MS. book of 1299–1300. He pointed out that the single page was not the unit to be considered in surrounding it with white. The two contiguous pages should form one central mass. There should be the least white between the two halves or fold, and the order of breadth in margin should afterwards increase in this way—middle, top, sides, bottom. The type should not, therefore, be in the middle of the page, and never looked right to the eye if it did. Mr. Morris had some words to say on paper, advocating a return to hand-made. The difference in cost made but little difference in the price of the book. As to the “shilling book” he did not know what was to be

done with it, unless he could induce printers who used cheap paper to also make it look cheap, and not to masquerade in a kind of shabby elegance. Some of it shone like a looking-glass, but most crumbled between finger and thumb in a few hours. He described the horrors of modern chemical inks, and contrasted them with the unfading work of the ancient printers. Returning once more to the type faces, he produced specimens of those he had cut for his edition of "Troy" (Gothic), and "Golden Legend" (Roman), printed at the Kelmscott Press, and pointed out that it was possible to have a readable type which was also beautiful from an artistic point of view. Mr. Morris concluded by a prediction that within fifty years printing books would be an extinct art—we should be carrying all our books about in bottles with patent stoppers. While there was still a chance they should try and produce a few specimens of what was really good printing.

The Bibliographical Society.

AN exceedingly interesting and valuable paper on Erhart Ratdolt was read at the Bibliographical Society's meeting on Monday, November 20th, by Mr. Gilbert R. Redgrave, who exhibited a very fine series of the books which Ratdolt issued from his presses at Venice and, subsequently, at Augsburg, the latter being his native town. The Paper will, we presume, form one of the items in the Society's "Transactions": we should like to see facsimiles of the title and other pages of some of the more important books exhibited reproduced in company with Mr. Redgrave's clear and exhaustive paper.

Some Dickens Relics.

SOME very interesting Dickens' relics have just come under the hammer of Messrs. Robinson and Fisher, at Willis's Rooms. Amongst them were three of the "Pickwick toddy-ladles," presented by Messrs. Chapman and Hall on the completion of "Pickwick," and they realised 22, 32, and 30 guineas respectively. At the sale in 1870, prices of these ladles ran from 35 to 90 guineas. A chased silver vase, weighing 82 oz., a present from the Philosophical Institute, Edinburgh, 1858, brought £55; a chased and gilt salver, presented at Birmingham, 1853, 34 guineas; a plated centre-stand for flowers, a gift to Mrs. Dickens, 1853, 12 guineas. Dickens's despatch-box was knocked down at 10 guineas; and the presentation copy of "Leaves from the Journal of Our Life in the Highlands," with the Royal inscription, 30 guineas. A complete set of the Tavistock House and other playbills sold for £5 15s.; playbill of the private performance given before her Majesty and the Prince Consort, 1857, 34s.; another playbill of the performance of the Amateur Company of the Guild of Literature and Art before her Majesty and the Prince Consort, May, 1851, £3 5s. Of the pictures, an engraving after Faed, "The Mitherless Bairn," fetched £4; portraits of Macready, Tom Hood, and others, £6 15s.; sketch of Miss Joy, by Thackeray, 11½ guineas; and a sketch for portrait of Dickens as Sir Charles Coldstream, by Egg, £5.

Bookbinding Fancies.

AMONG various experimental casings which lovers of the odd and curious have ordered to be put on their treasured volumes, the skins of porpoises, walruses, lizards, and elephants have recently been in vogue. Lizard is of different tints, but the natural green is of course preferable, although hard to retain. The white leather of lizard has a very rich effect when combined with silver or gold ornamentation. Elephant skins of grey or brown are notably effective. Like seal or alligator, the walrus and porpoise hides, after proper dressing, can be coloured so as to harmonise with ordinary or special metallic embellishing.



Classic-Collecting.

A COMPARATIVE VIEW, 1775—1893.

MR. QUARITCH has prefixed to his latest catalogue—which deals chiefly with the Greek and Roman classics—a vigorous plea on behalf of the classics, which, in these utilitarian days, are having a somewhat rough time of it. They are not only decried from an educational point of view, but have been rapidly declining in favour in the eyes of the collector. But just as “all modern literatures, like a great many modern institutions, are framed upon a Greek or Græco-Roman plan,” so “the canons of taste which the Greeks invented and the Romans accepted have never ceased to guide and control literary composition in the vernacular tongues.” The Greeks, it is true, taught us all, Romans and moderns, “how to think, how to observe, how to speak, how to write, and how to reproduce the beauty of sound and form,” and without them the literatures of England, France, Germany, Italy, and Spain would have become as the Chinese or Etruscan—“methods of communicating intelligence without any of the graces and melodies of eloquence or style.” The Prophet commands us to

“Look unto the rock whence ye are hewn,
And to the hole of the pit whence ye are digged.”

There can be no question about the theory which Mr. Quaritch adduces to the effect that the most highly educated nation will always be the foremost in the world's history, and the country in which Cæsar, Thucydides, Plato, Tacitus, Cicero, Æschylus and Homer are most carefully studied, will always be the most highly educated.

To what extent this cultivation of the classics is carried in England we do not care to discuss, but we are confident, from a brief glance at the yearly out-put of new editions, that there is no immediate or remote fear of anything in the shape of annihilation. What we do propose doing, however, is to institute a brief comparison between the prices paid a century and a quarter ago with those which obtain to-day. The discovery (and rescue) of an exceedingly interesting little book on a Leicester bookstall, Dr. Harwood's "View of the Various Editions of the Greek and Roman Classics," published at the "corner of the Adelphi, in the Strand," in 1775, and the receipt of Mr. Quaritch's catalogue aforesaid, give us an unique opportunity for that comparison.

Fewer phases of book-collecting are of greater interest than that which may be termed a comparative view of prices. This is especially the case with the Greek and Roman classics, for during the past century the "cult" of these has undergone some rather remarkable changes. There was a time, some fifty years or more ago, when the classics were all the rage, and realised fancy prices, however corrupt the text or poor the typography. A library then was nothing if not crammed with editions of the classics, and the moderns, it must be admitted, were sadly neglected. Although this kind of pedantry was carried much beyond reasonable limits, there is something peculiarly fascinating in the possession of a series of volumes by the early printers.

Beginning with the foundation of all literature, the *editio princeps* of Homer, 1488, the fine copy of this edition in the British Museum was purchased, Dr. Harwood tells us, for £17. Mr. Quaritch offers a "large, pure, and fine" copy of this exceedingly rare work for £150, whilst the Woodhall copy sold at auction a few years ago for £200. But whilst this edition has increased enormously in pecuniary value, "one of the most splendid editions of Homer ever delivered to the world," namely, that of the Foulis brothers, Glasgow, 1756-58, has only doubled its price, or has increased in value from two to four guineas. The very beautifully printed *editio princeps* of Anacreon, printed in Paris by Henri Stephan, 1554, remains stationary, for its value then as now is a guinea; but Anacreon has never been in great request with collectors. Of the Aldine first edition of Sophocles, 1502, Lord Lisburne purchased "a beautiful copy" in 1775 for a guinea and a half, whilst the present value of a similar example would range from eight to twenty guineas, whilst a slightly imperfect copy sells for about £1. The first edition of Euripides, 1503, also purchased at the Aldine

press, has advanced from £1 16s. to £3 10s. to six guineas, according to the eminence of the binder. A "most beautiful" copy of the first Herodotus, Aldus, 1502, realised £2 15s. in 1775, but cannot now be had for less than twice that amount, whilst an example in a fine Derome binding of red morocco extra is priced at twelve guineas. The first Aristophanes, likewise from the press of Aldus, 1498, shows a slight advance from £4 to five guineas. The earliest issue of Isocrates, 1493, is one of the rarest of the *incunabula*, as it is one of the most beautiful when in perfect condition: the exceedingly fine example in the British Museum was bought by the authorities in 1775 for £11; Mr. Quaritch prices two copies at £14 and £15 respectively.

The first (Aldine) edition of Plato has advanced in value from five guineas to just twice that sum; and it may be here mentioned, *en passant*, that Aldus in his preface to this book, addressed to Leo X., makes allusion to the islands lately discovered by the Spaniards in the Western Ocean, and to the expeditions of the Portuguese in the East. The very beautiful copy of this *editio princeps* printed on vellum, and now in the British Museum, was purchased by the Museum authorities at Dr Askew's sale in 1775 for fifty-three guineas. The commercial value of the very scarce and splendid first edition in six volumes (Aldus, 1495-98) of Aristotle shows a slight depreciation—from seventeen to fifteen guineas, although it has realised in comparatively recent years as much as £51. Dr. Harwood adds to his entry of this book: "The finest copy of this first edition of Aristotle's works, perhaps in Europe, is in Dr. Hunter's Museum. Dr. Hunter gave £4 6s. for a "most beautiful copy of the first edition of Theocritus," Aldus, 1495—an edition which also includes Hesiod, Theognis, Phocylides, &c.—the value of which is now placed at £10. A much more considerable advance is seen in connection with the *editio princeps* of Musæus, 1494, a choice and beautiful book which is at once the first and rarest production of the Aldine press. George III. gave, in 1775, seventeen guineas for a fine copy, which would now realise twice or three times that amount. An almost equally emphatic advance may be chronicled in connection with the "Anthologia Græca," Florence, 1494, which is printed throughout in capital letters, which, selling for fifteen guineas a century and a quarter ago, is now worth nearly double, whilst the Sunderland copy a few years back brought £51. The first impression of Diodorus Siculus, Basil, 1539, has only advanced from £1 13s. to £2 10s.; and that of Stephanus Byzantius, Aldus, 1502, from two guineas (at which the

British Museum copy, a beautiful one, was acquired) to six guineas. Lucian (Florence, 1496) only makes a slight advance from £19 8s. 6d. to £21.

Passing over a whole host of minor names in the list of Greek authors, we may venture upon a few facts in connection with the Latin writers. Virgil would, of course, come at the head of this list, but the examples which came under Dr. Harwood's notice have no commercial value indicated. George III. gave £17 6s. 6d. for the very fine copy of the first Horace (about 1472) in Dr. Askew's sale: a fairly good example is now priced at £50; whilst the first commented edition of this author (Milan, 1474) has advanced from nine and a half guineas to thirty guineas: it is exceedingly rare, particularly the first of the two volumes. The first Aldine edition of Horace (1501) has gone up from £2 5s. to £15, and other editions from the same press have about quadrupled in value. Of the first edition of Ovid's "Opera," 1471, only one copy is known, and the second (Bologna, 1480) is scarcely less rare and certainly not less valuable than the first: Dr. Harwood prices a very fine copy at £10 5s., whilst Mr. Quaritch asks sixty guineas for an equally fine and large example. The first dated edition of Valerius Maximus was printed by Schoeffer at Mentz in 1471, but is apparently not a very popular book with collectors, for, whereas in 1775 a beautiful copy was valued at £26, its present price is only £28. A much more popular book, Seneca's "Tragoediæ," printed about 1475, has advanced from four and a half guineas to £18, or, an exceptionally good copy bound by Bedford, £25.

Although for several centuries one of the most popular of books, some of the earlier editions of Pliny's "Historia Naturalis" do not keep up their price. The second edition, Rome 1470 (which is rarer than the first issued at Venice the year before), may now be had for twelve guineas—the British Museum purchased their copy of the first edition in 1775 for £43. The edition printed by Jenson at Venice in 1472 is, however, much sought after, for it is a very beautiful book with a splendidly illuminated border on the first page of the text; the British Museum copy cost at Dr. Askew's sale £23, whilst Mr. Quaritch prices an example at £140—but then that copy is printed on vellum, which makes all the difference. Silius Italicus is not by any means an author whose work is at present much studied, but the first edition of his "Opera," 1471, is a book worth mentioning, because for beauty and grace it is unsurpassed by any of the works ever published by the first Italian printers Sweynheim and Pannartz: the British Museum copy cost

in 1775, £13 2s. 6d., whilst it is now worth about £25. The superb copy in the British Museum of the *editio princeps* Juvenal and Persius, printed at Rome about the year 1469, cost the country thirteen guineas; a first class example is now valued at £12. On the other hand, the Aldine edition of Martial's "Epigrammata," 1501, has gone up in value from two guineas to £10, or even £17 10s., according to condition. The first edition of Justin, printed at Venice, 1470, would appear to indicate a slight decline, for the British Museum copy cost thirteen guineas in 1775, whilst a fine copy may now be had for ten guineas. Concerning it, Dibdin says: "The collectors of the early pieces of the celebrated printer of this edition need not lament the want of any other specimen of his press, if he be fortunate enough to possess the present rare and very beautiful production of it."

But perhaps we have made a sufficiently lengthy comparison between past and present prices. These are, it will be observed, in nearly every instance for first editions which, from the comparatively limited number printed, and the ever-increasing demand on the part of public institutions and private collectors for examples of the early printers, are never likely to decline in pecuniary value. The decline in the popularity of the classics is only so far as it relates to editions issued during the sixteenth century, and since that time down to the present. The editions which appeared during the past three centuries have, in the majority of cases, not even the negative merit of antiquity to recommend them, and very few are praiseworthy on the score of accurate scholarship.

W. ROBERTS.

WE learn that the manuscript of Mr. Swinburne's "Poems and Ballads" changed hands lately for the substantial sum of £200.

A Flesh and Blood Book.

HERE is a quaint comparison of a woman to a book, out of James Shirley's play, "The Cardinal," published in the year 1641. She is a lady of more beauty than reputation, and her would-be lover thus describes her:—

" There's a lady for my humour !
A pretty book of flesh and blood and well
Bound up, in a fair letter, too. Would I
Had her, with all the *errata*.

First I would marry her, that's a verb material,
Then I would print her with an *index*
Expurgatorious ; a table drawn
Of her court heresies ; and when she's read,
Cum privilegio, who dares call her wanton ?"

Women have been compared to many things in heaven and earth by poets, especially young ones. This comparison was made by a poet who was well on towards middle age, and married. But he was a scholar and loved books, and a good man and loved woman, and so the comparison came naturally enough. And books were things of high value in the days of James I.

Gabriel Harvey and Sidney.

GABRIEL HARVEY'S copy of Sidney's "Arcadia," 1613, annotated throughout by him, came under the hammer at Sotheby's last month. On the fly-leaf he has copied Jonson's sonnet to the Countess of Pembroke. Gabriel Harvey was the intimate friend of Spenser, a prominent Elizabethan scholar and critic, one of our early book-collectors, as numerous specimens from his library attest, and the celebrated antagonist of Thomas Nash. His association with Sidney's "Arcadia" appears to be a new point, and the copy of 1613 owned by Harvey and divided by him into chapters in his own autograph is certainly very interesting. The book realised £8.



Of the Buying and Using of Books.

AS of the making of books there is no end, so of the buying of books there is no end. These two facts do act the one upon the other. If it were not that books are made, books would not be bought; and if it were not that books are bought, few, if any, would be made.

What an exquisite pleasure is obtained in bearing homeward a newly purchased volume from the bookseller's shop—a book perhaps that one has seen daily in the window and at last hesitatingly decided to procure! What a sensation does one experience in fingering out the requisite number of shillings and sixpences and coppers as a proportionate amount of the volume passes into one's possession! Then the feeling of satisfaction is sitting down beside one's fire under the bright gaslight (for winter is the time to buy books) to cut the leaves of the newly acquired treasure.

Experience teaches that a silver fruit-knife is perhaps the most suitable instrument for this purpose, especially if the book is printed on rough paper. We also learn in cutting the top of the book to make the knife move along the whole breadth of the page right in to the back; for, if this be not done, a piece of either leaf will be torn down when the book is laid open. If, perchance, the volume have a gilded top, in that case it were well to begin cutting the edges from the top that the corners be not frayed.

If you would make a stiff book lie open more readily, it is better to open it wide where the sheets do join than to force it back without thought. In a book with uncut top where the sheets be not so readily distinguished, the same end may be arrived at if you turn the upper side downwards, for books do always have the under side

cut. But this should be done sparingly, for it tendeth to weaken the sewing of the book.

It is thus carefully that we should prepare for our using those pleasures of the intellect, "the sweet food of sweetly uttered knowledge," as Sir Philip Sidney hath it. And then as you turn over the leaves of your book one by one in the cutting there come sweet foretastes of hours of pleasure occasioned by a chance theme or line, and now and then you may be tempted to linger a while and enjoy a stolen bliss. Some there are who must needs cut a book as they read it, but that is a distraction. Let there be one thing done properly at a time.

There is another sort, too, that give all their heed to the form of the book and none to the matter. These buy fine books for a show, but keep them uncut (and so unread), such things being thought of greater value if so left. But to do this is vanity, for there you leave the bibliophile for the bibliomaniac.

Another delight is obtaining a rare book at a cheap rate from a bookstall. But this hath been spoken of by many. Some there be who say they would have all their books new, and that there is no pleasure in an *editio princeps*, and that those who seek after such things be madmen; but these be talkers and futile persons.

C. HILL DICK.

The First Edition Craze.

A LEADING bookseller in London now offers a complete set of the first editions of Norman Gale's works for £100, and some tart adverse criticism has been engendered and published. It seems that Mr. Gale's first book was not printed until 1885, or less than eight years ago. About two years ago, or during Christmastide of 1891, it was impossible to get a bid of £1 for all of the works. They were then a heavy shelf burden in English bookshops and at the London and provincial auction rooms. Now the bellows of puffery blow a whole Gale, and the profit isn't entirely wind.

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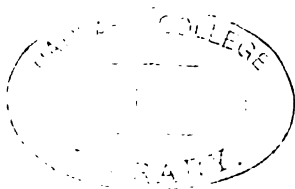
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My Recollections of an Auction-Room.

PART II.

A NOTED and conspicuous character in the rooms during many years, whenever any remarkable objects were to be submitted to competition, was Mr. Samuel Addington, of St. Martin's Lane. A tall, imposing figure, with an inclination at the last to stoop somewhat, Addington deserves to be regarded in one or two respects as the most extraordinary person who frequented Sotheby's in my earlier recollection. He was, like R. S. Turner and Edwin Lawrence, illiterate, but also, like them, a man of the keenest and truest instinct for what was worth having, and withal of commanding presence. I frequently met him at Sotheby's and in the street (he generally walked with his head slightly inclined and his hands crossed behind his back), and have more than once seen him arming Mrs. Nosedá, the printseller, to the Royal Academy. She was the only person on whose judgment in her particular line he relied. He bought in time almost everything, and of the finest and choicest ; for the cost did not signify. He lived over his shop in the Lane, and was a bachelor with some £15,000 a year. If you were on the scent after a prize in the rooms, and Addington had fixed his mind upon the same lot, you were as one whose chance had gone. He was perhaps the first who set the precedent of giving prices for articles totally beyond record and example. It was his cue, and it is, so to speak, his epitaph. Addington as a collector followed somewhat parallel lines to Quaritch as a man of business ; he declined to be beaten. As some of us are said to be makers of history, Addington was, and the autocrat of the auction-room still is, a maker of market values and prices current.

Let me consecrate a few lines to a widely different individual, who haunted this purlieu in my youth—the Sixpenny Solicitor. He was a tall, poorly clad man, who wore an appallingly bad hat. I kept his name in my head, as I did the odour which accompanied him in my nostrils, for years. I regret the loss of the one, not that of the other. He used to sit at the table too, but as far as he could from everybody else ; he might harbour a consciousness that he was not too welcome ; and sixpence was his Alpha and his Omega. Ay, and you would have been surprised at the lots which fell to him. He was one of the surest customers of the firm, for he invariably paid cash, which is a strongly marked exception to the general rule. Poor fellow ! at last I lost sight of him. Of his humble profits much, I fear, went in the purchase of liquor probably on a par in quality with his habiliments and his hat.

Among the booksellers who have assembled here, and whose acquaintance and sympathy I have enjoyed through many pleasant, if laborious, years, I may enumerate Joseph Lilly, the Boones, Bernard Quaritch, F. S. Ellis, the two Molini, the younger Pickering, James Toovey (of the *Temple of Leather and Literature*, Piccadilly), Edward Stibbs, the two Wallers, the Russell-Smiths, the Walfords, William Reeves, George Bumstead, and the Rimells. I once fell in with Robert Triphook, and conversed with him ; but he had retired before my time. The elder Boone had a curious way of bidding ; he sat just under the auctioneer, and would tap the heel of Mr. Wilkinson's boot with his pencil. Bumstead, who executed commissions for George Smith and Sir Stirling Maxwell, usually stood by the side of the rostrum, and, laying his hand on his right cheek, made his thumb turn as on a hinge, each movement signifying an advance. A third was supposed to remain in the field so long as he kept his eye on the seller, or continued to strike his catalogue with his pencil. These and other *drôles* were the strategists, the employers of a secret language. Is it necessary to say that they all conceived themselves unobserved ? But, again, there was the opposite extreme—the stentorian throat, generally of some provincial or continental tyro, which made the room vibrate, and everybody present look round ; and an occasional episode, thirty years or so since, was the shout with which poor Tom Arthur, if he had indulged rather too freely at his mid-day repast before the sale, bad at random for whatever was on the table.

One signal difference between Sotheby's, as it now exists, and the house as I was familiar with it in my younger days, lies in the almost ruined hopes of the Bundle-Hunter. There was a time

when this peculiar pursuit was attended by lucrative results, and partook of that adventurous complexion so dear to the trader, the dream of whose life it is to become rich soon and retire early. Weird tales used to be related of fabulous bargains acquired by keen and persistent study of the Bundle. Those are living who remember what it was to discover in the heart of one some gem beyond price, some reputed *introuvable*. The very interior was a *terra incognita*, a Pandora's box, a possible Eldorado. A relic of the days of the earlier Tudors, or a Wynthyn de Worde, a lost Elizabethan fragment, or some piece by Taylor the Water Poet which the world had long despaired of ever beholding, can it be that such, and many more like these—nay, better—were once not seldom the portions of the wary and diligent harvestman? Ay, indeed; and not very different was it of old with the composite volume—the heterogeneous assemblage of pieces united by unforeseeing owners or indiscreet bibliopegists (bless them both!) in unholy wedlock; nor with the folio volume, lettered outside, perchance, “Old Newspapers,” and the resting-place of black-letter ballads threescore and upward, which, a beneficent spirit casting a spell on all save *one alone*, no other eye discerned, *mirabile dictu!*

Yet now and again the labours of the seeker are still rewarded. Stories have been rife within reasonable years (do not mention this to the firm!) of literary *bijoux* disinterred by the vigilant and sagacious explorer from unpromising, nay repellent, upper stratifications of ragged, dust-ingrained, penny-box ware. Mark you, the successful expert of the Victorian era has all his work before him. He has to be wary to excess. He has to snatch the right moment for investigating the contents of these “parcels,” as the phrase is. He must assure himself that no enemy is in ambush. A quick eye, a deft hand, and an impassable demeanour, are essential. Let him not be too sanguine, till the hammer is down and the prize is his; for instances are cited by the knowing in these bypaths of research, where the hidden quarry has been secretly noted by more than a single hunter, by a second Argus, and then, while others have beaten the bush, the auctioneer it is who catches the hare; for, however sorrowful it may be to relate it, the baffled game operates exactly in a contrary direction, and the article, instead of dropping for a song, realises in the heat of exasperated competition a figure which makes the occupant of the rostrum lick his lips, as it is not etiquette for him to betray emotion in any other way. But the prevailing experience at present is certainly in the direction opposite to that which the nugget-digger desiderates. The auctioneer's staff,

doubtless obeying instructions, is most distastefully minute in detailing out the contents of lots and parcels, and in searching beforehand for hidden ore. From the bundle-hunter's seeing-point the game is well-nigh up. Ere long the bladder will be pricked, and he will be like another Othello. When a volume of commonplace tracts fills an entire page, if not two, of a catalogue, it is time for him to break his staff. The latter-day auctioneer, sooth to say, errs on the side of accentuation.

It seems, however, as if the keenest and most jealous competition, the most strongly emphasised printed accounts, and the latest improvements in distributing and circulating catalogues of sales, are unequal to the removal of a curious phenomenon which periodically recurs, and yet on each occasion is declared to be so remarkable that it cannot by possibility happen again, I mean the Frost—the sudden and capricious fall of the temperature in the room, or in the veins of those frequenting it, to zero. Who shall attempt to explain it? Provided always that property of a certain stamp protects itself by guaranteeing attendance and opposition, it is not that the character of the sale is unfavourable or that of the articles offered liable to question, for I have had personal experience of cases where some of the rarest books and best copies went at nominal figures. The trade “hung off”; there was a likelier sale elsewhere; business was quiet and stocks were full, or it was an occasion where the national library might have filled many gaps and the authorities had gone to sleep, or the Trustees had interdicted farther expenditure for the time being, because Parliament had not passed the vote, and they were too proud or too cautious to go on “tick.” At one time, mediocre copies of more or less common books are found realising artificially high prices; at another, old English plays and poetry, and historical tracts of the utmost rarity, are given away. Lotteries are forbidden by statute, yet this is the greatest lottery of all! Now it begins, I apprehend, to be better understood that it is not only the property which governs the result, but the atmosphere and the name. Some years ago, for instance, Mr. Gladstone placed his old china in the hands of Christie's for sale; it was a very second-rate collection; but the reputation of the owner drew a company which was willing to pay for sentiment.

These slight reminiscences are personal and *ex parte*. Of the smaller room looking to Wellington Street and a later addition, where the coin, print, and autograph sales are often held, I do not profess to know much. The earliest boom, by the way, in the numismatic department was the noble collection of Marmaduke

Trattle in 1832, which brought nearly £11,000. In later life, when my own attention was directed to one or two studies outside the library, I acquired the habit of looking on now and then, while these collateral descriptions of property were changing hands; but I seldom intervened.

I shall conclude with a little anecdote concerning the dispersion of the great Edkins collection of Bristol porcelain many years ago. A relative had been asked by Dr. Diamond of Twickenham, who could not be there in person, if he would mind going to £20 for a certain teapot. The trust was accepted; and the holder of this heavy commission (as it seemed to him to be) imagined himself the central figure in a sensational episode—the hero, in fact, of the day. When the item came on, a gentleman stepped forward and said to the auctioneer: “If it will save the time of the company, sir, I will say £105 just to start you!”

W. CAREW HAZLITT.

“Books Wanted.”

AN ingenious but troublesome dealer in books in Birmingham, England, continues to perplex us by issuing and distributing catalogues of additions to his stock from month to month. These catalogues in themselves are not so troublesome, but what perplexes a transatlantic contemporary is the ingenious list that accompanies each issue of the “Books Wanted to Purchase.” In these parlous times we cannot be tempted to read the seductive list of items the dealer in such curiosities offers to sell. Rather do we turn our attention, unwillingly though it may be, to the “Books Wanted to Purchase,” in the vain hope that we may find a demand for some of those nuggets which our collections are largely composed of, and which we would now gladly turn into cash. But, *mirabile dictu*, this list calls for nothing that we would consent to part with at any price. The books wanted are the identical ones we have pursued for years, and when once comprehended have vowed and declared no vicissitude of fortune should ever tempt us to let go our hold of. But so it goes in this world of ours. Only those things most coveted by ourselves are the ones coveted by others.—*Inland Printer* (Chicago).

A Note on Wordsworth.

THERE is but one letter to Wordsworth in the new collection of Sir Walter Scott's Correspondence, and no reply. But we hear a good deal of him in Lockhart's letters, written to his wife, detailing a tour through Ireland and the Lakes, where they met Wilson and Southey and Canning :—"Lady Fred. Bentinck, daughter to Lord Lonsdale, a very pleasant woman indeed, and some misses, went with us for awhile on the water, as also Wordsworth, who is old and pompous, and fine, and absurdly arrogant beyond conception—evidently thinks Canning and Scott together not worth his thumb. What a change!—bowing and smirking here—from Wordsworth, as your Papa describes him, the first time he saw the lakes, with the little cottage and the sister and wife dressing the mutton leg in the same room where it was to be eat. That was what Byron calls 'Wordsworth yet unexcised, unhired, seasoning his pedlar poems with democracy.' But he has been better and done better, and is well where he ought to be, would he only drop a little of his airs, and his preaching above all, for that is the devil, particularly when two such anti-prosers as your Papa and the Secretary are in the room. . . . This I remark once for all, that during all these rides, &c., the Unknown was continually quoting Wordsworth's poetry and Wordsworth ditto, but that the great Laker never uttered one syllable by which it might have been intimated to a stranger that your Papa had ever written a line either of verse or prose since he was born. Wordsworth spoke kindly, I think, on the whole, of Hogg, which is more than I should have expected after the story of 'Poets, where are they?' being blabbed in print, especially as I knew Wordsworth took mighty offence at that matter—of Byron contemptuously—of Shelley well and rightly, saving that (as is the custom of all one-edition clubs) he said Shelley was a greater genius than Byron (*i.e.*, a less successful one)."



“ Book-Song.”

THE most recent addition to the Book-Lovers' Library is an anthology of poems about books and bookmen from modern authors, under the comprehensive title of “ Book-Song.” It is compiled by Mr. Gleeson White, editor of the *Studio*, whose admirable collection of “ Ballades and Rondeaux,” issued a few years ago, has proved a remarkable success and a source of constant pleasure to lovers of graceful poetry. Book collectors and book lovers are not always poets, but, like Mr. Silas Weg, they have sometimes permitted themselves to drop into poetry. Some of this verse cannot be regarded as poetry, but much of it is a good deal better than the verse which we are requested to accept as the effusions of poetical minds. We have had the pleasure of looking over much of our friend Gleeson White's collection in manuscript, and have been surprised and delighted at its extreme variety and richness. The general reader will now have the opportunity of forming his own conclusions as to the merits of the anthology, and we have no doubt as to the favourable nature of his opinion, for Mr. White has a wide knowledge and a catholic taste, and he has brought together many very beautiful and acceptable pieces.

The collection and classification of such stray verses gleaned from widely-scattered sources makes an appropriate contribution to the Book-Lovers' Library, and it is proposed to issue two volumes of Bookish verse in the series, one containing ancient pieces from the earliest times down to the commencement of the nineteenth century; the other from this time to our own day. Mr. White's volume is the modern part of the anthology, and contains a representative

collection of what it is believed will be welcome examples to the book-lover. The breadth of the gleanings and the variety of treatment is shown by the names of writers whose verses appear in the volume. The second volume, containing the older contributions, will be edited by Mr. W. Roberts, and will be issued later on. Here is Mr. White's own prologue :—

"TO RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.

"Five years ago a promise lightly made
Is claimed herein, as with a doubting pen
I dedicate this sheaf of verse which then
You bade me gather. But I, half afraid,
Dallied, and loitered, and long while delayed ;
Now time has brought new idols to our ken,
Anthologies no longer charm as when
A lustrum since this garnering you bade.
The English rose of song is not less sweet ;
The petals borne from England oversea
Delight us still ; but pulses slower beat
To books than Life ; that volume incomplete
Which, torn and dog-eared, holds no page to me
Dearer than one with heading 'Memory.'"

The "Bone Circulating Library."

PERHAPS one of the most unique and remarkable institutions in the world is the "Bone Circulating Library," an attachment to the College of Physicians and Surgeons, New York City. In this room, which is fitted up with shelves, cases, &c., just as any other library room, are hundreds of human bones of all sizes and forms. The bones, which are numbered and labelled, are in order on the shelves and in the cases, an attendant being always on hand to act in the same capacity as a librarian. It is his duty to keep track of the bones lent, to enter them upon books, and to see that they are returned uninjured. During the day scores of students flock in and out of this uncanny place, carrying packages of strange appearance in their hands or sticking out of their pockets. These packages are made up of human bones, which they are returning or taking from this "Bone Circulating Library."



The Collecting Mania.

[FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A MAD DOCTOR.]

IT is proverbially awkward to be placed between the upper and the lower millstone, or between the devil and the deep blue sea. Yet with the grinding despotism of the nobility and landowners on one hand, and the onswEEPing flood of democracy on the other, the middle classes in Great Britain now find themselves threatened with social and political extinction.

Even original thought is denied them ; they take their ideas from the daily papers they read, absorbing the distorted views of men and things written from one point of view only, by men who will not admit that the other side can ever be either right, or true, or disinterested.

Driven, therefore, from every profitable use of their intellectual powers, and threatened with annihilation in the near future, can it be matter for surprise that the brain power of a large proportion of the middle-class unemployed is showing a serious and continual deterioration ? The end is near ! *Quos Deus vult perdere prius dementat.*

I have been led to make these remarks by the rapid spread of the disease known as "Collector's mania," a malady which formerly attacked only the very rich and very idle, but is now to be found fully developed in the middle classes, spreading ruin, dismay, and even boredom, amongst the friends and relatives of the poor demented victims.

It is sometimes erroneously assumed that persons afflicted with the collecting mania are destitute of reasoning faculties, and

incapable of attention to the ordinary duties and business of life. In a few isolated and extreme cases such aberration of intellect has been observed, but in the majority of instances the patients cunningly hide their symptoms from those they suspect may be unsympathetic.

Besides, absurd as it may sound, the disease in its worst form attacks only such individuals as possess keen powers of observation, retentive memories, and some general knowledge of the history and development of that particular branch of art, science, or literature, to which their accumulative propensity is applied.

If it be postage stamps, they must know, and remember, that a "Natal ninepenny blue" is worth about five pounds, that a "Canada twelvepenny black" is worth five times as much, whilst that a "Mauritius Post Office" stamp should fetch at least a hundred pounds is a point which neither the harmless maniac nor the furtive forger will forget.¹

If he be a Dickens collector, he must know exactly where to look for the Buss plates in a "Pickwick," how many there should be of them, and the variations on the title-pages of the several editions.

He must also remember to purchase the poems by the late lamented Miss Ada Isaacs Menken, the large-limbed lady who, about thirty years ago, clad in the scantiest of clothing, nightly informed London that she was "Mazeppar, King of Tartary, ah!" He will not want to read the poems (probably no one ever did), but there is a short introduction written by Dickens, as there is also in another work which but for that would long since have been forgotten, namely "Evenings of a Working Man," by John Overs. This was published in 1844, with a title-page printed in red and blue ink, and can now be had occasionally for the trifling sum of fifty or sixty shillings, whilst but for the eight pages of preface signed "Charles Dickens" it would long since have sunk into the grave, marked "This lot 6d. each."

He has to remember that Ruskin "On the Art of Constructing Sheepfolds" and Edgeworth "On Irish Bulls" are not books specially written for farmers and cattle-dealers, and that "The Mill on the Floss" is not entirely devoted to the description of prize fights. If he have a weakness for Cruikshank's illustrations, there will also be some method in his madness; he will either

¹ Quite recently the sum of £680 was paid for two postage stamps, namely, the penny red and the twopenny blue of Mauritius of 1847, with the words "Post Office" on the left side. There are only two other specimens of these stamps known in England, both of which are in the British Museum.

feverishly seek for the first edition of "Oliver Twist" with the suppressed plate, for which he will offer any price—although, as we know, Dickens would not have the plate at any price whatever—or he will haunt the shops of secondhand dealers, vainly inquiring for "Tales of Humour, Gallantry, and Romance, translated from the Italian," with sixteen illustrations drawn by George Cruikshank (1824). For this he will pay four or five pounds if it have the suppressed plate, a scrap of a sketch barely two inches square, but if the book have it not, he will depart in sorrow, and probably in anger.

The collector of bookplates (one of the most cruel forms of the mania) will argue with apparent zest, and with even some slight show of reason, over the comparative merits of a dated "Chip," or a signed "Jac," and will know how much he should pay for a set of the Fust plates, or a David Garrick, or an original Pirckheimer or Ebner. He will know that the first dated plates are of German origin, and that no plate has been found in France, or in England, with an earlier printed date than 1574. He will tell you at once that a certain plate cannot have been engraved before 1640, for, "See," he will say—"see the heraldic tinctures are all properly emblazoned on the system still in use, and that system was not generally adopted till after Petra Sancta's book on Heraldry, which was published in 1638." And he will gloat with delight over some ugly little old German woodcut because it is not in Mr. Franks's collection.

Possibly he will be a connoisseur in bindings (a nice quiet inexpensive sort of hobby), and able at a glance to discriminate between a Le Gascon or an Eve, a Roger Payne or a Bedford, and from the arms stamped on them to tell from what library they came, and why the library was dispersed. To a penny he will estimate what Zaehnsdorf will charge for binding a small octavo volume in crushed morocco doublée, lined with satin. Fancy the folly of the fashion! Why crush Morocco? No one surely wants to crush Morocco, except perhaps a few bloodthirsty Spaniards.

First editions, too, he will covet, as things not easily obtainable, careless as to whether subsequent editions did, or did not, contain useful corrections and additions. Thus he must have, *colite que colite*, the first edition, excessively rare, of Cocker's "Arithmetick," London, printed for T. Passinger, 1678. This will he gloat over and point out the portrait of Cocker, with these lines beneath:—

" Ingenious Cocker ! (Now to Rest thou'rt gone)
Nor Art can Show thee fully but thine own ;
Thy rare Arithmetick alone can show
Th' vast Sums of Thanks we for thy Labours owe."

First editions are indeed fine bait with which to catch these deluded mortals, whether they be of ancient writers or modern, a Shakespeare folio or a Shelley pamphlet; Tennyson's first little volume, or Robert Buchanan's cruel "Fleshly School of Poetry." Yet tempt him not indiscreetly, for he will have none of the first edition of "The Kickleburys on the Rhine." It wants that famous cut at the *Times*, the essay on Thunder and Small Beer, which appeared in the second edition.

Sad indeed is it to see one of these afflicted mortals down, on hands and knees, on the floor of some quiet old country church taking rubbings of monumental brasses and coats of arms. Think how much better one's time and skill might be employed in a billiard saloon, or in shooting pigeons, or hare coursing, or otherwise killing and maiming some of God's creatures.

Extreme cunning is one of the most usual, and also one of the worst, symptoms of the disease. Various devices will be resorted to to hide from the sorrowing relatives the vicious nature of the attacks. Valuable books, prints, or pictures will be smuggled surreptitiously into the house in all manner of odd ways, and at the most awkward and unexpected times. Should the patient be detected in the act by his wife, or say his mother-in-law, he will affect an easy and unconstrained air, and jocularly remark, "A mere trifle, my dear. I picked it up for a few pence at a bookstall"; or, "I was just passing by the sale-rooms and got this frame for a few shillings. Oh! the picture? Yes, well I fancy it *is* a little bit like a 'Constable' [or a "George Morland," as the case may be], but I really thought *you* would be glad of this fine old frame. Damaged? Well, it is a trifle chipped, but it cost next to nothing."

There can be no doubt that the disease is highly infectious, and spreads rapidly. Married ladies with large families enjoy almost complete immunity, but unmarried ladies, having private means, easily fall victims to it, and with them the disease generally assumes its most virulent character, and is practically incurable. Although the mania does not seem to seriously affect the general health, its victims seldom survive beyond eighty, at most ninety, years. Cases of collector maniacs living beyond one hundred years are extremely rare. Having described the symptoms of the disorder, and the ill effects resulting from it, there yet remains to consider what cure, if any, exists for it. In its infancy the disease may be modified, if not entirely cured, by complete isolation from other sufferers afflicted with the same complaint, also by change of scene and increased occupation of mind and body.

Should these prove ineffectual, more drastic measures must be adopted ; a nagging wife, or a scolding mother-in-law, or squalling children, have been prescribed with much success ; they drive the patient out of doors, and compel him to seek recreation in haunts where no hobby such as his would be tolerated, or even understood. Sudden bankruptcy, or a fire, or ruin, or the death of some near and beloved relative, will also occasionally act as complete and lasting cures, but these remedies should be tried only as a last resource ; for it sometimes happens that the poor collector when ruined, or deprived of the society and comfort of those whom he best loves, sinks into a worse state of dotage than ever, and drivels on in an imbecile fashion about blue and white china, "Long Elizas," "Bleu de Roi," and "Rose Dubarry." It may assist future investigators into the origin, nature, and cure of the disease if its leading divisions and subdivisions be here enumerated. They are four, namely—1. The Literary ; 2. Artistic ; 3. Scientific ; 4. Historical.

The first may be subdivided into first editions ; books which are rare because they ought never to have been printed, and books which are rare because no one thought them worth preserving ; dramatic books, portraits and playbills, broadsides, old ballads, unused railway tickets and autographs, menus, programmes, and cuttings relating to Napoleon, epitaphs, centenarians, Waterloo, and big gooseberries.

The Artistic vary from paintings by Rubens and Vandyck to caricatures by Rowlandson and Gilray, Cruikshank and John Leech's engravings, trade cards, and postage stamps, heraldry, book-plates, and rubbings of monumental brasses in old churches.

Scientific collectors go in principally for shells, eggs, skeletons, Egyptian mummies, and Babylonian bricks. This form of the disease is not only hopelessly incurable, but exceedingly irritating and annoying to those brought in contact with the patient.

The fourth and last branch, the Historical, though not so hopeless, is exceedingly painful, as it often completely ruins the weak-minded individuals afflicted with it. They greedily purchase, at exorbitant prices, coins, medals, and tokens, old china, arms, furniture, watches, carvings, costumes, and jewellery, for which they have no use. These at their death cause endless squabbles amongst the relatives, and are probably sold by auction for about one-tenth of the money they cost. Occasionally, it is true, some poor demented creature will bequeath his collections to some local museum or library, to bore and instruct future generations. Surely legislation should step in to prevent such gross misappropriations of private

wealth, for indeed the Bill shortly to be introduced to the House of Commons is totally inadequate to deal with the evil. True it provides for the complete isolation of the victim, and the compulsory sale of his accumulations, but what is imperatively required is to check the causes of the disease, to prevent rather than to cure. The only way to accomplish this will be to close the shops of all dealers in secondhand books, prints, furniture, &c., on every day but Sunday, as on that day the educated classes never leave home, unless it is to go to church. On those occasions the afflicted patients are invariably accompanied by well-disposed relatives who would promptly interfere to prevent the purchase of any useless curios or engravings, or other articles of "bigotry and virtue."

WALTER HAMILTON.

A Penitent Book-Thief.

A CURIOUS story of the adventures of a book came before the Fulham Library Commissioners a few weeks ago. A letter was read from Mr. Von Sternberg, of 26, Broomhouse Road, in which he said: "Dear Mr. Burns,—The book herewith has just been returned to me. About a year ago my handbag in which it was placed was stolen from the platform of the Lime Street Station, Liverpool. Thus the book has been out from the library a very considerable time. The bag was offered at a pawnbroker's about six weeks ago, and, being recognised, the man tendering it was arrested, and on his lodgings being searched the book was found. I have only just received it from the Liverpool police, or should have sent it back before. Books often have curious adventures, but I think this beats the record. What shall I do about it? I suppose the fines will amount to more than the value of the book by this time." It was decided not to enforce the fines.



Scott and the "Quarterly."

IN Sir Walter Scott's "Letters" there are many interesting references to the *Quarterly Review*. Scott, writing to Mr. Patrick Murray in November, 1809, mentions that Gifford is to be "the new manager of this new work," and adds, "I have some reasons for not being very sanguine in my hopes of success. The energy of folks in a right cause is always greatly inferior to that of their adversaries." But Sir Walter had occasion to change his views as to the prospects of the *Review* before very long, for some three months later we find him writing to Southey that "the *Quarterly* has taken root and will thrive."

When Lockhart accepted the post of editor in 1825, Scott had, of course, a good deal to say on the matter. It has often been stated that John Taylor Coleridge was rather "edged" out of the post to make room for Lockhart, but that was not so; and we understand that Mr. Coleridge and Mr. Murray always remained the best of friends. Herewith we give a complete list of the editors of the *Quarterly*, and the dates of their appointment and resignation, now published, we believe, for the first time:—

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|---|---|---|
| No. 1. Feb., 1809 | } | William Gifford. Gave up editorship owing to failing health. He died 1826. |
| ,, 61. April, 1824
(really appeared in December) | | |
| No. 62. March, 1825 | } | John Taylor Coleridge. He only accepted the post temporarily, and as subsidiary to his legal work, which increased so rapidly that he was compelled to abandon the editorship. Became Judge of Queen's Bench, and died in 1876. |
| ,, 65. Dec., 1825 | | |
| No. 66. March, 1826 | } | John Gibson Lockhart. He gave up the editorship owing to failing health. Died 1854. |
| ,, 185. June, 1853 | | |

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|----------|-------------|--|
| No. 186. | Sept., 1853 | } Rev. Whitwell Elwin. Gave up post owing to calls of parish work. |
| „ 215. | July, 1860 | |
| No. 216. | Oct., 1860 | } Wm. Macpherson. Resigned on appointment to a permanent post under Indian Government. |
| „ 243. | Jan., 1867 | |
| No. 244. | April, 1867 | } Wm. Smith. Died in harness, 1893. |
| „ 354. | Oct., 1893 | |

To be up to date is the great ambition of magazine editors nowadays. They were not quite so particular in this respect seventy years ago, and readers were, perhaps, less exacting. Certainly promptness was not one of Gifford's strong points. As stated above, the number of the *Quarterly* which ought to have been issued in April, 1824, did not appear till the following December, or about eight months behind time !

“Poems, Chiefly Lyrical.”

A LITTLE volume of very unusual and great interest occurred for sale at Sotheby's recently. We refer to a copy of the first edition of the late Lord Tennyson's "Poems, Chiefly Lyrical," 1830, which was the first work to which Tennyson put his name: this interest is much accentuated by the original intention it should be a joint production containing also the "poems" of Arthur Hallam—a memorial of friendship similar to the "Lyrical Ballads" of Wordsworth and Coleridge. This idea was given up at the suggestion of Hallam's father, and no copy of the complete book has hitherto occurred for sale. In the copy in question, however, Hallam's poems are included, and on the title-page has been added in MS. after Tennyson's name, "and Arthur Hallam," while on the first page of the second part has been written "Poems by Arthur Hallam, Esqre." In a note to "Timbuctoo," Hallam refers to Tennyson's prize poem of the same name, and concludes it by saying, "which most justly, in my opinion, adjudged the prize to the poem of my friend, whose name is prefixed with mine to this volume." Some partially erased pencil notes, indicating the persons to whom certain poems were addressed—Sir F. H. Doyle, J. Milnes Gaskell, Richard Milnes, &c.—render it probable that the volume is a unique proof copy belonging to Hallam himself. Now that Messrs. Macmillan have given us an exact reprint of the rare "Poems by Two Brothers," and Mr. Nutt has likewise reprinted the joint production of Wordsworth and Coleridge, we throw out the suggestion that one of these enterprising publishers gives us the "Poems, Chiefly Lyrical," as it was first intended to publish them. The volume realised only £6.



A Remarkable Bookplate.

A BOOKPLATE which seems to be of more than ordinary interest, and which, though I dare say it is known to connoisseurs, I had never seen before, is one belonging to the Marquis of Macciucca (*littérateur*, 1699–1785), of which I have recently come across two specimens, both attached to volumes recently purchased from a bookseller in Naples.

I have said “bookplate,” but it is not so much the crest of the Marquis (a trophy and elaborate monogram, with two figures, Indians, chained back to back on right and left) that attracted one’s attention as the *fifteen printed rules*, in late Latin, expounding the principles upon which he lent his books. This document I found in 8vo—in a copy of the “*Lettres Fanatiques*,” Londres, 1739—and in 4to, in a copy of Alciati, “*Tractatus contra vitam monasticam*,” &c., 1740. I append the text of it, which may interest those of your readers who are specially interested in “*Ex libris*.” It appears to cover the “whole duty” of a book-borrower :—

Leges volumina ex Bibliotheca nostrâ commodato accepta lecturis secundum auspicia lata Lictor lege agito in Legirupionens. Mas vel Fœmina fuas hac tibi lege codicis istius usum non interdicimus.

I. Hunc ne mancipium ducito. Liber est ne igitur notis compungito.

II. Ne cœsim punctimve ferito : Nostis non est.

III. Lineolis intus forisve quoquaversum ducendis abstineto.

IV. Folium ne subigito ne complicato ne ve in rugas cogito.

V. Ad oram conscribillare caveto.

VI. Atramentum ultra primum exesto. Mori mavult quam fœdari.

- VII. Puræ tantum papyri Philuram interserito.
 VIII. Alteri clanculum palamve ne commendato.
 IX. Murem, tineam, blattam, muscam, furunculum absterreto.
 X. Ab aquâ, oleo, igne, situ, illuvie arceto.
 XI. Eodem utitor, non abutitor.
 XII. Legere et quoevis excerptare, fas esto.
 XIII. Perlectum apud te perennare ne sinito.
 XIV. Sartum tectumque prout tollis reddito.
 XV. Qui faxis vel ignotus amicorum albo adscribitor : qui secus
 vel notus eradetor.
- Has sibi has aliis præscribit leges in re sua
 Ordinis Hierosolymitani Eques
 Franciscus Vargus Macciucca.
 Quoi placeas annue, Quoi minus,
 Quid tibi nostra tactio est ? Facesse.

The laws, though curiously punctuated, are intelligible without reference to a glossary of "middling and infamous" Latin. *Legirupio*, a law-breaker, occurs in Plautus. *Philura*, or philyra (in Horace the linden) = a thin sheet; here clearly a bookmarker.

G. H. POWELL.

An Interesting Innovation.

NOTHING is more satisfactory on the back of a plainly bound book than a plain paper label. Its faults are that it may tear off, and that it certainly gets dirty. In their new *édition de luxe* of the Cambridge Shakespeare Messrs. Macmillan, with a view to remedying these drawbacks, are supplying not one, but half-a-dozen extra labels, in two different styles, so that the nice amateur may take his cultured choice. The cost of these is, of course, the merest trifle, but not so their value to the owner of the book. A year or two ago a volume was issued with a spare label, and the innovation was acclaimed in half a hundred literary columns; but the idea was evidently too advanced for those days, and the publishers didn't take it up. It is to be hoped that they will now follow Messrs. Macmillan's example.



George Chastellain and his Writings.

THE latter half of the fifteenth century was a time of struggle and transition. It was the night of the Middle Age darkest before the dawn of the Renaissance. The age of Faith was past; the spirit of Chivalry was dying; little was left of Feudalism but its abuses. This is the state of society depicted for us by that remarkable group of contemporary writers amongst whom George Chastellain occupies a distinguished place. He was born about 1404 in the Comté of Alost in Flanders, then an imperial fief, and he traced his descent from the princely house of Gavre and the noble family of Mamines. The name of Chastellain (Castellanus) he probably derived, as M. Kervyn suggests, from the châteltenie of Alost which was hereditary in his line. Of his youth we know little. He tells us himself that he owed his education to the house of Burgundy, and that he was early habituated to the use of arms and familiar with royal courts and the society of noble personages. He was quick at learning, and, soon acquiring a taste for literature, he became a book-lover in the best sense of the phrase. He says that he delighted in useful and praiseworthy books: meaning by useful books those "teaching the knowledge of God and oneself, making men wise and clear-sighted, eloquent and prudent, prompt to distinguish good from evil, truth from falsehood"; and by praiseworthy books those which treat of matters "*glorieuses et louables à l'homme*"—the noble dicta of old philosophers, poets, orators, and historians, and the deeds, manners, and virtues of great men in ancient times. "There," says Chastellain in his lofty way, "are to be found the sugar and the honey, the delight and sovran contemplation of the soul—the mirror in which to reflect our actions—the example by

which to measure and guide our conduct" (*Exposition sur Vérité mal prise*," vol. vi. p. 280. *Œuvres de Chastellain* ed. Kervyn). During the quiet and studious youth of Chastellain stirring events were happening in the outer world. He was a boy when Agincourt was fought; about fifteen when Jean-sans-Peur perished on the bridge of Montereau; and he had reached the age of twenty-five when Jeanne d'Arc, in obedience to her haunting voices, sought out Charles VII. at Chinon. About this time he left the University of Louvain and went forth into the world in quest of novelty and to enlarge his mind. He became a writer of verses, a squire of dames, and acquired the sobriquet of *The Adventurous*. Indeed, at this time, if we are to believe his own confessions, he sowed a somewhat plentiful sprinkling of wild oats. But he soon discovered that all was vanity. A love disappointment sobered him, and his life of pleasure was "de petite durée et doloieuse issu." To this period the poems of "Le Pas de la Mort" and "L'Oultré d'Amour" may perhaps refer. In 1433-4 he appears to have been employed by Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy, in military and other service, and after the signature of the Treaty of Arras he visited the Court of France, and there met many famous persons, including René of Sicily, and probably the young Marguerite his daughter, called "of Anjou," whose devoted friend and admirer Chastellain was in later years. Here, also, he saw the too celebrated Agnes Sorel, of whom he says the king (Charles VII.) was "durement assotté," and whose light conduct much scandalised our reformed Fleming. She "n'estudioit qu'en vanité jour et nuit, pour desvoyer gens et pour faire et donner exemple aux preudes femmes de perdition d'honneur" (*Chron.* iv. p. 366). The whole of the nobility, he continues, were "quasi donnée à vanité par son enhort et par son exemple." Chastellain seems to have spent about ten years in France off and on, but he also visited England and Italy; indeed, he appears to have been in England several times (though he hated the English), and speaks of the Wars of the Roses as an eye-witness ("Recollections des Merveilles advenues en notre Temps"). In 1446 he was again at the Court of Burgundy, whence he was despatched by Duke Philip on important missions to the Duke of Cleves, the Archbishop of Cologne, to Paris—where he represented the Duke before the Parliament in the affair of Dimenche de Court—and to Burgundy. It was on this last journey that he, with his friend and fellow-bard, Olivier de la Marche, visited the poet and bibliophile, Charles Duke of Orleans—so long a prisoner in England—to whom several of his Rondeaux are addressed. The good Duke

Philip, who seems to have appreciated at their proper value Chastellain's integrity and worth, confided to him, in part at any rate, the education of his son Charles, Count of Charolais, the formidable Téméraire of a later day, for whose benefit were written the "*Instruction d'un Jeune Prince*" and "*Enseignements d'un Père à son Fils*." The duke also appointed him one of his "*Escuyers panneliers*," a member of his council, and his "*Indiciaire*" or historiographer, with an annual pension of 657 livres. When Charles VII. died, Chastellain composed a "*Mystery*" in his praise, and also an allegorical discourse to celebrate the accession of Louis XI.; and at the Treaty of Péronne, just after Louis had so narrowly escaped the fate of Charles the Simple, he wrote "*Le Livre de Paix*," and also another "*Mystery*," in which various amiable sentiments are put in the mouth of the French king. Chastellain, however, was disappointed in the estimate he had formed of Louis, and denounced his subsequent conduct in terms of mordant satire. We are told on high authority that—

"Archilochum proprio rabies armavit iambo,"

and certainly the righteous indignation of Chastellain lent force to the vigorous iambics of "*Le Prince*," a piece in which the perjured son of St. Louis is literally flayed alive. This invective was replied to somewhat ineffectively by Jean Meschinot, Maître d'Hôtel of Francis II. of Brittany, in similar verses, directed against Charles of Burgundy ("*Lunettes des Princes*," Nantes, Estienne L'Archer, sm. 4to goth., 1488 and 1493; reprinted with additions at Paris (Mignart and Simon Vostre?), 1495, 1498, and 1528, in 8vo and 153q 16mo). On the death of the good Duke Philip, whose virtues Chastellain commemorated in many verses and much prose, our author was confirmed in all his offices by Charles the Bold, his quondam pupil, who in 1473 further testified his esteem for the now aged man of letters by admitting him to the noble company of the Golden Fleece, that famous Order of which his kinsman, Robert de Mamisnes, had been one of the first created knights (see "*Ordonnances de la Toison d'Or*," Plantin, Anvers, s. d.). In less than two years Chastellain died at the old palace of La Salle-le-Comte at Valenciennes, which had been assigned to him as a residence by Duke Philip, and where he had for some years lived in a retirement from which he seldom emerged.

His voluminous writings in prose and verse now claim our attention. Of the former, first in importance stands the "*Chronique*," which begins in 1419 and ends in 1470, thus comprising the

period intervening between the assassination of Jean-sans-Peur and the siege of Neuss by Charles the Bold. It is impossible here to discuss the merits of this most important work, which is in some respects as valuable as the "Mémoires" of De Commynes, and certainly possesses an elevation of thought and style to which the Lord of Argenton can lay no claim, and which he would probably have failed to appreciate in another writer. It is a matter of profound regret that so much of the work has been lost. In Book I. all is wanting from October, 1422, to January, 1429. Of Book II. nothing remains but the part extending from January, 1429, to December, 1431. Only fragments exist of Book III., relating to the years 1451-2. Book IV. is complete, and extends from 1454 to 1458. Book V. is entirely lost, and there are many unfortunate lacunæ in Books VI. and VII. It is an odd circumstance that although the existence of Chastellain's Chronicle in MS. was well known (Gauthier Chastellain, son of the historian, had a copy made for the Queen of Hungary), and although references had been made to it by various writers, no part of the work was unearthed from the libraries where it lay hidden, and submitted to the press until 1825, when fragments found by M. Buchon in the Paris Library, one of which was catalogued as a work of Jean Lefebvre de St. Rémy, and another as a "Histoire des Ducs de Bretagne," together with a list of the chapters missing, were published by him in his collection of French chronicles, and the first person, I believe, to make much use of them was Mr. Kirk in his "Life of Charles the Bold." Another and a completer edition, comprising the important Arras MS., appeared in 1837, forming part of the "Panthéon Littéraire," and a third, I think, in 1850 or 1851, for the same collection, also edited by M. Buchon. All the portions of the work now known to exist have been since collected and edited with great care by M. Kervyn de Lettenhove—including Book IV. from the Brussels MS., and they occupy five volumes in his monumental "Œuvres de Chastellain," 8 vols. 8vo, Bruxelles, 1863-6. M. Buchon tells a curious story of having found the complete "Chronique de Philippe le Bon" (?) in the library at Arras under the name of Georges "Le Preuve," owing to the error of a librarian who had taken the words, "Comment Georges [meaning Georges Chastellain] *repreuve* avoir fait," &c., for "Comment Georges *Le Preuve* avait fait," &c., and coolly endorsed "Georges Le Preuve" as the name of the author. The first productions of Chastellain's pen which, so far as I know, found their way into print, or at least the earliest that were printed with a date, were the "Temple de Bocace," addressed "par manière de Consolation à une désolée

Reyne d'Angleterre,"—Marguerite d'Anjou, and the "Instruction d'ur Jeune Prince." These were printed at Paris in 1517 (April 18, Galliot du Pré, litt. goth.) with other pieces, Rondeaux and Ballades, and an epistle from Mary Tudor to her brother, Henry VIII., by "Le Traverseur des Voyes Périlleuses," *i.e.*, Jean Bouchet, author of, amongst other things, the "Panegyric of Louis de la Tremoille." A copy on vellum is in the Paris Library. The library of the Arsenal has a MS. of the "Instruction," with a lovely miniature at the beginning representing the good duke apparently admonishing his son. A facsimile of this is given in Chantelauze's edition of De Commynes. At Brussels there is a fine MS. of the "Temple de Bocace," decorated with marguerites and roses, which probably belonged to the princess to whom the book was dedicated. Next appeared the "Epitaphes d'Hector et d'Achilles," in a "Recueil de plusieurs Traités singuliers de Poësie Française," Paris, Galliot du Pré, 1525, 8vo, from the Paris MS. Mr. Kervyn gives this under the title of "La Complainte d'Hector," from the Florence MS. (Bibliotheca Laurentiana) collated with that of Paris. Another MS. was in the library of Sir Thomas Phillips at Middle Hill. The striking piece of verse entitled "Recollection des Merveilles advenues en notre Temps," so interesting for its references to Jeanne d'Arc, to the murder of James I. of Scotland, to the taking of Constantinople, and other events, was continued by Jean Molinet, the poetical canon of Valenciennes, who succeeded Chastellain in the office of Court "Indiciaire," and included in his "Faitz et Dictz," Paris, Jean Longis, fol. 1531, reprinted Paris, Jean Yvernel, 8vo, 1537, and Paris, Denys Janot, 8vo, 1540. Other editions are—Antwerp, Guillaume Vorsterman, n.d., but referred by Brunet to the beginning of the sixteenth century, and Paris, 1623. It has also been given by De Reiffenberg under the title of "Chronique Métrique de George Chastellain et J. Molinet," Brussels, La Crosse, 1836, 8vo. The important "Exposition sur Vérité mal Prise," and "Declaration des Hauts Faits et glorieuses adventures du Duc Philippe de Bourgoyne," were first published by M. Buchon. Of the latter there was a MS. at Middle Hill. The "Louange de la très glorieuse Vierge," under the title of "Chanchons Géorgines," from the concluding words of the poem, appeared early in the sixteenth century at Valenciennes (*sic*), Jehan de Liège, 4to, n.d. The "Douze Dames de Rhétorique" was not published till 1838, at Moulins (Bâtissier). Brunet mentions a tract, "Le Passe-temps de Michault," which I am unable to find in M. Kervyn's edition, and which may have been wrongly attributed to Chastellain. It would be impossible within

the limits of this paper to give in further detail the bibliography of Chastellain's minor works, many of which, indeed, appear for the first time in M. Kervyn's edition, and owe their discovery to his industry and zeal. I may mention, however, that the reason why I have not included in this notice the long "*Livre des Faits du bon Chevalier Messire Jacques de Lalaing*," is because I do not believe it to be, except to a very trifling extent, the production of Chastellain, but I hope to say something about it on a future occasion. I have also omitted any reference to the poetical romance of the "*Chevalier Délibéré*," which, though several times printed under the name of Chastellain, is now universally credited to Olivier de la Marche. How it ever came to be attributed to Chastellain it is difficult to say, as the concluding stanza states that it was completed in 1483, and Chastellain had died some eight years previously.

W. ALEXANDER SMITH.

The *Studio*.

WE congratulate Mr. Gleeson White on the completion of the first volume of the *Studio*, and trust it is but the forerunner of a very long and prosperous series. "Use and Beauty" is the motto of the *Studio*, and a very superficial glance through its 250 odd pages will more than demonstrate that the motto is carried out to the letter. It is one of the very best of art monthlies from a pictorial point of view, and quite the best for all practical purposes. It is full of excellent reading matter by the most approved authorities. There are some very charming designs of new book-plates, and an interesting paper on a new field for connoisseurs—to wit, the collecting of "posters." Mr. Charles Holme writes a very entertaining paper on "Artistic Gardens in Japan." Mr. Walter Crane contributes some notes on "Gesso Work," and Mr. Pennell contributes an article on Mr. Aubrey Beardsley, whom he very truly describes as a new illustrator. The *Studio* forms a very handsome volume, and is a credit to editor and printer.



Exhibition of Manuscripts.

THE President of the Sette of Odd Volumes (Mr. Alexander T. Hollingsworth) and Mrs. Hollingsworth gave a conversazione at the Galleries of the Royal Institute in Water Colours, Piccadilly, on the evening of December 12th, when nearly six hundred guests and O.V.'s were present in spite of the inclemency of the weather. The chief attraction of the evening was an address by Mr. B. Quaritch (the Librarian of the Sette) on ancient manuscripts, and of which the eminent bookseller lent nearly two hundred examples for the occasion. This remarkable collection of manuscripts and graphic curiosities of all countries is one of the finest and most select ever brought together outside of a public museum, and Mr. Quaritch is the only man in Europe—which is equivalent to saying in the world—who could have exhibited such a series. The most ancient example was an Egyptian Hieroglyphical inscription, on papyrus, written downwards from left to right, probably about the year 1500 B.C. The next most ancient item was an Egyptian Hieratic inscription, with four compartments of drawings, and written horizontally from left to right, about the year 1000 B.C. Of the Hebrew manuscripts the most interesting was a copy of the Bible, in the later or square character, written on very fine vellum in the most delicate Italian style, the date being about A.D. 1450. The Persian manuscripts included some exceedingly beautiful examples of minute writings, one of the more notable being the "Kuran" with Husain Va'iz Kashifi's Persian commentary, of about A.D. 1493, and a copy of the Poems of Hafiz, written in India about A.D. 1700. The example of the "Four Gospels" in Armenian formed a small quarto MS.: it is on paper, beautifully written in

red columns and illuminated, and has four miniatures of the Evangelists, and two small miniatures, at the head, of the Eusebian canons. The oldest of the European MSS. was the copy of the Gospels in Greek found by Major Cesnola in Cyprus, and is on vellum, its date being about A.D. 970. One of the most valuable of the items in this section was a Mass Book within about 1070, before the constitution of the Missal; in writing this valuable liturgical monument two or more hands were employed, and the peculiarities in the canon and elsewhere deserve the examination of scholars; it is a modification of the Gregorian Sacramentary, and Mr. Quaritch thinks that it was written in Lorraine. Several of the twelfth-century manuscripts were written by English hands, the finest example being "The Huntingfield Psalter," written probably at Mendham Priory about 1180: this grand volume is on vellum and has ninety-two paintings; it furnishes a most valuable testimony to the state of English piscatorial art in the time of Henry II. Beckett's murder is one of the pictures in the second series of illustrations, which seems to have been added after his canonisation had led to a cultus; and the deaths of the two Huntingfields (patrons of Mendham Priory) are recorded in an early fourteenth-century hand. Another example of the same period, the histories of Geoffrey of Monmouth and William of Malmesbury in Latin, but not perfect, attracted much attention, for the Geoffrey portion is in a beautiful hand. Another volume of peculiarly English interest was the copy of the "Nuneaton Codex," written on vellum and in England about 1280, and containing among other items an unpublished English poem of 337 lines. Amongst the most beautiful of the French manuscripts, special mention must be made of the copy of the Apocalypse, written on vellum, probably in Paris about the year 1360; this is an exquisite example of the illuminator's art, and one can well sympathise with the affection and veneration with which Mr. Quaritch referred to it as one of the books which he most prized, and which he kept at his private residence for his special enjoyment of a Sunday afternoon. The seventy miniatures in this choice volume are admirably designed and executed with great delicacy. Another triumph of the French designer is "La Bible Hystorial" (about 1360), with its one hundred and thirty exquisite miniatures, painted in brilliant colouring on diapered or chequered grounds. This volume would form the corner-stone of any national library, and we should much like to see it secured for one of the many free libraries which form so material a part in the educational and other advances of London. There

was also a copy of the first of Gower's two editions (1395-98) of his "Confessio Amantis" in English verse, and with one miniature; one of these editions was dedicated to Richard II., and the other to Henry IV.; the first text is very rare, as it was not copied after 1399. A copy of Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales," 1420, was also on view, and also the unique copy—well-known to students—of "The Towneley Mysteries" (about 1450) which used to be played at Wakefield, in Yorkshire. We have only space to refer to one other of the magnificent MSS. from Mr. Quaritch's collection, namely, "The Wingfield Primer." This splendid folio volume, with its magnificently illuminated miniatures (forty-six in all), was formerly supposed to have been of royal ownership, because of badges and devices in its borders which were used by Henry IV. and Henry V., Thomas of Woodstock and Humphrey of Gloucester. But Mr. Quaritch points out that they seem simply to betoken the claim to royal ancestry made by Sir John Wingfield, who was descended, through his mother, from the Plantagenet kings, and whose genealogy intertwined with that of the Bohuns, the Fitzalans, the Montacutes, and the Hollands. The binding was done for his grandson, Sir Richard Wingfield, who was governor of Portsmouth in the time of Queen Elizabeth.

Professional Note-Books.

MESSRS. EASON AND SONS, the well known firm of manufacturing stationers, Dublin, have favoured us with copies of their series of "Professional Note-Books." They are so excellent that we have no hesitation in recommending them to our readers, for they are undoubtedly the most perfect of the kind yet invented for all purposes. We understand that the design of the improved "Index Rerum" has been built up from examples used by various professional men. These note-books are very carefully indexed, the paper is of the best, and the binding is almost indestructible.



Our Note-Book.

AFTER what may be termed a literary slumber of about half a century, it is certainly a very curious coincidence that new editions of two rival translations of the "Golden Ass" of Apuleius should be published simultaneously. The curiosity is still further accentuated by the fact that the two books are as dissimilar from one another as it is possible for them to be, so that they are companions rather than rivals. The older of the two translations is by William Adlington, and was executed by him in 1566. It forms the second issue in Mr. David Nutt's altogether admirable series entitled the Tudor Translations. Mr. Charles Whibley has edited the volume, to which he has prefixed a preliminary dissertation as interesting as it is brief and to the point. Adlington's translation is of infinitely greater interest to the student and the scholar as a work written by an intelligent sixteenth-century gentleman than for any faint echoing it may have of Apuleius. As Mr. Whibley points out, "in the sixteenth century the slang, the proverb, the gutter phrase, which Apuleius brought back to the Latin tongue, were not yet sifted from English by the pedantry of scholars. But William Adlington, though an Elizabethan, was something of a purist. To be sure, he was unable to purge his diction of colour and variety, and his manner was far better suited to the rendering of Apuleius than the prose of to-day, which has passed through the sieve of the eighteenth century." Mr. Whibley quotes a large number of extremely diverting examples of Adlington's erratic method of translation. When, for example, the miserable Thelyphron is protecting a dead man from the witch woman, thus does Apuleius enhance the horror of crawling minutes: *cum ecce crepusculum et nox propecta et*

nox altior et dein concubia altiora ; et jam nox intempesta, for which Adlington, with an admirable sense of the value of brevity, gives us simply "midnight." We do not go back to Tudor England, however, for literal or sympathetic translations of the Greek and Roman authors : these paraphrases would be more correctly described as works of which the skeletons are borrowed from the classics, but dressed up entirely in the habiliments of the England of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth. Mr. Nutt's handsome volume is a most welcome book, and ought to have a wide circulation now that the interest in the Tudor times has become so widespread. The first edition of Adlington's translation was published by Henry Wykes in 1566, and other editions appeared in 1571, 1582, 1596, 1600, and 1639. Mr. Whibley assumes that Adlington used the famous folio of 1500 ("cum Beroaldi commentariis"), prefaced by the "Vita Lucii Apuleii summatim relata."

* * *

The new edition of Thomas Taylor's version of "The Metamorphosis, or Golden Ass" of Apuleius, which Mr. Cooper, of Charing Cross Road, has given us, is equally acceptable with that of Mr. Nutt, but from very different reasons. Taylor, more than any other man, English or foreign, who ever attempted this difficult work of translation, came to the task fully equipped. The greater part of his mature life was spent in studying the writings of the Platonists. We get here a very remarkable rendering of Apuleius—a rendering which is literal without being pedantic or stiff, and in which the spirit, so to speak, of the romance is as faithfully presented as the body. Unless these two are united, the translation is necessarily defective, and it is in this respect that Taylor's version is the only one we have ever seen which is worthy of being placed by the side of the original Latin. The romance itself, we may mention, deals with the adventures of Lucian, a young man who had been transformed into an ass, but still retained his human consciousness. It tells us of the miseries which he suffered at the hands of robbers, eunuchs, magistrates, and others, until the time came for him to resume his proper form. This famous satire, together with the "Asinus" of Lucian, was founded on a satire of the same name by Lucius of Patrae. Machiavelli, La Fontaine and Boccaccio have, in their turn, helped themselves freely to Apuleius, whilst from the same source Le Sage obtained the incidents of the robbers in "Gil Blas." It has also served as the fountain-head for many other incidents in the fiction of yesterday and to-day. Its racy wit and rich fancy render it a fascinating book, which will always be popular with

a certain class of students to whom length is not a primary drawback.

* * * *

The third volume of the illustrated edition of the late John Richard Green's "*Short History of the English People*," just issued by Messrs. Macmillan and Co., is as good as either of the two which preceded it, and higher praise than that we cannot give. When complete—which we presume it will be with the next volume—it will form one of the most important books of the present decade. Its illustrations are selected with the same intelligent comprehensiveness and appropriateness which the late author brought to bear in choosing the sources of his information. The "*History*" will stand the test of all time, and the illustrations cannot possibly be improved upon. No expense has evidently been spared in getting up this edition, for the illustrations present an astonishing variety of interest. As a frontispiece to the present volume we get a photo-chromolithograph of Old London Bridge of about 1600, from a drawing in Pepys' collection at Magdalen College, Cambridge, and it is the earliest genuine view of the fine old bridge, first erected between 1176 and 1209. This drawing was first done for the New Shakespeare Society in 1881 by Mr. William Griggs, whose name is quite a sufficient guarantee for its fidelity. Then, again, we have an illustration of "*Queen Elizabeth opening Parliament*," taken from Glover's "*Nobilitas politica et civilis*," 1608, which is probably the earliest authentic representation of a meeting of the House of Lords; portraits of a roper, a potter, a tailor, a shoemaker, a blacksmith, a spectacle-maker, paper-makers and a bookbinder, from the English edition of Comenius's "*Orbis sensualium Pictus*," 1659. There are also coloured portraits of judges in their robes of the time of Queen Elizabeth, of William Lenthall, the famous Speaker of the House of Commons. There are other illustrations of coins, manuscripts, autographs, utensils, from contemporary sources; and the volume is one of distinct beauty and interest.

* * * *

The translation of M. Octave Uzanne's delightful volume, the "*Physiologie des Quais des Paris*," has at length appeared under the title of "*The Bookhunter in Paris*" (Elliot Stock), and there can be no doubt about its having as warm a reception here as it had in Paris. As the French edition was reviewed at length in our last volume, it will not be necessary to refer to it again in detail. The translation is, like the original, handsomely turned out, and includes all the faithful and sympathetic little illustrations of M. Emile Mas.

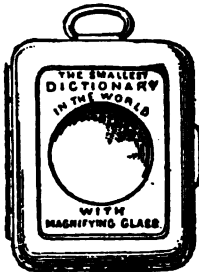
M. Uzanne is not easily translatable, even by men who can enter into the spirit of his theme, but an examination of this new edition leaves no ground for complaint. It is ably done, and we congratulate both publisher and translator. In reference to a very carping criticism in the *Daily News*, evidently written by Mr. Andrew Lang, M. Uzanne is quite capable of taking care of himself. Mr. Lang knows as much about the writings of the author of the "Physiologie" as most people, and of whose work he has availed himself very freely indeed. Much of Mr. Lang's "inspiration" on bookish matters would never have found its way into print if M. Uzanne had not published anything. Mr. Lang is, without doubt, an accomplished writer, but he is also *un peu trop enclin, peut-être, à démarquer le linge d'autrui pour s'en faire honneur à sa table.*

* * * *

The Picture Magazine, of which we have received the first volume from Messrs. George Newnes, Limited, is certainly an interesting and entertaining magazine, to which we accord a hearty welcome. Every possible corner of illustrated journalism has been scoured for examples, and the result is a medley of curiously surprising examples. We get here fine art and comic pictures, portraits, old prints, autographs, and pictures of places by the hundred. There is very little text, so that the illustrations are, for the most part, left to tell their own tale, which they do admirably. We cannot conceive any one turning over its 360 pages without finding much to interest, much to amuse, and not a little to instruct. There is a good index, and each volume should be preserved as a book of reference as well as for an occasional look-over when reading is distasteful.

* * * *

Messrs. David Bryce and Co., of Glasgow, have favoured us with a very quaint and delightful set of their new miniature books. These tiny booklets are marvels, the greatest of which is the "Smallest English Dictionary in the World." It contains about 15,000 words, 384 pages, size $1 \times \frac{3}{4}$ of an inch, bound in limp leather, weighs 44 grains, and is enclosed in a metal locket with magnifying glass. This dictionary and magnifying glass will, as a rule, be able to settle any difficulty which might momentarily occur even to a well-educated person. We give a facsimile of the appearance of this dictionary, which is published at fifteen-pence. Then comes the "Thumb Gazetteer of the World," which comprises the most recent



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No. 76.

Mar.,
1894.

The BOOKWORM



ELLIOT STOCK



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LONDON, E.C.

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PART II.

FAIRFAX FAMILY.

The Fairfax Psalter, 1464. 4to.

Thus described by Mr. Wake of Fritchley, Derby, in his catalogue, December, 1890: "MS. on vellum, beautifully Written on 115 leaves, $6\frac{3}{4} \times 4\frac{7}{8}$ in. It has about 1,300 large and small initials illuminated in gold and colors and is a Latin Psalter or Book of Devotions as used in England prior to the Reformation. It is imperfect and the miniature paintings have been removed. At end is this inscription in old English characters in red: Hunc librū scripsit Willms Fairfax Armiger apud Depingate, ANNO DNI MILLMO CCC^{mo} LXIIIJ, &c. Sm. 4to.

FRASER OF LOVAT.

Pick (Samuel), "Festum Voluptatis; Or, The Banquet of Pleasure." 4to, 1639. Huth Coll.

This is merely, as elsewhere, a sample entry. The book is among the items which were sold many years ago by public auction as belonging to this old Scottish family.

DAVID GARRICK.

The collection of old plays and poetry formed by this great actor was left to the British Museum after his widow's death in 1823.

But a portion of the library was sold, and even of the dramatic items a few shared the same fate. See Huth Cat., p. 690.

The Holy Bible. Folio, 1640. Garrick has written on the fly-leaf: "This Bible was bought of Mr. Cock at Mr. Osborne's auction of Lord Oxford's Library (and of others) which began 13th of January, 1745, in the Piazza, Covt. Garden, by Mrs. Ann Mostyn, and sold to me. D. G." This Bible belonged in 1682 to the Parish Church of Hampton. Sotheby's, March, 1891, No. 1,229.

GABRIEL HARVEY.

Gabriel Harvey was the intimate friend of Spenser, a prominent Elizabethan scholar and critic, one of our early book-collectors, as numerous specimens from his library attest, and the celebrated antagonist of Thomas Nash. His association with Sidney's "Arcadia" appears to be a new point, and the copy of 1613 owned by Harvey and divided by him into chapters in his own autograph is certainly very interesting. See *infra*.

Barnes (Barnabe), "Parthenophil and Parthenophe." 4to, 1593. In verse. See Huth Cat., p. 660. No perfect copy is at present known.

Blagrave (John), "The Mathematical Jewel." Folio, 1612. With Harvey's autograph and MSS. notes. British Museum.

Chute (Anthony), "Bewtie Dishonoured, written under the title of Shore's Wife." In verse. 4to, 1593. See Huth Cat., p. 660. Only three copies are at present known.

Freigius (J. T.), "Mosaicus, continens Historiam Ecclesiasticam 2,494 annorum." 8vo, Basileæ, 1583. With two autographs of Harvey and many MSS. notes.

Gascoigne (George), "Posies, Corrected, Perfected, and Augmented." 4to, 1575. With autograph and MSS. notes, particularly relating to Gascoigne and Robert Greene. In the Bodleian library, from the Heber and Bliss sales. "The Steel Glass" and "Complaint of Philomene," 1576, are bound up at the end. See a very curious note about this copy in the Bliss Catalogue, 1858.

Greverus (Jodocus), "Secretum, Et Alani Dicta de Lapide Philosophico." 8vo, 1591. With MSS. notes by Harvey. Puttick's, Dec. 14, 1893, No. 349.

Hopperus (J.), "In veram jurisprudentiam libri octo." 8vo, Coloniae, 1580. With autograph on title: "Gabrielis Harvey, 1580," shewing that the book was not long in finding its way to England, and with a second autograph and numerous marginalia.

"Institutions, or Principal Grounds of the Laws and Statutes of England," newly corrected and amended. 8vo, R. Tottell, n.d. With Harvey's autograph and MSS. notes.

Luciani Opera. 4 vols. (Edition not specified.) This is the book ["my Lucian in four volumes"] which Harvey undertook to forfeit if he did not read certain old English popular tracts given to him by Spenser in 1578.

Lyttleton's "Tenures in Englishe." 8vo, R. Toltel, 1581. With Harvey's autograph and MSS. notes.

Machiavelli (Nicolo), "The Arte of Warre . . . Certain wayes for the ordering of Souldiours in battelray . . . Most Briefe Tables to knowe redily howe manye ranckes of footemen . . . by Girol. Cataneo of Novara, translated into English by H. G., 1574." In a volume, 4to.

With the autograph on first title: "Gabriel Harvey, 1572," and the motto: "Vnus quisque Fortunæ faber." The autograph is repeated in the course of the volume, which has also several signatures of his brother Richard: "Ricardi Harvey," and is filled with Gabriel's MSS. notes of various kinds, including mottoes, Latin verses, and bibliographical references.

"The Pleasant History of Lazarillo de Tormes," by Diego Hurtado de Mendoza. Translated by David Rowland. 8vo. [1576.]

No copy of this impression is at present known; but the book was given by Spenser to Gabriel Harvey in 1578, and it was probably that of 1576, which is mentioned by Bagford and in the Harleian Catalogue.

"In this Booke is contayned the Offyces of Shyriffes, Bayliffes, of Libertyes, Escheatours, Constables," &c. 8vo, T. Marsh, n.d., with Harvey's autograph and MSS. notes.

"Here beginneth a merye Jeste of a man called Howleglas." 4to, W. Copland in Lothbury, about 1565.

This, like "Skelton's Tales," &c., was given to Harvey by his friend Spenser in the winter of 1578. Now in the Bodleian. Nash, in his "Strange Newes," 1592, speaks of Harvey as Gabriell *Howliglass*, as if the incident was within his knowledge, and had struck his fancy.

"Scoggin's Jests." Attributed to Andrew Borde. 8vo. [T. Colwell, about 1565?]

No copy of this edition is at present quotable; but the work was licensed to Colwell in 1565-6, and a copy was given to Harvey by Spenser in 1578.

Sidney (Sir P.), "The Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia." Folio, 1613, with MSS. notes by Harvey, dividing the work into chapters, and giving the contents of each in his autograph. Sotheby's July 28, 1893, No. 812, from Heber's library.

"Merie Tales Newly Imprinted by Master Skelton, Poet Laureat." 8vo, T. Colwell, about 1565.

Given to Harvey, December 20, 1578, by Spenser, in London, on condition that he read it and certain other popular books which accompanied it. See Collier's "Bibl. Cat.," 1865, i. 381.

Commonplace Book. About 1584. Small 8vo.

Only a fragment remains in the shape of a poem, entitled: "A View, or Spectacle of Vanity," at the end of which Harvey notes: "Incerti Authoris, Anno 1584," and a few other extracts in Latin, English, and Italian. The English fragment relates to enclosures. The whole makes five leaves.

A tract, published in 1626, occurred many years ago at an auction, bearing Harvey's autograph; it attested his survivorship to that date; but I unfortunately neglected to register the title. Harvey's Letter-Book (1573-80) was printed, 4to, 1884.

RICHARD HOBY.

Lloyd (Lodowick, Serjeant-at-Arms to Queen Elizabeth), "The Pilgrimage of Princes." 4to, W. Jones, n.d. [about 1575.]

With the autograph of Richard Hoby, and the motto: "Bonis et mors et vita dulcia sunt." Now in the British Museum.

SIR EDWARD HYDE.

Mendoça (Don Antonio de), "Querer por solo Querer—To Love only for Love's Sake," translated by Sir Richard Fanshawe. 4to, 1670. With an inscription on flyleaf: "Ex douo Filiæ Authoris Madam Catherine Fanshawe," apparently in the hand of Edward Hyde, whose arms are on the sides of the old calf binding.

SIR CHARLES ISHAM, OF LAMPORT, NEAR NORTHAMPTON.

Many of the rare early English books in this collection are noticed and described in Hazlitt's Handbook, 1867, Addenda. But a complete catalogue would be very desirable.

BEN JONSON.

See *Bibliographer* for Oct.-Nov., 1884. Many of Jonson's books undoubtedly perished in the fire, which destroyed his MSS.

Catullus, Tibullus, et Propertius. Folio, Lutetiæ, 1608. With autograph and motto; "*Tanquã Explorator.*" The copy is injured by damp, and may have been a salvage from the fire.

Daniel (Samuel), Works. Folio, 1602. With many passages underscored and MSS. notes in Latin and Greek.

Greville (Fulke, Lord Brooke), Works. Folio, 1633. With Jonson's autograph at foot of title.

This copy was in Booth of Regent Street's catalogue, and was bought by Mr. R. S. Turner, but was given up by him to Mr. H. Huth.

Heinsius (Daniel), Aristarchus Sacer. 8vo, Lugduni, 1627. With Jonson's autograph.

James VI. of Scotland, "*Poetical Exercises at Vacant Hours.*" 4to, 1591. With his autograph and motto: "*Tanquam Explorator.*" From the libraries of the Duke of Queensberry and Sir F. Freeling.

"*Melissi Meletematum Libri VIII.*" 8vo, Frankfurt, s.a. With his autograph and motto.

Oclandus (Chr.), "*Anglorum Prælia.*" 8vo, 1582. With his autograph and motto. Sotheby's, March, 1891, No. 1,233.

Stobæus (John), "*Dicta Poetarum.*" 4to, Parisiis, 1624. With his autograph and motto.

JOHN KING, PHILOMATH.

Wing (Vincent), "*Harmonicon Cæleste.*" Folio, London, 1651. With the following MS. note by King on flyleaf: "*This very excellent Book, was given me by my worthy friend, Mr. Rich. Dodd, Student in the Celestial Sciences, on Wednesday, Mch. 14, at 6h. p.m. 1798.*"

CHARLES AND MARY LAMB.

The undermentioned items are supplemental to the list given in the present writer's volume, entitled "*Mary and Charles Lamb,*" &c., 1874.

The "*Duchess of Malfy,*" by John Webster; the "*Rehearsal,*" by the Duke of Buckingham, and other plays of the period, by Wycherley, Etherege, Otway, &c., in a 4to vol. With a list of the contents in Lamb's hand.

The "*Faerie Queene, and other Works,*" of Edmund Spenser. Folio, 1612-17. On cover occurs: "*M. Lamb, Alpha Road No. 41. In the 17th century the volume belonged to Terhwit Gibsonne, who has left his marks upon it.*"

Poems by George Dyer, 1800; W. Godwin's reply to Dr. Parr, 1801; Speech of Lord Baron Fitzgibbon, 1793. In one vol., 8vo. With the MSS. notes of Lamb and S. T. Coleridge.

T. N. Talfourd's "Ion, a Tragedy." 8vo, n.d. First Edition. Presentation copy to Mary Lamb from the author.

Milton's "Paradise Lost and Regained," 2 vols., 8vo, 1751. With numerous MSS. notes by Lamb. Now in the British Museum.

Jeremy Taylor's Sermons. Folio, 1678. On the title: "C. Lamb's, 1798." With extracts and other memoranda by him and S. T. Coleridge. Puttick's, June 15, 1882, No. 826.

Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy." 4to, 1621. With C. Lamb's autograph on title partly cut off by the modern binder.

Warner's "Syrinx, Or a Sevenfold History." In verse. 4to, 1597. Now in the Dyce Collection. A very poor copy.

"Tag Rag, and Bobtail" [a volume of modern miscellanies so lettered]. Forster Collection, South Kensington, private Catalogue, 232.

Samuel Daniel's Poetical Works, 2 vols., 1718. With numerous MSS. notes by C. Lamb and S. T. Coleridge, and three autograph letters from the latter to Lamb, 1808, on the flyleaves.

Gessner (S.), "Schriften." 8vo, 3 vols., 1810. Portrait and vignettes. With the signature of Mary Lamb in each volume.

SIR PETER LELY.

Specimens of his library are very uncommon.

Boccaccio (Gio.), "Il Decamerone." Sm. 8vo, Amst., 1655. With his autograph on title.

Olearius (Adam), "The Voyages and Travels of Ambassadors sent by Frederic Duke of Holstein," &c., translated by John Davies, of Kidwelly. Folio, 1662. With Lely's autograph.

PETER LE NEVE, NORROY.

Books with his autograph frequently occur.

NARCISSUS LUTTRELL.

In the Heber and other Catalogues numerous notices are found of the rare and precious volumes, which once belonged to the author of the celebrated political Diary.

"The First and Second Part of the Remedy of Love," 8vo, 1620. On the title-page occurs: "pretium—2d. N: L: S:" Narcissus Luttrell's copy.

"The Heroyk Life and Deplorable Death of King Henry the Fourth," by P. Mattheu, translated by E. Grimeston. 4to, 1612. On a flyleaf: "Nar. Luttrell: His Book. 1680."

A Vade Mecum for Malt-worms. 8vo [1720]. Two parts. With the autograph of Luttrell, and a note of the date of purchase—September, 1720, and the price for each part—5d. Huth Coll.

LYTTELTON FAMILY.

Daniel (Samuel), "The First Fowre Bookes of the Ciuile Wars." 4to, 1595. Large paper. Huth Coll. With the autograph on title of Lucy, Lady Lyttelton.

THE MOSTYN LIBRARIES AT MOSTYN AND GLODDAETH, COUNTIES OF
FLINT AND CARNARVON.

A very large and important library of printed books and MSS. is believed to be preserved at both these seats of Lord Mostyn, including old English plays and chronicles, and illuminated volumes. There is a copy of Sir David Lyndsay's Works, 4to, 1568. See "Pennant's Tours in Wales," 1810, iii., 144-5, for an interesting account of the Gloddaeth MS. of Froissart.

ROBERT MYLNE.

The books of this noted Edinburgh personality do not often occur so as to be recognisable. Many of them fell into the possession of James Maidment. I have seen no catalogue.

HENRY OXENDEN OF BARHAM, KENT.

One of the earliest known collectors of old English plays. In his MS. Commonplace Book, folio, 1847, in the Huth Collection, we meet with an enumeration of those which he then possessed, including some of the rarest in the language: *Ralph Roister Doister*, *Taming of a Shrew*, 1594, *Hamlet*, 1603, &c., and apparently bound up in six volumes.

GEORGE PATON.

A correspondent of Ritson, and the possessor of many rare and even unique books.

HENRY PERCY, THE WIZARD EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

The books formerly in the hands of this nobleman occasionally present themselves with his arms on the binding, sometimes also with his autograph.

Sforza d'Oddo (M.), "Erofilomachia." 22mo, Venet., 1592. With the arms on the original vellum cover and the autograph.

Anderson (Alex. of Aberdeen), "Aitiologia" 4to, 1615. With the Wizard Earl's arms.

PLUMMER OF MIDDLESTEAD.

"The Tragical Historie of Hamlet." By William Shakespeare. 4to, 1604.

With the Plummer bookplate. Huth Coll. It was obtained by Lilly, with an imperfect copy of the first folio, from Hatchard of Piccadilly, for £200. I was told by the late Dr. Ingleby that Staunton, the Shakespearian editor, had a hand in this business.

ALEXANDER POPE.

We have a very imperfect knowledge of the contents and extent of the poet's library. Books with his autograph sometimes occur. He is supposed to have had in his possession the unique copy of the old "Taming of a Shrew." 4to, 1594, now in the Devonshire Collection. Comp. *Bibliographer* for Oct.-Nov., 1884.

Boissard (J. J.). *Romanæ Urbis Topographia*. Folio, Frankfurt, 1597-8. On flyleaf: "Ex Libris Alex. Pope."

CAREW RALEIGH.

Son of Sir Walter, who survived him, and probably possessor of some of his father's books.

"The History of the World." By Sir Walter Raleigh. Folio, 1614. With Carew Raleigh's autograph.

RICHARD AND THOMAS RAWLINSON.

These two brothers were both collectors of books and MSS., but especially the latter, who was known under the sobriquet of "Tom Folio."

"An Extract ovt of the Historie of the last French King Henry the fourth of famous memorie. . . ." By Sir Edmund Scory. 4to, 1610.

Inside the cover occurs: "Lent me by Thomas Rawlinson, Esq. Read Oct. 16, 1720. Tho. Hearne." Beneath is: "William Upcott. Dec. 15, 1821."

JOHN ROBINSON.

Warren (W.), "A pleasant new fancie of a Fondling's deuice." 4to, 1581.

Mr. Jolley remarked, in a note to his copy, now in the Huth Collection: "This copy formerly belonged to Mr. Jo. Robinson, who was the possessor of some of the rarest books I ever saw." Robinson usually wrote his name on the title-page.

"His Maesties Declaration concerning his Proceedings with the States generall of the Vnited Provinces of the Low Countreys. In the cause of D. Conradvs Vorstivs." 4to, 1612. On the title: "Jo. Robinson."

PHILIP SKIPPON.

A prominent military commander in the Civil War on the side of the Parliament, and author of two or three books of a semi-religious character.

A volume of Civil War Tracts in 4to, 1649-60, with Skippon's autograph. Sotheby's, Oct. 30, 1893, No. 228. The collection includes his own Protest against the charge of having been one of those who signed the warrant for the king's execution, and he has erased his own name from the broadside "List of Names," 1660.

MARK STAPFER.

"The Tragedy of Hamlet, Prince of Denmarke." By William Shakespeare. 4to, 1611. On the title in a coeval hand: "For Marc Stapfer." Huth Coll. from Bandinel's sale, 1861.

PHILIP SYDNEY, EARL OF LEICESTER (1702-5).

"The Letters of Monsieur de Balzac." Translated by W. Tyrhwytt. 4to, 1638. With the Earl's bookplate dated 1704.

A MS. in 8vo, containing a series of armorial drawings. 16th-17th century. With the same bookplate. Sotheby's, Dec. 5, 1890, No. 7.

SIR WILLIAM SYDNEY.

Cotgrave's French and English Dictionary. Folio, 1611. With the signature at foot of title.

RALPH THORESBY THE HISTORIAN.

Sec "Reliq. Hearnianæ," 2nd ed. i. 250, and Thoresby's "Diary," by Hunter. Books from this collection do not often occur.

Preston (John), "A Sermon Preached at the Fvnerall of Mr. Iosiah Reynel Esquire, the 13. of August, 1614." 4to, 1615. With Thoresby's autograph on the title.

THE VAUGHANS OF HENGWRT.

Many of the books from this old family collection fell into the hands of Kerslake of Bristol, and are described in his catalogues.

EDMOND WALLER.

Considering his social position and literary eminence, the vestiges of Waller in the shape of books and MSS. are very scanty. The remarkable folio volume, containing MSS. poems by him, written in another hand, and apparently corrected by the author, was bought by John Waller of Fleet Street, at a furniture sale, for 1s., and a notice of it first communicated by me to *Notes and Queries*, 3rd series, vii. 435.

Danæus (Lamb.), "Vetustissimæ Primi Mundi Antiquitates." 4to, Orthesii, 1590. With Waller's autograph on title.

ISAAC WALTON.

An account of the books once owned by this popular writer might probably be drawn up by a research into the catalogues of auction sales and public and private collections.

Hales (John, of Eton), "Golden Remains." 4to, 1673.

On the title occurs: "Isaac Walton; given me by Mr. Pawlet [the publisher] Feb. 13, 1673." There is also the bookplate of Herbert Hawes, a descendant of Walton.

SIR WILLIAM WALWORTH.

MSS. in his possession, and mentioned in his will (1385): "Vitæ Patrum"; "Rationale Divinorum Officiorum," by Durandus; "Legenda Sanctorum"; Epistles of St. Paul, well-glossed; A Psalter with a gloss; "Veritas Theologiæ"; "Hugucomes"; "[Nicolaus de] Lira in duobus Voluminibus (? another copy of the Psalter with a gloss); "Liber Decretalium"; "Sextus cum glosâ"; "Digestum vetus"; "Digestum novum"; "Compilacio super Codicem et Instituta"; Biblia or Bible.

THE WYNN LIBRARY AT PENIARTH, MONTGOMERYSHIRE.

A valuable collection of MSS. and some printed books, including the Great Bible of 1539 on vellum.

THE WYNN LIBRARY AT WYNNSTAY, DENBIGHSHIRE.

There used to be a large assortment of books here, and Chappell, in his "Popular Music of the Olden Time," repeatedly quotes a curious copy of Surrey's Poems, 1557, as belonging to Sir Watkyn Wynn. But was not the old library burned in an accidental fire?

W. CAREW HAZLITT.



Dean Swift as an Advertiser.



DEAN SWIFT was so great and original a genius that even trifles from his pen are instructive, and have an individuality all their own.

It seems that in 1679 a man whose real name was Hewson, a shoemaker by trade, commenced the trade of astrology in London, under the name of John Partridge, and had published two or three books on astrology, styling himself Physician to his Majesty, and a professor of wide reputation in astrology; later on he began the publication of yearly almanacs announcing his predictions for the coming year. He seems to have made some money and a good deal of noise in the world at the time. Swift seized the opportunity of issuing a rival almanac over the signature of Isaac Bickerstaff, and in the first issue announced the certain death of John Partridge, the renowned almanac maker, on March 29, 1708, at eleven o'clock at night, of a raging fever.

The almanac of Partridge, issued for 1709, states that Bickerstaff was a sham and a fraud, adding "that blessed be God, John Partridge was in good health, and all were knaves who reported otherwise." The 29th of March coming around in due time, Swift published a brief leaflet announcing the death of Partridge precisely as predicted to the hour and minute. Whereupon Partridge wrote a letter to the Postmaster-General of Ireland, of which the following is a copy:

"BICKERSTAFF DETECTED, OR THE ASTROLOGICAL IMPOSTOR CONVICTED."
Isaac Manly, Esq., Postmaster-General of Ireland.

OLD FRIEND: I don't doubt but you are imposed upon in Ireland also by a pack of rogues about my being dead; the author of it is one in Newgate; lately in the pillory for a libel against the State; there is no such man as Bickerstaff;

it is a sham name ; but his true name is Pettie. He is always in a garret, a cellar or a jail, and therefore you may by that judge by that what of reputation the fellow hath. In a word, he is a poor, scandalous necessitous creature and would do as much by his own father if living ; but enough of such a rascal. I thank God I am very well in health. He knows nothing of astrology, but hath a good stock of impudence. No man can tell you better than I can that I am well and in good health. Your humble servant,

JOHN PARTRIDGE.

In the latter part of 1709 Swift issued a pamphlet by the British wizard, Merlin, confirming the predictions of Bickerstaff and affirming the death of the original John Partridge, and the Company of Stationers applied for an injunction against the sale of the spurious Partridge almanac. Steele, Rowe, Prior, and all the literary men of the time, now began to take an interest in the fun. The undertaker, the gravedigger, and several who attended the funeral appeared to verify Bickerstaff's predictions, and Partridge writes :

"My poor wife is almost distracted with being called a widow when she knows it is false, but the greatest grievance is that the paltry quack Bickerstaff should take up my calling, saying he lives in the house of the late ingenious Mr. John Partridge, the eminent professor in astrology. What has become of the freedom of an Englishman when a man of science and character shall be openly insulted in the midst of his useful services to the public ? It is the work of France and Rome, the enemies of England."

The following advertisement destroyed Partridge and his almanac-making :

Whereas, an ignorant upstart in astrology has publicly endeavoured to persuade the world that he is the late John Partridge, who died on the 28 March, 1708. These are to certify, all whom it may concern, that the true John Partridge was not only dead at that time but continues so to the present time.

Beware of counterfeits for such are abroad.

Partridge denied that he had died, and offered affidavits to prove his identity. Swift, however, succeeded in making the public believe that Partridge was dead, and sold the predictions of Isaac Bickerstaff as every way more reliable than anything that the genuine Partridge ever published, and furnished the reading public and the London clubs with a month's amusement at the expense of poor Partridge, and as a professional writer of advertisements he seems to have anticipated many of the accomplishments of the modern fraternity. His facilities for reaching the business public, however, seemed very primitive.

"I hired," he says, "one of the panes of glass in a window and stuck up the following advertisement with wafers :"

Epigrams, anagrams, chronograms, paragrams, monograms, epitaphs, epithalamiums, prologues, epilogues, madrigals, interludes, advertisements, letters, petitions and memorials for any and all occasions. Essays on all subjects, pamphlets for and against ministers, with sermons upon any text or for any sect, to be written on reasonable terms.

A. B. PHILOLOGER.

Make appointments here.

The programme seems sufficiently comprehensive, and during the brief time (one month) it seems to have paid him.

JOHN MANNING.

The Ex-Libris Meeting.

THE annual meeting of the Ex-Libris Society was held at St. Martin's Hall on February 14th. It was announced that thirty-two new members had just been elected, thus bringing up the total number to over 380 members, including the leading official Heralds of England, Scotland, and Ireland. The treasurer reported that the Society's funds were ample for its needs, there being a balance in hand of over £60 from 1893. The valuable services of Mr. W. H. K. Wright, of Plymouth, were again retained for the posts of secretary and general editor. Mr. J. Roberts Brown, having been chairman of council for two years, resigned that post, to the great regret of his colleagues. Mr. Walter Hamilton was elected in his stead. The hon. treasurer's position being thus vacant, Mr. G. J. Ellis was asked to accept it, and acceded. Messrs. C. T. Davis and Frank Howell were re-elected auditors. The Exhibition of Ex-Libris was large and interesting, and was visited by many well-known collectors and art critics both in the afternoon and evening. In addition to many albums of old book-plates, there were designs for modern plates contributed by Messrs. C. W. Sherborn, J. Vinycomb, R. A. Bell, and other well-known designers and engravers. Some fine specimens of antique seals and dies were lent by Mr. Robert Day, F.S.A., of Cork, and numerous illustrated genealogies and heraldic designs were on the walls. The meeting was the most successful of any yet held by this Society.

The MS. Life of Mrs. Godolphin.

SOME further particulars concerning the MS. Life of Mrs. Godolphin, mentioned in *THE BOOKWORM* for February, p. 73, may be interesting. In the year 1860 I purchased it through the intervention of my good friend, Mr. Edward Lumley, the publisher, from a cobbler who lived in Little Queen Street, Holborn. How it got into Crispin's possession I am unable to say. I gave for it the moderate sum of £25. It was not merely, as Mr. Hazlitt truly says, a "greatly superior" MS. to that employed by Bishop Wilberforce for the edition of 1847, but it was the very best MS. of the work one could desire to have, namely, in the author's own autograph. It was bound, as Mr. Hazlitt notes, "in richly gilt and tooled red morocco," evidently in imitation of some French binding of the period, with small silver shell clasps. I took the pains to copy it out with the intention of printing a new edition, and wrote to the Bishop of Oxford to ask if he had any objection to my doing so. He replied to the effect that he had every possible objection, but that he would call upon me on the subject, which he never did. Becoming occupied in more important matters, I gave up the idea of printing it, and sent the MS. to Messrs. Puttick and Simpons, where it was sold for £49 10s. (I think). It was purchased by Mr. Radcliffe, a picture dealer, who informed me that he had bought it for Miss (now the Baroness) Burdett Coutts. Among that lady's many possessions it is not wonderful that so small a volume became lost to sight and memory, as it appears to have done, at any rate for a time. Having mentioned the locality of the MS. to some one (I forget who) interested in Evelyn and his works, an ambassador from the owner called upon me to ask if I could give any particulars about it, as the book was nowhere to be found. Let us hope it has since been recovered.

The variations in the MS. were not (so far as I remember after a lapse of thirty-four years) of any great moment, but one was certainly amusing. In the printed text, among Mrs. Godolphin's "resolutions" was one "To sing psalms out of Sundays," to which, if my memory serves me, for I have not the book by me, the Bishop has a note suggesting that it referred to the singing of Psalms on weekdays. In the autograph MS. the resolution ran "to sing Psalms out of Sandys," referring plainly enough to the version of the Psalms by George Sandys, which was printed with musical notation in 1648 and subsequently.

F. S. ELLIS.



Apologies for Poetry.

THAT would seem a tolerably obvious proposition that poetry needs neither apology nor defence. "Poets are all who love, who feel great truths and tell them," says Bailey, the author of "Festus"; and every rhymester who knows his Tennyson can quote—

"The poet in a golden clime was born,
With golden stars above ;
Dower'd with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn,
The love of love."

The art for which such claims can be made—and it would be easy to fill pages with the praises of poetry, as chanted both by poets and prose-writers—surely stands in need of no defence. Yet divine poetry, "the language of the gods," has been attacked more than once; and lovers of letters may well feel thankful to the graceless zealots who headed the assault upon Parnassus, inasmuch as their attacks provoked at least one "Apologie for Poetrie," which is among the choicest specimens of English prose—we mean the little book of Sir Philip Sidney, first published under that title, but afterwards called "The Defense of Poesy."

Sidney's work, although the best, was not the first of such "Apologies." William Habington, a minor poet of the Elizabethan age, published in 1591 a translation of Ariosto's "Orlando Furioso," and prefaced it by a "brieve apologie of poetrie." This, however, is chiefly devoted to a defence of the Italian's romance and its moral purpose; and a very poor defence it is. The translator, indeed, "gives himself away," for as an appendix to his book he supplies a table which carefully gives the references to all the objectionable passages mentioned in the "Apologie" itself, so that the gentle

reader can easily find them all, and form his own opinion on the moral purposes of the poem.

Sir Philip Sidney's book was a general defence of poetry, and was written in reply to an onslaught called the "*Schoole of Abuse*," by one Stephen Gosson, which appeared in 1579. Gosson was a young man who, coming to London fresh from the university, in a very short time gained no small reputation as a poet, dramatist, and critic. Hardly any of his writings have survived, so that it is not possible now to judge how far he deserved his reputation; but that he was of considerable distinction among the writers of his time is amply proved by many contemporary references. Suddenly, however, he dropped the pursuit of poetry and the drama, and wheeling round to the opposite side, issued his "*Schoole of Abuse*," a long invective against "Poets, Pipers, Plaiers, Jesters, and such like Caterpillers of a Commonwealth," in which the writer attacks these poetical vermin, and, according to the title-page, overthrows "their Bulwarkes, by Prophane Writers, Naturall reason, and common experience." It is not worth while to revive Gosson's arguments: his book is known only to students of Elizabethan literature, and poetry still flourishes in eternal youth.

Gosson did not long go unanswered. Young Thomas Lodge, then a student at Oxford, who afterwards wrote the romance of "*Rosalind*" upon which Shakespeare founded his play of "*As You Like It*," immediately penned "*A Defence of Poetry, Music, and Stage Plays*"; but this was suppressed by authority before publication, and only three copies of it are now in existence. It was reprinted in 1853 by the Shakespeare Society.

The real and effective reply was written by Sir Philip Sidney, to whom, oddly enough, Gosson had dedicated—evidently without permission asked—his iconoclastic work. Soon after the latter had appeared, Spenser, the poet, writing to a friend, refers to its dedication, and says that the author "was for his labour scorned: if at leaste it be in the goodnesse of that nature to scorne." The gentle Sidney could hardly feel harshly even towards an assailant of the loved art of poetry. "Such follie is it," continues Spenser, very naturally, "not to regarde aforehande the inclination and qualitie of him, to whom we dedicate oure Bookes."

Sidney's defence of poetry is thorough and comprehensive. To him the poet was the Maker, as the word originally meant, and consequently he regarded as poems many great prose works. "There have been many most excellent Poets," he says, "that never versified"; and again, "One may bee a Poet without versing, and a

versifier without Poetry," a saying which may be commended to the attention of innumerable minor poets. Sidney's definition of a poet would indeed include all great writers of fiction as well as of history. Xenophon's "*Cyropædia*" he calls "an absolute Heroic poem," and, no doubt, could he have lived to read and enjoy them, "*Robinson Crusoe*," "*Tom Jones*," "*David Copperfield*," and many another prose work of imaginative genius would have been claimed by Sir Philip as absolute poems. "It is that fayning notable images," he says, "of vertues, vices, or what els, with that delightfull teaching which must be the right describing note to know a Poet by."

But the chief interest of Sidney's book does not lie in any of the polemical parts, nor in the passages discriminating between the different kinds and degrees of poetry, interesting and pleasant as these quaintly written pages are ; for lovers of letters and exquisite prose the chief attraction in the "*Apologie for Poetrie*" is found in the enthusiastic praises which the writer lavishes upon the divine art, and upon the power of melodious verse over the heart. Sidney loved the old ballads : "I never heard the olde song of Percy and Douglas, that I found not my heart mooved more then with a Trumpet : and yet is it sung but by some blinde Crouder [fiddler], with no rougher voyce, then rude stile." He compares Philosophy with Poetry, much to the disadvantage of the former, and then comes an outburst of lyrical prose in praise of the poet as the monarch of all sciences : "For he dooth not only show the way, but giveth so sweete a prospect into the way as will intice any man to enter into it. Nay, he dooth as if your journey should lye through a fayre Vineyard, at the first give you a Cluster of Grapes ; that full of that taste, you may long to passe further. He beginneth not with obscure definitions, which must blur the margent with interpretations, and load the memory with doubtfulnessse : but hee commeth to you with words sent in delightfull proportion, either accompanied with, or prepared for the well inchanting skill of Musicke ; and with a tale forsooth he commeth unto you, with a tale which holdeth children from play, and old men from the chimney corner." It is hardly to be wondered at that Master Stephen Gosson was not much heard of as a controversialist after the publication of Sidney's book.

One other English defence of poetry of some interest remains to be mentioned. Thomas Love Peacock, the novelist, wrote a magazine article in 1820, in which he made a whimsical, but seriously intended, attack upon the poetry and poets of his time. There

were many distinguished poets then living, and Peacock tilted at most of them. Wordsworth was a morbid dreamer; Scott and Byron, with their tales of border life and Mediterranean piracy, were "wallowing in the rubbish of departed ignorance, and raking up the ashes of dead savages to find gewgaws and rattles for the grown babies of the age"; and in similar style the essayist belaboured Southey, Coleridge, Moore, and Campbell. Peacock omitted from his black list the name of Shelley, and Shelley, in prompt return for his friend's attack on poetry, at once wrote his essay, "A Defence of Poetry"—which would have appeared in the same journal that had published Peacock's attack, had not that unfortunate print died in the meantime of defective circulation. The essay was published separately, and was reprinted a year or two ago in one of the very useful volumes of the "Camelot" series, thus being made accessible to all who may be interested in reading Shelley's impassioned vindication of the poet's high profession and calling.

G. L. APPERSON.

A Dante Find.

A DISCOVERY of considerable literary interest and value has been made in the Vatican Library. The Rev. Father Cozza Luzzi, under-librarian, while examining some manuscripts which had been undisturbed for very many years, came upon a codex of Dante's "*Divina Commedia*," beautifully illustrated in miniature and bearing the date 1450.



Leigh Hunt and his Books.

LOVE an author the more for having been himself a lover of books." So may we say of Leigh Hunt, and we might also add that no author has ever gossiped more entertainingly and tenderly about his "silent friends." When Mr. Alexander Ireland compiled the second edition of his "Book-Lovers' Enchiridion," he felt called upon to offer an explanation of the disproportionate space occupied by the passages selected from Leigh Hunt's writings as compared with those given from the writings of other authors. Leigh Hunt, he found, of all the others quoted, "affords the greatest abundance, variety, and appropriateness of thought on the subject-matter of the present volume, namely, the consolations, companionships and pleasures of Books." Besides his famous essay, "My Books," Leigh Hunt left behind him many beautiful thoughts on the subject scattered through his many volumes. He found it difficult to take up any subject without a reference to his personal book-loving pleasures. "With catholic tastes," to use again the words of Mr. Ireland, "and a very wide range of sympathies, he was tolerant of every variety and form of thought and opinion, and hospitably entertained, without stint or limit, every intellectual guest who came in the shape of a book." His "Wide Range of Sympathies" remind one somewhat of Charles Lamb, who had no repugnances, "Shaftesbury is not too genteel for me, nor Jonathan Wild too low." Both could read anything which might properly be called a book. Leigh Hunt, like Lamb, had a faculty for finding "fine things that lie hidden in the pages of comparatively unknown and half-forgotten authors." As editor of the short-lived *London Journal*, he made it his duty to bring to light

"quaint beauties" and "lurking flavours," that would have escaped the unsuspecting reader. One of his ardent admirers devoted a dainty little volume to the varied merits of this journal. The writer of this volume, Mr. Frank Carr, dwells especially on the "inquisitive and exploring order" of Hunt's mind. And it is this characteristic of Hunt's that readers have so much to feel grateful for. In a day when new books come out in countless thousands, it is a source of real pleasure and information to have our thoughts turned to an old one. We cannot, therefore, feel too grateful to Mr. T. R. Sullivan, who, in his note in the September *Scribner's*, on "A Thackeray manuscript in Harvard College Library," turns our attention again to Thackeray's "Round-About-Papers." We are too much given to neglecting the so-called "minor writings" of Thackeray. They help us, by the side lights thrown upon his character, the better to appreciate his many-sided excellences. Returning to the *London Journal*, we have in mind what Christopher North, who was once very uncivil to Hunt, said about it: "It is not only beyond all comparison, but out of all sight the most entertaining and instructive of all the cheap periodicals; and when laid, as it duly is once a week, on my breakfast-table, it lies there—but is not permitted to lie long—like a spot of sunshine dazzling the snow."

One either likes or dislikes Hunt very much; one cannot be quite indifferent to him. And so it is with his critics. Here is one who cannot sound a note in his praise, while another, the reviewer, is all praise. The man was sorely beset all his life, and he had his weaknesses, and was guilty of many follies. But he had his good and his tender side. He was not unfeeling, as many have charged against him, and who has ever more freely acknowledged and atoned for his faults? If it were not for the Skimpole incident his enemies would be few; but it is hard for many uncharitably disposed persons to get over that—and these will not believe Dickens' denial. But we come to the man for a special purpose, to give somewhat of his acknowledged tender side, his almost sentimental love of literature, and of books as books. With these books he barricaded himself against an unfeeling world. They came in between him and poverty and unfriendliness; they were like the "feeling of the warm fire at his feet," and how he "loved the authors of those books," as he did also some of his bookish contemporaries. His enemies do not attribute to him any selfish motive in his love for Keats, or Charles Lamb, whom he once saw give a kiss to an old folio copy of Chapman's Homer. "I entrench myself in my books equally against sorrow and the weather," he says. If the wind came through

a passage he sought to fence it off; if a melancholy thought was importunate he "gave another glance at Spenser." When he spoke of being in contact with his books he meant it literally; he "liked to lean his head against them." He did not quite forget his books, and how much they were to him, while writing: "I think I have them in a sort of sidelong mind's eye; like a second thought which is none—like a waterfall or a whispering wind." Like Doctor Johnson, he used to read the backs, an act which he found a "discipline of humanity." And, not unlike Grolier, his books were always at the service of his friends. At thirty-eight he had lent and lost, upon a "moderate calculation," half a dozen decent-sized libraries. He was always more careful to return than to reclaim a borrowed book; he was "*scrupulous in the article of intention.*" The fine books of the great collector were formidable to him; yet he confesses to a weakness in liking his own favourites neatly bound. In the matter of illustrations, he thought a portrait of the author should always accompany his book; and in some instances an engraving for every dozen pages was not distasteful to him; "no edition of Milton pleases me so much," he says, "as that in which there are pictures of the Devil with brute ears, dressed like a Roman general."

For the book-lover he had an affection approaching reverence, "and how pleasant it is to reflect, that all those lovers of books have themselves become books." This was to him a metamorphosis more pleasing than marble. Cities might perish and kingdoms be swept away, "yet this little body of thought in the shape of a book has existed a thousand years, nor can anything short of an universal convulsion of nature abolish it." A shape like this was the only monument he prayed for. He wished to "remain visible in this shape. The little of myself that pleases myself, I could wish to be accounted worth pleasing others. I should like to survive so, were it only for the sake of those who love me in private, knowing as I do what a treasure is the possession of a friend's mind when he is no more. At all events, nothing while I live and think can deprive me of my value for such treasures. I can help the appreciation of them while I last, and love them till I die; and perhaps, if fortune turns her face once more in kindness upon me before I go, I may chance, some quiet day, to lay my overbeating temples on a book, and so have the death I most envy."

W. IRVING WAY.

Incurable.

THE times are bad ?
 It's very sad !
 I do not wear a shiny hat,
 Or flower in coat, or smart cravat,
 And swells will my acquaintance drop ?
 I shall not cry !
 A bookworm need not be a fop,
 And books I'll buy !

They know not why
 These books I buy !
 When after dark I homeward go,
 With long-sought new-found folio,
 The curl of lips and scorn of eyes—
 It's very sad !
 Are all that greet the cherished prize
 When times are bad.

A silly fad ?
 I must be mad ?
 I tell you " books are cheap to-day "
 For him who knows and cash will pay !
 My wine I'll sell, but books I'll buy
 When trade is dull,
 And you will bless me by and by
 For I'm no gull !

The times are bad :
 How very sad !
 But—that is *why*
 These books I buy !

T. F. O.



The Oldest Book in the World.

THE only complete work that, without question, can lay claim to being the oldest book in the world is known as the "Papyrus Prisse," and now forms one of the treasures of the Bibliothèque Nationale. It was presented to the great library of Paris by a Frenchman of the name of Prisse, who discovered the papyrus at Thebes. The tomb in which it was found contained the mummy of one of the Entews of the eleventh or the first of Theban dynasty. The date when the manuscript was written cannot therefore have been later than 2500 B.C. But if the exact age of the identical copy should be doubtful, we know precisely from the text itself the date of its composition, as it states it was compiled by one Ptah-hotep, who lived in the reign of King Assa. The full title runs: "Precepts of the Prefect Ptah-hotep, under the King of the South and North Assa."

As this king was the last but one of the fifth dynasty, Ptah-hotep, who flourished in the reign of this Pharaoh, and held the distinguished office of "prefect," must have compiled his work about 3350 B.C. Divided into forty-four paragraphs or chapters, the work is something very much more than a mere literary curiosity. It is written in the Egyptian hieratic character; is rhythmic if not poetic; is addressed to the educated classes, and embodies throughout high and noble principles for the regulation of individual life and conduct, and for the maintenance of good government. The man in authority is enjoined by this very ancient writer to labour at all times to be a true gentleman, lest from his own defects of character he suffer the authority given him by favour of the Supreme Being to be weakened.

An Egyptian prefect was the highest dignitary in the land, second only in authority to Pharaoh himself. It was the office held by Joseph in the Biblical story: "Only in the throne will I be greater than thou." The prefect had the custody of the key of the Larit or royal granaries, to which no entrance could be obtained without the prefectorial seal. The holder of the office was at once the Egyptian First Lord of the Treasury, Chancellor of the Exchequer, and in his judicial capacity, Lord Chief Justice of Egypt.

All our greatest Egyptologists bear testimony to the extraordinary civilisation of ancient Egypt. The work of Ptah-hotep fully confirms this position. It testifies to a height of culture and refinement obtaining in Egyptian society 5240 years ago, that to our Western circumscribed notions of modern superiority are simply inconceivable. The teachings of the "Precepts" more than justify all that has been said by Egyptologists. "It is certain," says Professor Renouf, "that at least 3,000 years before Christ there was in Egypt a powerful and elaborately organised monarchy, enjoying a material civilisation, in many respects not inferior to that of Europe in the last century." Leptius writes: "The fourth dynasty ascended the throne about 3124 B.C., and at that time, long before our usual ideas of the development of nations, there is found a people highly instructed in all the arts of peace; a state carefully organised; a hierarchy firmly founded, minutely divided and organised even to the smallest external matters; a universally diffused system of writing, and the common use of papyrus; in short, a civilisation which in all essential points has already attained its full maturity, and only by close investigation is further development in some directions discovered."

So also Professor Maspero: "In one of the tombs of Gizeh a high officer of the first period of the sixth dynasty (B.C. 3703) takes the title of 'Governor of the House of Books.' Not only was there already a literature, but this literature was sufficiently large to fill libraries, and its importance was so great that one of the court officers was specially designated for the keeping of the royal library." The wisdom and high moral teaching embodied in the "Precepts of Ptah-hotep abundantly confirm this testimony. This old writer urgently enforces on rulers the cultivation of the doctrine of "Ma," an Egyptian dogma comprehending "the true, the beautiful, the good." "Ma" is the principle of order and harmony in everything; it is the steadfast pursuit of wisdom, knowledge, and obedience—obedience as the best of all. Although, as in modern expression, we would say "extremely liberal" on many subjects politically, Ptah-hotep displays an Oriental horror of innovators and innovations.

Ideas that may be new to the generation are not necessarily new to the world, and changes do not always imply progress.

According to Ptah-hotep, contemporary estimates of human actions are not always the most reliable or the most enduring. "Not of the counsel of the flatterers of to-day is it need to take heed; it is of the judgment of posterity rather, which renders justice to righteous actions." "Only by a consistent life of reverence for knowledge and wisdom; by observing a just moderation in everything; not abusing authority, but by seeking to inspire love rather than fear, can we hope to appear before posterity in honour."

In sixteen different instances in which Ptah-hotep speaks of God, he does so in the singular number—an argument happily no longer needed to establish the monotheistic character of the Egyptian religion. He ends by saying: "I have reached 110 years of life, blessed by the favour of the king, among the first of those who have exalted themselves by their works, doing the pleasure of the king in an honoured position." "The Precepts of Ptah-hotep" have been translated from the hieratic into French by M. Virey, and retranslated into English by Professor Osgood. They reveal throughout the mind of one who all his life has been accustomed to the higher walks of society in a well-ordered state. The sixteen pages of the "Precepts" are in the manuscript preceded by a few leaves of a still earlier work, written by one Kakimna, Prefect to King Seneferu, of the third dynasty. Had this work been complete we should have been able to boast of a book older than the Pyramids, and dating from 3760 B.C.—a book 5,650 years old!

J. H. MITCHENER (*Knowledge*).

The Bookworm.

THIS is the latest "base use" to which the poor bookworm has come:—"Anobium Eroditum, the devouring bookworm, turns up its nose (and its toes) in Stickphast Paste."

Bibliographica.

M ESSRS. KEGAN PAUL & Co. announce a new quarterly magazine to be called *Bibliographica*, and is to cease with its twelfth part. The first part will appear about the middle of next month, and promises to be a thing of beauty. The publishers have started this magazine in the belief that an opportunity has now presented itself to give to the class of readers who have taken so great an interest in the "Books about Books" Series, a number of papers written by writers of authority on various points of book-lore which require special treatment without being of sufficient importance to be made the subject of separate volumes. The aid of a large number of specialists has been secured, such as, for example, Mr. E. Maunde Thompson, Principal Librarian of the British Museum, and Mr. Falconer Madan, Bodley's sub-librarian, on manuscripts; Mr. Gordon Duff, of the Rylands Library, Manchester; Mr. J. P. Edmonds, the Earl of Crawford's librarian, and Mr. W. A. Copinger, on early printed books; Mr. and Mrs. Elton, Mr. Austin Dobson, and Mr. Tedder, librarian of the Athenæum Club, on the history of book-collecting and libraries; Mr. J. H. Slater, editor of *Book Prices Current*, and Mr. W. Roberts, on book prices and book sales; Mr. William Morris, Mr. A. W. Pollard, and Mr. Lawrence Housman, on book illustration; Mr. W. J. Hardy and Mr. Walter Hamilton on book-plates; and Mr. W. B. Squire and Mr. Fuller-Maitland on early printed music. A special feature of the magazine will be the admission of articles in French as well as English, and in (we believe) the first number that prolific and entertaining writer, M. Octave Uzanne, will have an article entitled "La Bibliophile Moderne." *Bibliographica* will be printed on hand-made paper by the Con-stables, of which the size will be large imperial octavo, each number to consist of 128 pages, and the annual subscription £1 10s.



Our Note-Book.

IT is nearly three-quarters of a century since any considerable number of books from Napoleon Bonaparte's library have been sold in London. Those who thirst after this species of book collecting will, however, soon have an opportunity of making an important addition to their stores, for early this month Messrs. Sotheby will offer for sale, in one lot, fifty-one volumes which formed a part of the Emperor's library at St. Helena. All the volumes have his library stamp on the titles, and are enclosed in a well-made box with lock and key, the lid ornamented with a crowned N. The history of these books is curious, but well defined. On the death of Napoleon, his effects in St. Helena were sent home and divided among his brothers. Jerome Bonaparte received, besides other things, this box of books, and presented them, with an autograph letter, to Baron Stölting, one of the gentlemen in his service. The Baron left them to his wife, who married again, died as Frau Von Wiedburg, and left the books to her adopted daughter, Fräulein Malvine Fischer, of Arolsen, Waldeck, Germany, by whose instructions they are now offered for sale. The autograph letter sent by Jerome Napoleon to Baron Stölting accompanies the books. These books include the "Histoire de France," by Velly, Villaret, and Garnier, in thirty volumes; the Duc de Sully's "Memoires," in eight volumes, with a cardinal's arms in gold on the sides; the "Vie" of the Duc de Villars; the Histoire of the Vicomte de Turenne; and an odd volume of "Gil Blas." A reference to Napoleon's library at St. Helena occurs in *THE BOOKWORM*, vol. v. pp. 87-8.

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We are rather late in welcoming a contribution of the utmost

value to bibliography, for the first volume of M.M. Fenestre and Richtenberger's methodical and descriptive "Catalogues" of the principal works of art in Europe was published some months ago. The delay has arisen not through any want of appreciation for a work which is of the utmost value to all students of art and bibliography, but to an oversight. "Painting in Europe," by which generic title the series is to be called, will fill a blank of a very pronounced character. There are, indeed, memoirs and monographs as well as special works dealing with celebrated masters and different museums and art galleries; they are for the most part full of learning and impart valuable information, but no one has hitherto attempted to arrange these documents in proper order, and by so doing to give a digested description of the paintings scattered in various parts of Europe. Viardot attempted such a labour, but the design was never properly carried out, and, since 1850, the *personnel* of European art collections has very materially changed. The first volume of this series is devoted to the "Louvre," and if the subsequent volumes are at all up to this standard, they will prove of the greatest value and interest. Not content with merely indicating the subject of each picture, the compilers give a brief but complete account, both external and internal, of the various works, so that we get not only a list of the engravings which have been made after the original, but accounts of the prices which they had realised at the different sales (if any), and an account of any disputes which may have arisen on the score of authenticity. Another great advantage possessed by this work is the fact that the pictures are catalogued according to their arrangement in their particular rooms, whilst a full index *nominorum* facilitates reference to the student at home. We do not see how the text of the book could be better arranged, whilst the value of the volume is greatly enhanced by the hundred photographic illustrations (several of which are reproduced for the first time). The book appeals with equal directness to the traveller and to the student, and is an indispensable item for an art library. We may add that it is published by the Maison Quantin, 7, Rue St. Benoit, Paris, that the English translation is the work of M. B. H. Gausseron, and that the next volume will deal with Florence and its environs.

* * * *

It cannot be truthfully said that Dr. E. A. Wallis Budge's work entitled "The Mummy: Chapters on Egyptian Funereal Archæology" (Cambridge: The University Press), is as fascinating as a really great novel; but it is much more entertaining than many an alleged work

of fiction which it has been the present writer's mournful duty to read. In fact, "The Mummy" is an uncommonly interesting book. It originally appeared as the introduction to the "Catalogue of the Egyptian Collection in the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge," which Dr. Budge wrote for the Syndics of that Institution, and which we are glad to get in a separate form. "The monuments and remains of ancient Egypt preserved in the great museums of Europe and Egypt are chiefly of a sepulchral character, and we owe them entirely to the belief of the Egyptians that the soul would at some time revivify the body, and to the care, consequent on this belief, with which they embalmed the bodies of their dead, so that they might resist the action of decay, and be ready for the return of the soul. The preservation of the embalmed body, or mummy, was the chief end and aim of every Egyptian who wished for everlasting life. For the sake of the mummy's safety, tombs were hewn, papyri were inscribed with compositions, the knowledge of which would enable him to repel the attacks of demons, ceremonies were performed and services were recited; for the sake of the comfort of the mummy and his *ka*, or genius, the tombs were decorated with scenes which would remind him of those with whom he was familiar when upon earth; and they were also provided with many objects used by him in daily life, so that his tomb might resemble as much as possible his old home." Following up the idea that the mummy is the most important of all objects, Dr. Budge gives an account of the various methods of embalming; of the amulets and other objects which formed the mummy dress; of the various kinds of coffins and sarcophagi in which he was laid; of the *ushabtite* and other figures, stelæ, vases, &c., which formed the furniture of a well-appointed tomb. Those who are interested in the subject, whether they know much or nothing about it, will find Dr. Budge's work at once an admirable and a complete guide. It is elaborately illustrated, and among several striking features to which we should like to have referred more fully we may particularly mention the exhaustive chapter on the Rosetta Stone, one of the best known and most highly valued treasures of the British Museum.

* * * *

We have not the space, even were this an appropriate place, to enter fully into the many interesting aspects suggested by Professor John Earle's valuable introduction to "The Psalter of the Great Bible of 1539," which Mr. Murray has just published; we must be content to give it a word of welcome as a very valuable bibliographical

"performance," as the literary people of the last century would say. Professor Earle designates the comprehensive study of the Psalter as either prophetic or scientific; "the historical succession of languages through which the Psalter has been chiefly known to Christendom will furnish a convenient frame for exhibiting the mutual relations of these opposite aspects." The author then deals respectively with the Psalter in Greek and Latin, in Hebrew, and in English, the last of which naturally falls into three sub-sections—the relation of our Psalter to the Greek (Latin) and Hebrew Psalters, the import of our Psalter in English literature, and the function of the English Psalter in the church. Professor Earle's edition of the Psalter is evidently the fruit of many years' study and inquiry, and it is one also which could only have been prosecuted with success by a man endowed with uncommon learning. The introduction is an admirable piece of clear and incisive writing, whilst the "notes" at the end are both ample and practical.

* * * *

Mr. Achilles Taylor, writing under the heading of "Curiosities of Modern Classification," observes:—In performing my monthly devotions at the shrine of "The Publications of the Month" in the *Bookseller* issued on February 7th, I was startled by the announcements of Diocesan Calendars distributed with the impartiality of the pepper-box in the various subjects of classification used in the opening pages of this time-honoured publication. Under "Annuals and Serials"—the proper heading for our diocesan friends—there are six entries giving particulars of the Ely, Lichfield, Manchester, Peterborough, Rochester, and Southwell calendars. The calendar for Bath and Wells finds its home under the heading, "Directories and Guide Books," while the Winchester calendar, for some occult reason, is labelled "Law and Parliamentary," though the exigencies of the alphabet secure Wittick's "Tithe Commutation Tables" as the near neighbour of the calendar—perhaps not an inappropriate *tete-à-tete*. Turning to other headings, "Biography and History" yields a work on the geology of Yorkshire. "Natural History" owns a medical work on animal alkaloids; while, in "Poetry and the Drama," Meredith's novel "The Egoist" is sandwiched between the Mermaid Series and a volume of minor poems. And, for some inscrutable reason, a book on the poor of France has all the glory of a heading to itself, viz., "Political Economy." Why this work was not included in the column immediately following,

"Politics and Questions of the Day," is an insolvable mystery even in an inexact science like that of bibliography.

* * * *

The most recent addition to the popular "Ex-Libris" series of books is scarcely likely to have such a "run" as some of the preceding volumes, but the inclusion of Albert Dürer's "Little Passion" ("Passio Christi ab Alberto Durer Nurenbergensi effigiata cū varij generis carminibus Fratris Benedicti Chelidonij Musophili") was, if stretching somewhat the title of the series, a wise one. Over three-and-a-half centuries have elapsed since the designs, now reprinted from stereotypes of the original blocks, were first cut under Dürer's superintendence at his then new house by the Theirgärtner Thor at Nuremberg. The story of these blocks, as told by Mr. Austin Dobson in the preface, is very interesting. They belong, as appears from the dates borne by some of them, to the years 1509-1510, and in their first state can have been no more than the set of impressions, without letterpress of any kind. In this form the "Little Passion" is excessively rare; the next move was to obtain the help of a Benedictine monk named Chelidonium, who prepared a series of Latin verses, which were printed at the back of the cuts. After many vicissitudes the block became, in 1839, the property of the British Museum. In 1844 the late Sir Henry Cole took stereotype copies, and issued an edition (the first in this country) with a lengthy preface, and three other editions have appeared since, but in no instance corresponding exactly to the second—or first with text—Nuremberg issue of 1511, and the publishers (Messrs. Geo. Bell & Sons) and editor have now presented us with an edition as nearly as possible like that of 1511.

* * * *

The "Library" of Mr. and Mrs. Tregaskis, of the Caxton Head, High Holborn, contains an extraordinary number of rare and beautiful books which more than sufficiently justify the very handsome "Catalogue" which they have published, and which may be honestly described as quite the most elaborate of its kind we have ever seen. In addition to descriptive entries of seven hundred more or less rare and interesting books (which are for the most part very moderately priced) we have a series of facsimiles of bookbindings in gold and colours, and a selection of representative work of the early woodcutters' art of Italy, Germany, France, England, and the Low Countries, together with examples of early typography, reproduced

the actual size. Many of the volumes here catalogued were at one time in the possession of celebrities of various degrees, and at least one comes from the library of Henri II. and Diane de Poitiers. The Tregaskis catalogue, in short, is much more than a list: it is a handsome book well worth keeping and of a substantial binding.

* * * *

Whilst on the subject of catalogues we should like to mention one which, from its scientific character, is not so well known as its merits deserve. The "*Bibliotheca Botanica*" of Messrs Wesley (28, Essex Street, Strand) will be found exceedingly useful to those who are at all interested, in however remote a degree, in botany. This "*Bibliotheca*" is classified into several sections, and includes descriptive entries of about five thousand books—probably the most extensive lot of botanical works ever catalogued by a single firm of booksellers.

* * * *

The book thief was almost as much *en evidence* in 1767 as to-day, as the following notice from the *London Chronicle*, December 3-5 of that year, would seem to suggest:—"BOOK MISSING.—Whereas there is missing out of the late Dr. Chandler's Library the *Fifth Volume of Cardinal Pool's Letters*, and it is presumed that the said volume of Letters was borrowed by some friend of the Doctor's; it is earnestly requested by the Widow and Executrix of the said Dr. Chandler that whoever is in possession of the said volume would be so kind as immediately to send it to Mr. Buckland, Bookseller, Paternoster Row, and the favour will be gratefully acknowledged."

* * * *

The annual book bill in England, according to Mr. Andrew Chatto's rough estimate, is something like six millions and a quarter; according to Mr. Sonnenschein, something over four millions and a half. It has been suggested that this does not compare favourably with the £140,000,000 spent by us annually on drink. Even the higher estimate of six millions does not, indeed, give a very large expenditure on books per head in our adult population. The comparison of books with drink, however, is almost as misleading as the comparison Mr. Traill deprecated between poetry and coals. Besides, the most literary person who (according to the *Pall Mall Gazette*) has known what it is to drink when he was thirsty, must admit that few literary pleasures can compete in intensity with the pleasure of a good drink.

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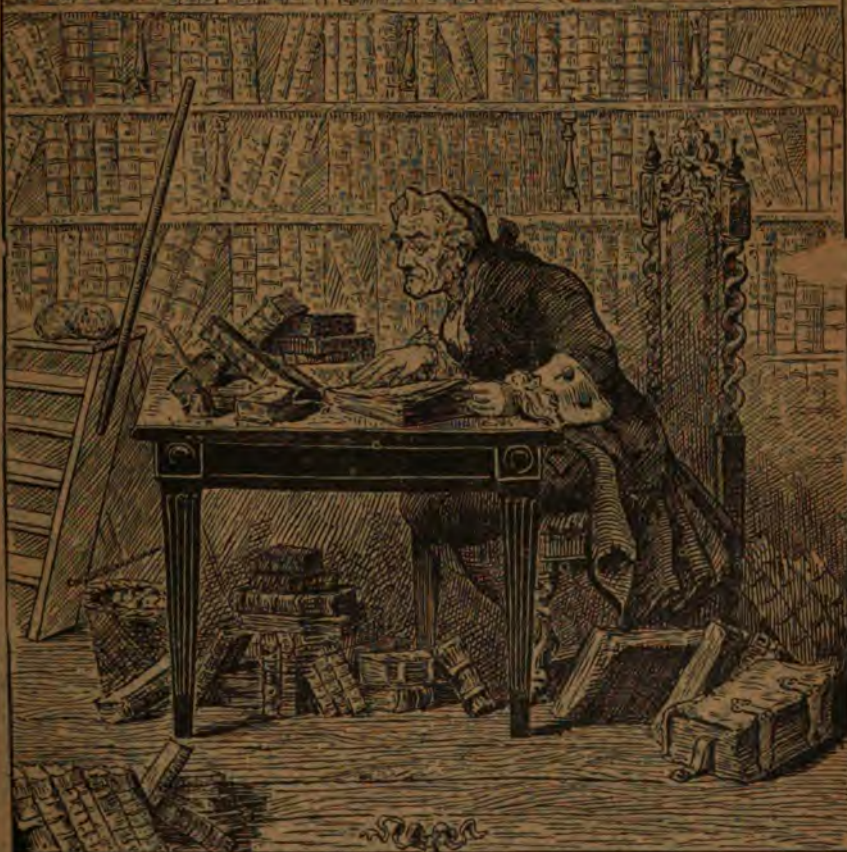
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Philippe de Commines and his "Mémoires."

LIKE many other Flemish towns now small both in population and importance, Comines, or *Commines*, as the name was formerly spelt, can boast of a long and interesting past—a history full of stirring incident and tinged with the hues of romance. Situated on the border between France and West Flanders, it has experienced all the vicissitudes of a frontier place. Several times it has been pillaged and burnt, and the bridge of Commines spanning the sluggish current of the Lys has been the scene of more than one bloody encounter described in the pages of Froissart and his fellow chroniclers. Roman and barbarian, Fleming and Burgundian, Spaniard, Austrian and Frenchman, have in turn been masters of the town. Now its allegiance is divided—that part north of the Lys being Belgian territory, and that to the south belonging to France. We first meet with the feudal lords of Commines as early as the tenth century, in the reign of Baldwin the Bearded. In the succeeding age Robert de Commines followed to England the banner of William the Norman, and received from him a grant of the earldom of Durham, but perished almost immediately afterwards in an English attack upon the bishop's palace. Burchard, Lord of Commines, went with Robert le Frison, Count of Flanders, on his pilgrimage to Jerusalem and Sinai and his visit to Alexius Comnenus, the Greek emperor; and when the Crusade was preached by Peter the Hermit, he accompanied Count Robert II. to Palestine and probably took part in the storming of the Holy City. He appears to have had a daughter, Ermengarde, and a son or brother, Walker (Walkerus); but he was succeeded by Baldwin de Commines, whose relationship to his predecessor is not known. Baldwin himself was followed by eight seigneurs who all bore the same name.

Of these the most noticeable was Baldwin IV. He accompanied Count Philippe d'Alsace to the third Crusade, and on his return he went with the Count of Flanders to Metz to do homage to Philippe Auguste. He was one of the signatories to the treaties of alliance concluded at Rouen between John Lackland, the Count of Flanders, and Philippe de Namur, and fought at the battle of Bouvines, where he was taken prisoner by the French. After his liberation he came to England to help John against the Barons. The last of the Baldwins died about 1287, leaving a daughter and heiress Alix, who, by her marriage with Hellin de Wasier, carried the Seigneurie of Comynnes into another line, and thence it passed, in the fourteenth century, by the marriage of Jeanne de Wasier, into the noble family of De la Clyte, or Vanden-Clyte. It was at the old château-fort of Comynnes that the subject of this notice was born about the year 1445. His life began with the happiest auguries. His father, Colard de la Clyte, Seigneur de Renescure and Souverain-Bailli of Flanders, a powerful and ambitious man, was a favourite at the Burgundian Court, and well able, apparently, to push the fortunes of his heir, at whose baptism the good Duke Philip stood sponsor and bestowed upon the infant the name which he bore himself. But Colard de la Clyte, whilst his son was still a child, died, overwhelmed by debt and leaving his affairs in a state of pitiable confusion; and whatever education the future historian received was almost wholly at the expense of his guardian and cousin, Jean II., Seigneur de Comynnes. When about nineteen the young Philippe entered into the service of Charles, Count of Charolais, and only a day or two after his arrival at Lille, where the Court was then being held, he was present at the memorable interview between Charles, Duke Philip, and the envoys of Louis XI., relative to the affair of Rubempré, which helped so largely to bring about the war of the Bien Public. During that war, De Comynnes accompanied his lord and fought by his side at the battle of Monlhéri. On Charles's accession to the dukedom of Burgundy, our author was appointed chamberlain and a member of his council. He soon became one of the Duke's most trusted advisers, and used the influence he possessed to restrain the impetuosity and moderate the vindictiveness of his headstrong master. When Louis XI., with an amount of imprudence by no means habitual to him, placed himself in the power of his fiery cousin at Péronne, it would probably have gone hard with him but for the advice tendered by De Comynnes to the Duke—advice which there is reason to suppose was not wholly disinterested, however, as there can be little doubt that at Péronne the French king made advances with a view to tempt the Fleming

from his allegiance to Charles, though he did not actually quit the service of Burgundy for that of France till several years afterwards, namely in 1472. From the time of his appearance at the French Court, the career of De Commynes till the death of Louis XI. was a brilliant series of successes. The king rewarded his treason and his services with lavish generosity. Money flowed into his coffers, estate after estate was given into his hands, and a rich heiress, Helène de Chambes, who brought as her portion the noble Seigneurie of Argenton, was found him for a wife. But with the accession of Charles VIII. a change came over the fortunes of the versatile statesman. The La Trémoille, whose principality of Talmont, Seigneurie of Château-Gontier, and other estates had been made over to De Commynes by the late king, loudly demanded restitution, and backed up by the Régente, the Dame de Beaujeu, invoked the aid of the law. After years of litigation they succeeded in obtaining decrees in their favour, and De Commynes found himself for the time being an impoverished man. His misfortunes, however, did not end here, for in 1486 he was arrested on a charge, which appears to have been well founded, of conspiring to seize the king and place him in the power of Louis d'Orléans—a conspiracy said to have been connived at by Charles himself, who wished to escape from the tutelage of the Dame de Beaujeu. De Commynes was conveyed to the Château of Loches, where he passed several weary months in an iron-barred cage. At length he was removed to the Conciergerie in Paris and permitted to plead his own cause before the Parliament. The result was his eventual liberation, but upon terms of extreme harshness—banishment to his estates for ten years under bail of ten thousand gold crowns, and the confiscation of a fourth of his goods. The fulfilment of these conditions, however, was never exacted, and in 1491 the king not only renounced all right of confiscation, but presented De Commynes with a sum of thirty thousand livres and restored him completely to favour. He accompanied Charles VIII. on his Italian expedition, and was employed in diplomatic affairs of high importance with the Republic of Venice and the Duchy of Milan. After the accession of Louis XII., *ci-devant* Duke of Orléans, Commynes found to his dismay that Louis the King had forgotten the sufferings undergone in the cause of Louis the Duke, and although he appears to have been treated with a certain measure of cold civility, he made but infrequent and formal appearances at Court. In 1505, however, Louis appointed him a chamberlain in ordinary, and in 1507 he accompanied the king on his journey to Milan. His last visit to the

French Court was in 1511, and he died at his Château of Argenton on the 18th of October in the same year, leaving one daughter, Jeanne, the wife of René, Count of Penthièvre and heir of right to the Duché of Brittany and the Comté of Blois. Her granddaughter Charlotte, *dite* de Bretagne, married François de Luxembourg, and through their descendants the family of the historian became allied with several royal houses, including those of Bourbon, Braganza and Savoy.¹ The only literary work by which De Commynes is popularly known is, of course, his "Mémoires" of the reigns of Louis XI. and Charles VIII., of which we may say as Montaigne said of his own essays, "C'est icy un livre de bonne foy, lecteur," for with the exception of a few errors due to carelessness or defective memory, there can be little doubt that De Commynes gives a faithful picture of his eventful times. But I need not attempt the praises of one upon whom eulogiums have been passed by rulers such as Lorenzo de' Medici and Charles-Quint, and by writers so distinct as Ronsard, Montaigne, and Lipsius. De Commynes had not been dead thirteen years when the memoirs relating to Louis XI. found their way into print, but doubt has been expressed as to the precise date of the *editio princeps*. Did it appear in 1523 or 1524? Some authorities mention an edition of the former year—published under the auspices of the Président, Jean de Selve, who is charged with having mutilated the original. No one appears to have been fortunate enough to see a copy, and that such an edition existed seems more than doubtful. It is true, however, that the "Privilège" for the editions of 1524 bears date February 3, 1523. As regards the charge of abridgment, I do not think it has before been remarked that the same "Privilège," owing to some inexplicable mistake, describes the work as an "*abrégé* de chronique," though in point of fact the printed book contains the complete memoirs relating to Louis as they appear in all the MSS. All things considered it may be asserted with some amount of confidence that the earlier edition of 1524 is entitled to the honours of an *editio princeps*. The two issues of 1524, which may be bracketed together, are dated April 25th and September 7th respectively. Each is a thin folio of 116 leaves (112 numbered) in Gothic type, long lines, and both were printed for Galliot du Pré (Paris), the first by an anonymous printer, and the second by Antoine Couteau. These editions are rare and valuable. Of each there is a copy on vellum in the

¹ Whilst on the subject of pedigrees, I may mention that De Commynes himself boasted a descent from Charlemagne through the marriage of his ancestor, Baldwin III., with Alix de Bailleul, whose mother was descended from the great emperor in the female line.

Bibliothèque Nationale, and the Library of Ste. Geneviève has a vellum example of the second. My own copy of this issue is fine, but unfortunately upon paper. A third edition appeared 15th February, 1525 (Paris, Maistre, J. G., fol. goth., long lines), and Galliot du Pré himself published a fourth, dated September 11th of the same year. In 1526 an edition was printed at Lyons (Claude Nourry dit le Prince, fol. goth.), and in 1528 (Sept. 5th) the second part of the memoirs, which relate to the reign of Charles VIII., were first given to the public (Paris, Enguilebert de Marnef, sm. fol. goth.); whilst the complete "Chronique," consisting of both parts, appeared in 1529 (Paris, Estienne Hervault, two vols. 8vo). Many editions of no particular interest followed, until in 1552 the work appeared under the title of "Mémoires," instead of "Chronique" (Paris, Galliot du Pré, fol., round letters). This issue, carefully edited by Denis Sauvage, is a great improvement upon the earlier ones, and the text is said to have been collated with a certain *vieil exemplaire*. It is a curious circumstance that although several MSS. exist of the memoirs relating to Louis XI., none has ever been discovered of those dealing with the reign of Charles VIII., for which the printed edition of 1528 remains the earliest authority. In 1545 a Latin version of the first part by John Sleidan appeared at Strasburg, and this was followed by the second in 1548. Both have several times been reprinted, e.g., at Basle in 1574 (Sebast, Henricpetri, sm. 8vo), and, with Froissart, at Amsterdam in Elzevir form by Blaeu in 1640. In England a translation by Thomas Danett, with a dedication to Lord Burleigh, appeared in 1596 (folio), and it was followed by many others. In 1643 a Spanish version was published at Antwerp (Amberes, Juan Meursius, fol.) with a commentary by Don Juan Vitrian, and this was reissued in two vols. in 1714, with many fine portraits. A pretty little edition is the Leyden Elzevir of 1648, but it depends for its value very largely upon its *stature*, as is the case with most of its Elzevirian brethren. After 1552 (Denis Sauvage) no edition of critical or literary consequence appeared until 1649, when the famous folio recension by Denys Godefroy, of which the Dauphin Louis is said to have "pulled" the first sheets, was issued in Paris from the Royal press. The work is elucidated by a large number of original documents, and it formed the basis of all subsequent issues (several of which appeared at Brussels (Foppens) with supplementary matter collected by Jean Godefroy), till the labours of the Abbé Lenglet Dufresnoy were given to the world (Rollin, Londres et Paris, four vols. 4to. portraits, 1747). His edition is still most valuable to the historical student,

as the number of *preuves* of all kinds, treaties, letters, &c., &c., collected by Lenglet to illustrate his author is simply amazing. To the fanciful bibliophile, however, the value of the edition is entirely determined by the presence or absence of the "Dedication" to the Maréchal de Saxe and the portrait of that hero, which appear in very few copies—both having been rigorously suppressed. The Dedication itself has, I think, been counterfeited. At any rate I should be sorry to pin my faith upon the genuineness of that which appears at the beginning of my own copy, though (if false) it is a capital imitation. Various editions, after Lenglet's, appeared in France, England and elsewhere, but none of critical importance until we arrive at the remarkable one edited by Mademoiselle Dupont (Paris, Renouard, three vols. 8vo, figures sur bois, 1840), which is in many ways superior to all its predecessors. By no means contented to reproduce the labours of the Godefroys and of Lenglet, Mademoiselle Dupont pursued original researches of the greatest interest and value, and was able to add to the "*pièces justificatives*" many documents theretofore unpublished. Her edition is now very difficult to meet with and commands a high price. The last reproduction of the "Mémoires" to which I need refer in detail is that edited by M. Chantelauze (Paris, Firmin-Didot et Cie, sm. fol. or imp. 8vo, 1881), from a MS. formerly belonging to Diane de Poitiers, afterwards to a member of the Montmorency-Luxembourg family, and now to the representatives of the last scion of that line—the Vicomte de Durfort and the Baron d'Hunolstein. It is most valuable for collation with other editions and presents two new features of interest, namely, a short treatise on the syntax of De Commynes and a glossary of archaic expressions, found in his writings. Besides all this, the book is a sumptuous specimen of typography, and the illustrations, both in colours and in black and white, are of the highest excellence, as indeed one would expect from the house of Firmin-Didot. Besides the "Mémoires" of De Commynes, his diplomatic correspondence is eminently worthy of attention. It has been collected and edited with great care by M. Kervyn ("Lettres et Négociations de Ph. de Commines," Brussels, three vols. 8vo, 1867), together with a sort of elegy upon our author, part prose, part verse, entitled "Le séjour de deuil (*sic*) pour le trépas de Messire Philippe de Commines, Seigneur d'Argenton," a curious piece with illuminated miniatures representing various allegorical personages. The original MS. belonged to Diane de Poitiers, and from the Château of Anet it passed into the possession of the Cardinal Dubois and thence into the Library at the Hague, where it now remains.

W. ALEXANDER SMITH.



Censorship and Jewish Literature.

AT the February meeting of the Bibliographical Society, 20, Hanover Square, the Rev. A. Löwy, LL.D., read a learned and interesting paper on "Censorship and Jewish Literature." He divided the subject into two parts, the first dealing with censorship in so far as it affected Jewish literature, the second devoted to considering a very rare MS. copy of the "Index Expurgatorius," or list of books forbidden to be read by Catholics, dating from 1596. This was recently sent from Paris to Dr. Löwy; only one other copy is said to exist, and that is in the Vatican library. The lecturer said that the censors appointed by the Popes to consider what works or passages in works were dangerous to Christian faith or morals belonged chiefly to the Dominican Order, but by far the severest amongst them were ex-Jews—men who reflected little credit on the synagogue that produced them or the church that fostered them. The Talmud was specially obnoxious to them. This volume was originally written partly in Aramaic, partly in faulty Hebrew, intermixed with Greek and Latin words, and treated of Jewish ceremonies, ethics, customs, and folk-lore. It was compiled about the year 550 of the Christian era, and remained nearly a thousand years in MS., but with the invention of printing copies multiplied. Dr. Löwy gave particulars of the various defacements and mutilations suffered by the Talmud previous to the edition of 1578, when Marco Marino, a Christian by birth, but a marvellous Hebrew scholar, was asked by the Jews to remove from the Babylonian Talmud all parts objectionable to Christians, which he did, later editions labouring under his corrections. Turning to the "Index Expurgatorius," Dr. Löwy said

the great interest of this particular book was that it gave rules for the guidance of the censors written in Hebrew, and compiled by an ex-Jew, Dominico Gerosolemitano, for the use of the Inquisition in Mantua. He then read extracts from the rules translated into English, giving directions as to substituting one word for another, the deletion of obnoxious terms or phrases, and occasionally as to the destruction of chapters. Dr. Löwy's paper when published, as it doubtless will be, in the *Transactions* of the Bibliographical Society, will form an important contribution to a phase of the "Index Expurgatorius" which has hitherto been entirely neglected.

An Evening Prayer.

THE following is an early form of the popular rhyme "Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John," which I copied from a manuscript in the British Museum (Egerton 2622, f. 33). It is, I believe, unprinted.

"Ore tuo Christe : benedictus sit domine iste,
 Celi regina : languentum sis medecina ;
 Marce, peto de te : michi des dormire quiete,
 Te precor ut dam[p]nes : phantasmata cuncta, Johannes,
 Huic camer[a]e presto : Luca, defensor adesto,
 Custos nocte meus : sis dum dormito, Mattheus."

ROBERT STEELE.



A Few Words on Bindings.

TO be strong-backed and neat-bound," says Charles Lamb, "is the desideratum of a volume. Magnificence comes after." In spite, however, of this axiom of the gentle Elia, not a few of his well-thumbed, torn, and dog's-eared favourites turned their backs to the spectator coverless. Upon a goodly row of encyclopædias and books which are no books, the jealous essayist bursts forth, "I confess that it moves my spleen to see these *things in books' clothing* perched upon shelves, like false saints, usurpers of true shrines, intruders into the sanctuary, . . . set out in an array of russia or morocco, when a tithe of that good leather would comfortably reclothe my shivering folios, would renovate Paracelsus himself, and enable old Raymund Lully to look like himself in the world. I never see these impostors but I long to strip them, to warm my ragged veterans in their spoils."

Perhaps not a little of the sly maliciousness exhibited towards collectors of splendid bindings, costly tomes decked out in tinted leather, with silk linings, and triple gold bands, is the outcome or envy. To him who will have none of the frippery of the binder's art mayhap a black-letter folio may be an enticement or a colophon a certain lure. Or mayhap a faulty edition has all the charms of a Cleopatra for him; to such an one there arises, in spite of himself, a certain unnamed intolerance of the literary foibles of others. Of these, and indeed let us charitably suppose there be few, very little is needed to induce them to

"Compound for sins they are inclined to
By damning those they have no mind to."

In one of his charming sketches, Nathaniel Hawthorne with dreamy fascination tells of his visit to the collection of a virtuoso, wherein among other wondrous exhibits were to be found Nero's fiddle, the bones of Rosinante, the brown blade of Hudibras, the inkstand which Martin Luther threw at the devil, the lamp of Guido Faux, and, among books, treasures indeed—Alexander's copy of the *Iliad*, "enclosed in the jewelled casket of Darius, still fragrant of the perfume which the Persian kept in it." Here too was the original manuscript of the Koran, and Cornelius Agrippa's book of magic, and those books of Livy for which the classic student has so long sorrowed without hope. But what need for further wonder when we learn that the Wandering Jew himself is the virtuoso. Enough of these wonders, for treasures and treasure-house be "such stuff as dreams are made on."

Of tangible curios in the way of bindings—too real in their gruesomeness—there exist in this country several examples. In the Exeter Museum there is to be found a volume bound in the skin of George Cudmore, who was executed in 1830 for poisoning his wife. In the library Bury St. Edmund's there is a "Life of Corder," the murderer, bound up in a piece of his own skin; and in the library at Mexborough House there were formerly two books bound in the skin of Mary Bateman, the Yorkshire witch, who was hanged early in this century.

In 1821, a man named Horwood suffered the extreme penalty for the murder of a girl, and the following tradesman's account in a book in the infirmary library explains itself:—

"Bristol, June, 1828.—Richard Smith Esq., Dr. to H. H. Essex. To binding in the skin of John Horwood a variety of papers relating to him, £1 10s.; the same being lettered in Latin on each side of the book, 'The true skin of John Horwood.'"

Whether the skins of hardened criminals are more easily curried and dressed than those of ordinary mortals, we must confess we are unable to judge.

It was at a dinner-party that Thomas Carlyle gave vent to his opinion as to binding books with human skins. The dyspeptic sage had hitherto sat in morose silence. An unpleasant feeling hung over the dinner-party, many of whom had been especially invited to hear his erratic views. A genial-minded old gentleman was endeavouring to fuse a little warmth into the assembly by playfully remarking to a young political enthusiast who sat beside him—

"The British people, sir," said he, "can afford to laugh at theories."

"Sir," said Carlyle, speaking for the first and only time during the evening, "the French nobility of a hundred years ago said they could afford to laugh at theories. Then came a man and wrote a book called 'The Social Contract.' The man was called Jean Jacques Rousseau, and his book was a theory and nothing but a theory. The nobles could laugh at this theory, but their skins went to bind the second edition of his book!"

It is a matter of fact that during the horrors of the French revolution tanneries were established in various parts of France where the skins of the victims of the guillotine were tanned, and many of these were used to bind books on account of the fine-grained surface exhibited after being curried.

At the Chicago Exhibition one of the curious exhibits was a pack of playing cards which had been manufactured from the skin of some captured Indians. We remember to have seen at an old curio shop in New Oxford Street only a few years ago, a piece of hard, dry, tough, leathery skin, which we were assured was the tanned hide of a Maori. The tattoo marks were plainly visible on its surface, and on examining it with a powerful glass the grain of the human skin was clearly shown.

In speaking materially of the bindings of books one cannot refrain from alluding, in passing, to the enemies of books, enemies that usually make their depredations upon their bindings. Mr. Edmund Gosse, in his "Gossip in a Library," tells of a very pious and worshipful lover of books who built himself a library in his garden, so to be the more undisturbed in his studies. In such a library, with its stilly solitude, was it that Christian Mentzelius, when pouring over volumes of forgotten lore, heard the male bookworm flap his wings and crow like a cock in calling to his mate.

These insects popularly known as "bookworms" are found in paper, leather, and parchment. The larvæ of *Crambus pinguinalis* will establish themselves upon the bindings of a book, and, spinning a robe, will do it little injury. A mite—*Acarus eruditus*—eats the paste that fastens the paper over the edges of the binding, and so loosens it. The caterpillar of another little moth takes its station in damp, old books, between the leaves, and there commits great ravages. Burns has addressed an epigram to these bookworms which betrays the cynical humour of the poet:—

"Through and through the inspired leaves,
Ye maggots, make your windings;
But, oh! respect his lordship's taste,
And spare his golden bindings!"

The little boring wood-beetle will also attack books, and has been known to penetrate through several volumes. An instance is mentioned of twenty-seven folio volumes being perforated in a straight line by the same insect in such a manner that, by passing a cord through the perfect round hole made by it, the twenty-seven volumes could be raised at once. The wood-beetle, the same variety that has left pin-holes in Chippendale and other old chairs and bureaus, destroys prints and engravings, whether framed or kept in a portfolio. The "death-watch" is likewise accused of being a depredator of books—at least, according to the statements of the keeper of the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford.

ARTHUR HAYDEN.

The "First Folio" Shakespeare.

PERFECT copies of the first folio Shakespeare, 1623, have become so rare that they may be almost described as unattainable. The Toovey copy referred to on p. 144 as having sold for £169 was not at all a dear one as such things go, for both the title and Ben Jonson's verses were in facsimile. By far the finest copy which has come into the market for several years was sold in the Ives Collection at New York in March, 1891, and realised 4,200 dols.; but even that copy, though quite perfect, was not what is known as a tall copy. The example which formed the cornerstone of the Earl of Aylesford's library sold in March, 1888, for £200, but it was not perfect; neither was the Perkins copy, which in July, 1889, sold for £415, although its only fault was that both the title and Ben Jonson's verses were mounted. Another example fetched £310 in December, 1889, but it had one leaf from a smaller copy, and another leaf mended, very slight defects which make a wonderful difference when it comes to selling. Only one copy appeared in the market last year, and that was a poor one—so imperfect, indeed, that it fetched only £25. The original price of the first folio was about £1, and although the number printed must have been considerable, it is astonishing how few have come down to us in a perfect condition. The Baroness Burdett-Coutts possesses the finest copy in existence.



A Chapter in the History of "Paradise Lost."

WERE it possible to trace a book from the time of its publication through the hands of its successive owners, how odd and curious would be the circumstances under which it changed hands from time to time. To weave a sequence of imaginary "Adventures of a book" would be a theme not unworthy the pen of a skilful romance writer, but it does not often happen that it is possible to give the real history of a short period even in the life of a book so accurately as I am able to do that of the copy of the first edition of Milton's "Paradise Lost" which reached the unprecedented price of £120 at the sale of the library of Mr. E. H. Lawrence, in May, 1892. Some thirty years since I was talking with Mr. Hunt, for many years Town Clerk of Ipswich, who was an ardent book collector, and in the course of conversation he lamented how some ten years previously he had missed an opportunity of buying a first edition of "Paradise Lost" under the following circumstances. There was a sale in the neighbourhood of Ipswich in which a number of books were included. These were all tied in bundles and catalogued simply as so many books in the lot. Going over one of these bundles, what was his surprise to find a first edition of "Paradise Lost" with the first title-page, and in the original sheepskin binding. He said nothing, but went round to the auctioneer's house and asked him if he would be willing to sell him a particular book out of the collection previous to auction. "Oh ! by all means," said the auctioneer ; "just point me out the volume and say what you are willing to give for it, and you can take it out at once." What was Mr. Hunt's chagrin and disappointment on

again taking up the bundle to find that the number of books was all right according to the catalogue, but the Milton's "Paradise Lost" had disappeared. Some one with as keen an eye as the town clerk had also discovered the jewel, and not being troubled with as many scruples of conscience, had put in practice the motto that exchange is no robbery, and had substituted some other volume for the Milton without going through the formality of a consultation with the auctioneer.

Not long after this a "Paradise Lost" (which I have every reason to believe was *the* "Paradise Lost"), in the original sheepskin binding and having the original title-page, was offered for sale to Mr. Simpson, who carried on an old book business for Mr. Skeat in King William Street, Strand. He purchased it for what in those days was considered a high price; but how much it was below what is now esteemed its value is witnessed by the fact that he offered it to the late Mr. Crossley of Manchester, and after much haggling sold it to him for what now seems the absurdly low price of £12 12s. When Mr. Crossley had secured it, he quietly remarked, "And now let me tell you that if you find a dozen more copies in similar condition I will give you the same price for every one." It remained in Mr. Crossley's library for many years, and at the sale of his books in 1884 realised what was considered the very high price of £25. Eight years more and it had advanced to £120. Let not possessors of first editions of "Paradise Lost" imagine that their treasure is of a like value unless it fulfils the like conditions. 1. That it has the first title, 1667. 2. That it is perfectly clean, neither needing nor having suffered from the careful attentions of some "eminent" binder in the way of cleaning, washing, sizing, and pressing. 3. That it is in the original calf or sheepskin binding, just as it issued from the shop of Peter Parker, Robert Boulder, or Matthias Walker, the joint publishers, without having been invested with the glories of blue, black, green, or red morocco, with gilt edges, at the hands of Bedford, Rivière, or any other "skilful" professor of the modern binding art.

The particulars I have given of the history of this book were related to me respectively at different times, in the course of bibliographical gossip, by the late Mr. Hunt and Mr. Simpson. I could have no absolute proof that the book seen by one at the sale near Ipswich and purchased subsequently by the other in London were identical, but on comparing dates and circumstances I have no moral doubt about it.

F. S. ELLIS.



The Toovey Books.

THE nine days' sale of the valuable and extensive stock of books of the late James Toovey came to a conclusion on March 7th at Sotheby's, and included many items which very rarely occur for sale in the open market. The prices ruled high throughout, whilst many of the books whose market values are supposed to have undergone a decided fall have sold extremely well. A few of the more important lots are as follows: Sir R. Atkyns, "History of Gloucestershire," 1768, first edition, £20 10s.; G. Baker, "History of Northampton," 1822, large paper, a very fine copy, £40; E. W. Brayley, "Topographical History of Surrey," 1841, an extra illustrated edition, extended from five to eleven, large paper, £28; Pierre Nicole, "Four Treatises," translated from the French by John Locke, the original autograph manuscript of 484 pages. This interesting MS. is dedicated "To the Right Honble. Margaret, Countesse of Shaftesbury," in a very complimentary epistle, commencing as follows: "It was a bold thing for one that had but begun to learne Frenche, to attempt a translation out of it; and it is yet bolder to designe it as a present to you. Fashion, which takes the liberty to authorise whatever it pleases, must be my excuse. And since it is allowed by custome to bring vanity with one out of France, and with confidence to present as marks of respect at home any sort of toys one hath picked up abroad; I crave leave to make use of my priviledg of a traveller to offer your Ladyp. a new French production in a dresse of my own makeing," &c. In one passage Locke has altered the original where it told against the Protestants, and the work is very interesting as showing Locke's own feelings towards such questions as those discussed in these discourses. It

was not published till 1828, £40 10s.; a fifteenth century MS. of "Lancelot du Lac," a fine work attributed to Walter Mapes, and having about two hundred capitals finely illuminated in gold and colours, and richly ornamented with forty-seven miniatures (illustrating the Story) painted in gold, silver, and colours, two of them the full size of the page, executed on vellum, representing King Arthur and his Knights at the Round Table, and a grand Tournament scene, within elegant borders, old French red morocco. The Romance of Sir Lancelot du Lac, the best and most delightful of all respecting King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table, in its original manuscript form contains many passages and even episodes which have been entirely omitted in all the printed copies, and some of which are quoted by Dante. A whole volume is devoted to Galaad le bon Chevalier and the Sainct Graal. Baron Kirkup believed these precious volumes to have formerly belonged to the famous La Vallière Library, but they do not appear in the catalogue of that collection, nor has it been found possible to trace them in any bibliographical work. It is, however, certain that it is one of the finest and most important manuscripts of the Romance series in existence, £410—this MS., when sold in 1871, realised £400. One of three known copies of the Sarum "Legende," printed in Paris at the expense of a London printer, £100; a fine copy of "The Primer in Latin and Englishe," 1555, printed in red and black, £36; B. Picart, "Cérémonies et Coûtumes," 1723, large paper, £35 10s.; a set of the first editions of Sir Walter Scott, in the original boards, sixty-seven volumes, £10; a set of the first editions of Smollett, newly bound, eleven volumes, £9 15s.; S. Purchas, "Hakluytus Posthumus," 1625, quite complete, with the genuine frontispiece and all the maps, £51; a good sound copy of the famous first folio Shakespeare, 1623, with the title and verses in facsimile, £169; J. Taylor, the Water Poet, "Complete Works," 1630, fine copy, £19; and J. M. W. Turner, "Picturesque Views of the Southern Coast of England," £24 15s. The sale of the 3,200 lots realised just over £7,090.



Autographs in Books.

IT seemed, on the whole, better to group together alphabetically under the titles of the books themselves certain items associated with obscure persons not known to have possessed collections, presentation-copies, or volumes, whose interest lies in the celebrity of the immediate donor or recipient apart from bibliographical considerations. In Hazlitt's "Handbook" and "Collections" numerous examples occur, which it did not appear desirable to reproduce.

"Bedæ Venerabilis Expositio super Paribolis Salemonis et in Librum Beati Patris Tobiaë." MS. on vellum, 11th cent., with an index on paper added in 1477. In the original oak boards, covered with leather. Sotheby's, May, 1893, No. 191.

At the end is an original grant of money (thirty-two marks) to the Monastery of Sigeberg in the time of the Abbot Reginhard, who died in 1105, and there is a second entry recording the payment of xii denarii by permission of the Abbot Henry in 1153.

Coleridge (S. T.). Poems. 12mo, 1802. With a poem in the author's autograph, signed and dated, "Know thyself." Sotheby's, March, 1891, No. 1223.

Coleridge (S. T.). "The Friend." 8vo, 1812. With the original prospectus, 1808, corrected by Coleridge, and containing the following note by him addressed to Sir John Sinclair:—"It is not unknown to you, that I have employed almost the whole of my life in acquiring, or endeavouring to acquire, useful knowledge, by study, reflection, observation, and by cultivating the society of my superiors in intellect, both at home and in foreign countries." *Ibid.*, No. 1221.

Coleridge (S. T.). "Statesman's Manual," 1810; "Christabel," 1816; and eleven other pieces by Byron, Lloyd, &c., in a vol. 8vo. With the following inscription: "Joseph Cottle, from his affectionate friend, S. T. Coleridge. Highgate, 7 May, 1821." *Ibid.*, No. 1224.

Cranmer (Archbishop). "Catechismus." 8vo, 1548. Second edition. With the autographs of Thomas Paulfryman in Greek, 1549, and Ann Paulfryman.

Gale (Thomas). "Certaine Workes of Chirurgie." 4to, 1586. Sotheby's, July, 1889, No. 937, with the following note by Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps: "This is a copy of the only surgical book which is known for certain to have found its way to Stratford-on-Avon in the time of Shakespeare. It was the subject of an action against Philip Rogers in the same year, 1604, in which that individual was sued by the poet for a debt for malt."

Gascoigne (George). Works. 4to, 1587. A present from Warburton to T. Warton, with an inscription on flyleaf: "T. Warton, the Gift of the Bishop of Gloucester, 1770." Lilly's Cat. for 1863, p. 50.

Goldsmith (Francis). Translation of a Sermon preached at Antioch by St. Chrysostome. 8vo, 1644. The original unprinted MS. dedicated to his cousin, Edward Goldsmith, in an autograph letter prefixed. Sotheby's, May, 1893, No. 784.

"Intrationum Liber." R. Pynson, 1510. Folio. Sotheby's, R. S. Turner, Part I., No. 2278, with the following inscription: "Liber Guilelmi Croston," and a note that it had been bought of Redeman [Robert Redman, Pynson's successor], the bookseller, for 10s.

Keats (John). Poetical Works, edited by Lord Houghton. 8vo, 1865. With a portion of the original MS. of the poem, "I stood tiptoe on a little hill," differing from the printed text. Sotheby's, March, 1891, No. 1235.

Horæ Beatæ Mariæ Virginis. MS. of 14th century, on vellum, by an English scribe, with illuminations. 4to. In the old oak boards covered with leather, and impressed with the arms of Henry VIII. Sotheby's, May, 1893 (Bateman), No. 1037.

At the end are Prayers in English, and the following inscription: "Of your devoute charite praye for the goode state of Maystrys-Elyzabethe Horne of Saresden wydow the which dyd gyffe this boke to the paryshe church of Saresdon aforesayde in the yere of Our Lorde God 1541." This MS. is the one mentioned by Warton in his History of Kiddington at Kiddington House as "a fine MS. Missal on vellum with elegant pictures and illuminations which

appears to have belonged to the Parish Church or Chapel of Sarsden." Note in Cat. As to Henry VIIIth's books see Collier, "History of English Dramatic Poetry," i. 137.

Horæ Beatæ Mariæ Virginis. MS. on vellum of the 15th century, with miniatures. Sotheby's, December 5, 1890, where the ensuing note is printed:—

"This interesting MS. contains among other autographs that of Jaquetta of Luxembourg, who married John Duke of Bedford, Regent of France, and after his death Sir R. Woodville (afterwards Earl Rivers), and by him became the mother of Elizabeth Woodville, who married King Edward IV."

Lamb (Charles). "John Woodvil." 8vo or 12mo, 1802. With an autograph letter from Lamb to Leigh Hunt, 1816, inserted. Sotheby's, April 26, 1893, No. 775.

Laud (William, *afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury*). Treatise on Prelacy in Church Government. 4to. An unpublished MS. beautifully written within borders of gold in or about 1610, and in the original binding covered with gold tooling, the arms of Prince Henry in the centres. The only mark of authorship is the presence of the initials *W. L.*

Probably part of the library of the Prince at St. James's Palace, subsequently in the hands of the Woodforde family. Quaritch, 1892, No. 553, £148.

Merbury (Charles). "A Briefe Discovrse of Royall Monarchie." 1581.

On the flyleaf of a copy before me occurs: "Al nobilissimo Signore il sig^r Baron Willoughby suo sig^r molto osser^{do}: Carlo Merbury hamilmente raccomanda questo suo libretto, basciandogli l'honoratissime mani."

The Proverbs are in Italian, with an occasional English gloss.

"Methode Court et facile pour discerner la Veritable Religious Chrétienne," &c. 8vo, Paris, 1736-7. With the autograph on title of Margaret Nicholson, whose name Shelley employed for his volume entitled: "Posthumous Poems by Margaret Nicholson," 1810. Sotheby's, March, 1891, No. 1242, from the library of the Duke of Sussex.

Missale. A vol. on vellum, with miniatures and several hundred capitals in colour; bound in old oak boards covered with stamped pigskin. 386 leaves in two columns, large folio. Sotheby's, March, 1891, No. 1367.

On the flyleaf occurs this Latin distich, commemorative of the

ownership of Bernard Walhorn and his gift of the book to one Stephen :—

“Me tibi dat dono Bernhardus Stephane Walhorn
Ut faueas rebus, sancte Patrone, suis.”

Phillippes (Morgan). “Treatise concerning the Defence of the Honour of Marie, Queene of Scotland,” Leodii, 1571; “Treatise touching the Right, Title and Interest of the same,” *ibid*, 1571. 8vo.

A MS. note says: “Written by J. Leslie, Bp. of Ross. This edition was sent over by, or with, Chas. Baily, one of Mary’s Servants, it was seized at Dover, which makes this, as well as the London edition of 1569, also suppressed, very scarce.”

“Pilgrimage (The) of Perfection.” By W. Bonde. 4to. R. Pynson, 1526.

The last leaf bears the signatures of Henry VIII. and the Duke of Somerset; above the name of the latter are the words “*from my Royale Maistere.*” Queen Mary’s signature is on the first leaf of the Table to the Third Book, thus—“+ *Marye the quene + ave Maria +.*” Quaritch, 1892, No. 643.

Price (John). Anglo-Britannus. Acta Apostolorum. 8vo, Parisiis, 1647. Puttick’s, December 16, 1890, No. 117. With inscription on title “For y^e right Honble. Sir Edward Hide (afterwards Earl of Clarendon) Chancellor of ye Exchequer and one of his Majiestes (Charles I) most Hoble. Privy Council.”

Smith (Adam). “Theory of Moral Sentiments.” 2 vols. 8vo, 1790. With the following inscription presenting the book to his friend by Robert Burns: “To Robert Riddle, Esq. of Glenriddell this Book is presented by Robt. Burns—

Had I another Friend more truly mine,
More lov’d, more trusted, this had ne’er been thine.—R. B.”

Inside the cover is the autograph, R. Riddle. Sotheby’s, April 26, 1893, No. 1035.

Sydney (Sir Philip). “An Apologie for Poetrie . . .” 1595. Sotheby’s, May 2, 1893, No. 448. A fine copy, with the following memoranda on title: “Margaret Brogræue. John Lambe his book geuen by Mis^{tes} Margaret Brogræue. Ex dono Johis Lambe, Junr, 1618.”

Nouveau Testament. 8vo, Charenton, 1656. In old red morocco, richly tooled. Sotheby’s (Times), July 15, 1886, No.

1442. £22. From the Duke of Sussex's library, when it produced £14 10s. With the following inscription on flyleaf: "Au General Bonaparte ce Testament Lutherain est presenté de part la veuve Beauharnois"; beneath which Bonaparte has written his name.

Bible, 1656; Psalms, 1646. 12mo, old red morocco, ruled. Sotheby's, March, 1891, No. 1186, where the subjoined note appears in the catalogue: "The Gift of Mr. W. Gray, of York, to MRS. MARY TENNYSON who died 20 Aug. 1825, in the 73rd year of her age, wife of GEORGE TENNYSON, ESQ. M.P. (whose book-plate it contains) who died 4th July, 1835, aged 85, containing an autograph inscription by the latter presenting it to his granddaughter Clara. George and Mary Tennyson were the grandfather and grandmother of the Poet."

Thackeray (W. M.). "The Virginians," 2 vols, 1858. With the following in Thackeray's hand on half-title of vol. i :

"In the U. States and in the Queen's dominions,
All people have a right to their opinions,
And many don't much relish the Virginians.
Peruse my book, dear R! and if you find it
A little to your taste, I hope you'll bind it.

Peter Rackham Esqre. with the best regards of the Author."

Sotheby's, April, 1891, No. 1581.

Thackeray (W. M.). Cowper's Poems. 2 vols., 1808, plates by Westall. With a memorandum by Thackeray: "Bought at a Sale, August, 1850. The engravings are as fine as the poems,—and they are grand.—*W. M. Thackeray.*"

Webster (Nicholas). "Certaine profitable and well experynced Collections." 4to, MS., written on 50 leaves of paper, temp. Eliz. Quaritch, 1892, No. 827, from the Hailstone Library, but in 1670 the property of Robert Nalson.

Skinner (S.). Etymologicon. Folio, 1671. Sotheby's, August 2, 1892.

The following MS. note will be found on flyleaf: "I subscribed to encourage the printing of this book, at the desire of Dr. Wilkins, Bp. of Chester, and designed to present it to my Lord T. Fairfax at Appleton but his death prevented."—B. F.

Wycherley (W.). Miscellany Poems. Folio, 1704. With the author's inscription: "For his worthy friend, Mr. Prassland, from his obliged servant, W. Wycherley." Puttick's, December 17, 1891, No. 660.

W. CAREW HAZLITT.

On First Editions.

IN the March number of *Cornhill* there is a gossip article on "Famous First Editions." "Who," asks the writer, in a triumphant interrogation—"who can flout a sentiment which prompts a desire to possess a copy of the renowned First Folio, that volume so grandiloquently described in auctioneers' brochures as the 'keystone of an English library'?" Here we have the thoughts of the mighty Shakespeare in their first collected printed form, in the case of seventeen plays in the original garb of printer's ink through which they became known to wondering mankind. Surely a little enthusiasm is allowable here. Never was there a volume which has caused so much controversy and argument. It has been measured up by eighths of an inch, counted in lines, reckoned by page, by letter, nay even by stops and omissions, and made the subject of thick treatises which try to prove it something different to what it is, and its author a myth. It was published at a guinea; in 1787 a copy sold at auction for ten pounds, and to-day a fine specimen would not fall for less than fifteen hundred! What a history for an unpretentious tome of old plays! But even more precious are those squat quartos which represent the absolutely first editions of many of the bard's productions. It is a little singular how few of them have survived. Their money value must now in some instances be reckoned in three figures, while many are almost, if not quite, unique. Of the first quarto 'Hamlet,' in many respects the most interesting and attractive of the immortal series, only two examples are known, both of which are defective, though the two together would make a perfect copy. The Duke of Devonshire's has the title-page, but lacks the last leaf; in the Museum copy the exact reverse is the case—a curious coincidence." As a rule it is the poets who are most favoured in the quest for first editions. Shelley, Keats, Landor, Byron; these are all names to conjure with, and some of the insignificant little volumes in shabby grey boards, or even simple brochures innocent of covering, are worth to-day sums which seem abnormal. Some of the pieces by Shelley—that erratic yet heaven-born genius—are utterly lost to us; others so rare that their pursuit is all but hopeless. What, for instance, would an example of "Verses by Victor and Cazire," or "Margaret Nicholson," fetch now? Most of the first editions of Byron are comparatively common, but there are two exceptions—the "Hours of Idleness" and "The Waltz."



English and Scottish Book-Collectors and Collections.



R. W. CAREW HAZLITT has favoured us with the following additional notes supplementary to the two articles which have already been published in *THE BOOKWORM*.

NARCISSUS LUTTRELL.

"Chloris, or the Complaint of the passionate despised Shepheard," by W. Smith. 4to, 1596. Huth Coll.

While this rare piece was in Luttrell's possession it formed only one of a series of tracts bound up together. A list is preserved inside the cover.

"Angliæ Speculum; or Englands Looking-Glasse," by W. Mercer. 4to, 1646. Huth Coll.

THE HUNTERIAN LIBRARY, GLASGOW.

Comparatively little is known of the books deposited here under the will of Hunter. A very imperfect idea and account of these is given by Dibdin.

THE TOLLEMACHE COLLECTION AT HELMINGHAM HALL, SUFFOLK.

Very little is known of this library, and our acquaintance with that owned by the family at Petersham, Surrey, is due to the cursory notices in Dibdin's edition of Herbert. It is believed that at Helmingham there are a good many MSS. ; but the story used to be, that the remarkable assemblage of Elizabethan Ballads, subsequently

Heber's and George Daniel's, were once here, and were purloined by a housekeeper.

WHITE KENNETT, BISHOP OF PETERBOROUGH.

Books with the autograph of this prelate, generally on the title-page, occasionally occur. We have seen "Six Bookes of Politickes," by Justus Lipsius. Translated by W. Jones. 4to, 1594.

The author's richly annotated copy of his "Parochial Antiquities," 1695, from which the edition of 1818 was printed, is in the Bodleian library.

GRIFFITH WILLIAMS, BISHOP OF OSSORY.

"The True Tragedie of Richard the Third." 4to, 1594. With other plays in the volume, which was said at the time to have formerly belonged to Bishop Williams. The lot occurred in a sale at Manchester, August 30, 1881.

In conclusion, let me repeat that there has been no attempt to deal with collections of which catalogues of any kind exist. These can be as readily handled hereafter. It would be a very desirable achievement to rehabilitate the libraries or literary *collectanea* of Photius, Petrarch, Anrispa (the Venetian De Bure), Montaigne, Peiresc, &c., facilities for which might be afforded by researches among the public libraries of the Continent and of England, and by a study of auctioneers' catalogues from time to time. A knowledge of the books possessed by Photius could in most cases be acquired only from his printed "Bibliotheca."

The Extra-Illustrating Craze.

A NEW YORK bookbinder recently completed the binding of an extra-illustrated edition of Shakespeare for a well-known New York collector, which is a marvel of ingenuity and perseverance. The original edition consisted of only eight volumes, and these have been extended to forty-three. There are thousands of prints, playbills, and autograph letters of all shapes and sizes, so deftly incorporated as to secure a uniformity which is positively surprising.



My Recent Book-Finds.

[BY THE *DAILY CHRONICLE'S* BOOKSTALLER.]

NOW we get our hobbies" would, in the hands of a competent physiologist, form one of the most interesting volumes in either of the several scientific series which are just now very much in vogue. By far the most entertaining chapter in that possible but difficult volume would deal with the subject of book-collecting, for it is a physiological problem, not easily answered, as to how a person at a very early age became consumed with the book-hunting mania, without the slightest trait of that pleasing hobby evincing itself in any of the said person's progenitors for many generations. For the present purpose, however, it will suffice if we consider bookstalling the most pleasant pastime in the world.

Buying books may become pretty much like buying groceries, for catalogues of books are on a par with catalogues of soap, sugar, and the other necessities of everyday life. A man gets just exactly what he orders, and he is not likely to order that of which he knows nothing. The book catalogue tells him what the bookseller has to offer, and each item is, as a matter of course, duly priced. The fun and excitement only come in when the bookseller has sold for half a crown an item which would be cheap at a couple of pounds; but, alas, how seldom do booksellers give their clients a chance of crowing at this price! The present writer's purchases from catalogues have always been more or less of a disappointment, because he nearly always finds he could have purchased the same articles in better condition the next day on a bookstall for about fifty per cent. less. And is there anything which more inclines a person to ruminate on

the hollowness of this world than to find that he has paid a shilling for something which he might have had in the next shop but one for 10½d. ? This is the sort of experience which the catalogue-grubber meets with pretty frequently.

Buying books from catalogues is too much like selecting a library at the recommendation of a second party, and there is, therefore, but little individuality and no excitement in such a collection. In what catalogue ever published have we, for example, a series of books which belonged to four generations of one family—and that family which reckons one of the very greatest poets of the present century as its head—Robert Browning, to wit ? And yet the present writer is the fortunate possessor of such a series of books which he rescued, not from a catalogue, but from a plebeian “fourpenny” box within a few minutes’ walk of Victoria Station—quite out of the beaten track of the book-hunter. Clearly, then—and a hundred other illustrations in proof of the theory could be given if required—the keenest pleasure of the book-hunting hobby are only obtainable by hunting the stalls, of which there are so many in almost every part of London. The Browning example to which reference has just been made is almost sufficiently unique and interesting to require a whole article to itself, but a small amount of space will perhaps be found sufficient.

The first volume in a chronological sense is a copy of the tenth edition of John Ward’s “The Young Mathematician’s Guide ; being a plain and easy introduction to the mathematics,” published in London in 1758. It is a thick octavo of just 500 pages, and, to the non-mathematic reader, quite heavy enough to satisfy 500 generations of readers. Yet Robert Browning’s grandfather was once the happy possessor of this volume, on the fly-leaf of which we find written in large, bold, and strong characters (to say nothing of flourishes): “Robt. Browning, his book, Sept. 20, 1764.” On the same leaf also we have “Rob Browning” stamped in type characters, evidently of a much later date than the script, which justifies the assumption that the book afterwards became the property of the poet’s father. The original owner of the book came up to London, as is well known, from his father’s place in Dorsetshire, and obtained a clerkship in the Bank of England, where he remained for half a century. He was pensioned off in 1821, and died twelve years later. He resided in Battersea, having married a Creole lady in or about 1780. They had three sons, Robert, William Shergold, and Reuben ; and the last-named brings us to a consideration of what is, perhaps, the most interesting of the four volumes from the “fourpenny” box. It is the collected edition of Serjeant Talfourd’s “Tragedies” in the

original paper covers, published at half a crown by Edward Moxon in 1844. At the top of the front wrapper we have in the poet's bold handwriting, "Reuben Browning, Esq., from R. B." It is a fact pretty well known to the students of Browning that Talfourd was one of the first and most enthusiastic of the few early admirers of the poet's peculiar genius, and when this volume was published "Paracelsus," "Strafford," and "Sordello" had, among other things, been offered to an unappreciative public. But this little "dumpy twelve" possesses an additional interest from the fact that, in the preface, we have Talfourd's admiration expressed in these words: "If the stage, in spite of its emancipation, shall fall to decay, I shall deplore it—if it be only for what we shall lose in him [*i.e.*, R. H. Horne], and in the younger genius of Robert Browning—a genius only yet dimly perceived, but deeply felt, and which requires and deserves the noble discipline of dramatic conditions." Robert Browning was then a young man of thirty-two, and his appreciation of this kindly reference, as well as his natural desire that his uncle should participate in this pleasure, will be readily understood. Truly this little volume is worthy of all the bibliopegistic art and skill of a Zaehnsdorf or a Cobden-Sanderson! The third Browning volume is a copy of the Alliance First Prize Essay (for which 100 guineas was awarded), entitled "An Argument for the Legislative Prohibition of the Liquor Traffic," by Dr. Frederic Richard Lees, 1857. Written on the fly-leaf is: "Presented to Reuben Browning, Esqre., by his sincere well-wisher and most deeply sympathising friend P. H. T. Baume. Chief office, Douglas, Isle of Man." The book is a tremendous indictment of the liquor traffic, perhaps one of the most able ever written, but its appropriateness for presentation purposes is not very clear in the present case. "Uncle Reuben" died in Paris in 1866. The last volume of this quartet is the very unexciting second part of Smith's "Principia Latina," 1875, having on its fly-leaf, and written in a female hand, "Browning, Feb. 29, 1876," and was evidently the property of one of Reuben's grandchildren.

There is not much connection in an ordinary way between the Brownings and that distinguished biographer, Mr. James Boswell; but the bookstaller daily comes across all sorts and conditions of authors lying cheek by jowl. Neither is there any connection between Boswell and Ossian, except that the former and the translator rejoiced in the same Christian name, were both Scotsmen, and frauds in their separate ways. Here, however, is a volume rescued in Holywell Street from a sixpenny box of books, in which the two Scotsmen come together in a curious kind of way. The volume is

Cesarotti's Italian translation of Macpherson's "Ossian," published at Padua in 1763 ("con hienza de' Superiori"), with the following inscription in the handwriting of Dr. Johnson's faithful lackey on the fly-leaf: "James Boswell, from the Translator, near Padua, 1765." Apart from the volume's undoubted literary interest, it is in itself a beautiful book, and from a typographical point of view one of the most creditable ever printed in Padua, the ample margins, widely spaced lines, and the exquisite little vignette on the title-page, and lastly the all but indestructible binding, render it a volume which any book-lover might well be proud to possess. In the hands of the learned Cesarotti, Macpherson's inflated rigmarole almost rises to the dignity of real poetry. The translation is dedicated "All' Alto, Potente, e Nobile Signore il Signor Principe Alessandro Gordon, Duca di Gordon."

My next *trouvaille* possesses also an Italian interest, although it is an English translation of a work in French by M. de Santo-Domingo. This version was published by Thomas Flint, in the Burlington Arcade, in 1826, under the extremely uninviting title of "Roman Tablets," and has now become very scarce. Its real nature is indicated by its sub-title of "Facts, anecdotes, and observations on the manners, customs, ceremonies, and government of Rome," and a more unqualified *exposé* was never penned. So unqualified, indeed, that the author was prosecuted (it is generally supposed) at the solicitation of the Pope's Nuncio at Paris. The work was suppressed and the author both fined and imprisoned. He pleaded his cause in person, and this remarkable defence is added to this edition as an Appendix. That any bookseller who knows his business at all should have flung this most interesting and uncommon book which, properly catalogued, would realise at the very least half a guinea, into a sixpenny heap, is very remarkable, but the ignorance of the trade is the opportunity of the bargain hunter. Its battered boards may have had something to do with this, but its plates, drawn on stone by W. Gratton, ought to have preserved it from such a fate.

From among a much-valued little pile of old horticultural, botanical, and herbal books—chiefly of no interest except to a specialist—I select another recent "find" which has a much more than "special" attraction; it is a modest little volume in old calf, written by Izaak Walton's great friend, Charles Cotton—"cheery Mr. Cotton," as Charles Lamb styles him—"The Planter's Manual: being Instructions for the Raising, Planting, and Cultivating of all sorts of Fruit Trees," 1675, "very useful for such as

are curious" in the subject, according to the author's modest confession on the title-page. It is the original edition of a treatise which, we are told in the preface, "was only written for the private Satisfaction of a very worthy Gentleman." This preface winds up with the following piece of John Bullism: "I cannot conceive but that it is worth the curiosity, pains and cost to furnish ourselves from thence [*i.e.*, France] with those [fruits] of the greater excellency, both for beauty and flavour; nor why we should not as well better ourselves by them this way, as altogether be debauch'd by their effeminate manners, luxurious kickshaws, and fantastick fashions, by which we are already sufficiently Frenchified, and more than in the opinion of the wiser sort of men is consistent either with the constitution, or indeed the honour, of the English Nation." The catalogue at the end of this interesting little book contains a very quaint list of "some books printed for and sold by H. Brome, since the dreadful fire of London in 1675," and among which are enumerated "guides" to eternity and to heaven at the extremely moderate figures of two shillings and tenpence respectively.

But I have exhausted my limits without making much impression on my pile of "finds"—the pleasant reminders of unpremeditated tramps in all sorts of out-of-the-way, and often dirty, byways; for, in the words of Pope—

"I left no calling for this idle trade,
No duty broke."

A Valuable Copy of "Lyrical Poems."

A SINGULARLY interesting and valuable copy of Tennyson's "Lyrical Poems, Selected and Annotated by Francis T. Palgrave" (Macmillan, 1885), has come into the possession of Mr. James Dorman, of Southampton Row, London. It consists of an ordinary large-paper copy of the poems, beautified by the introduction—on title, margins, fly-leaves, and all available blank spaces—of 101 original drawings by Major David Edwin Cronin, an American artist. There are portraits, miniature landscape vignettes, beautiful women, visionary subjects, &c., in pen-and-ink, monotone, and water-colour. Major Cronin's work of this description is well known, and has fetched almost fabulous prices. For one specimen Mr. Astor is said to have paid three thousand dollars; another wealthy American gave fifteen hundred dollars for "Grant's Memoirs" so treated; while the New York Historical Society paid Cronin eight thousand dollars to illustrate his own "Life and Experiences" during the American War. The price asked for the Tennyson is a hundred guineas.



Our Note-Book.

M. LÉON VALLÉE is to be congratulated on the success with which he has undertaken and carried through a very difficult bibliographical task. To give within the limits of 500 odd pages an intelligent *résumé* of all the important works which deal with the history of the Bibliothèque Nationale, needed a technical skill and a universal knowledge to which few men can lay claim. Those who are acquainted with M. Vallée's previous works will not be surprised at the ambitious character of his latest contribution to bibliographical science: neither will they be surprised at its thoroughness. A comprehensive history of the great National Library at Paris has not, so far as we are aware, yet been written, but the task is now rendered comparatively easy, for this "choix de Documents pour Servir à l'histoire de l'Etablissement et ses Collections" deals with every phase in its varied history. Some faint idea of the extent of that history may be gleaned from the fact that it has a continuous record of over five hundred years—a record all but unique in the annals of famous libraries. M. Vallée points out that his book is simply a collection of documents: it reproduces, without either approbation or otherwise, the titles of the works which have appeared from time to time dealing with the National Library. The temptation to traverse many of the obviously false charges and unjust accusations has been successfully resisted by the author, whose position as an official in the establishment would at once render an entry into controversial subjects as contrary to good taste. M. Vallée proposes to publish a second volume dealing with the more ephemeral and less important documents relative to the history

of the Bibliothèque Nationale, such as magazine and other articles which would have to be taken into account by the future historian. The present contribution ought to find a place in every English library, public or private. It is published by M. E. Terquem, 31^{bis}, Boulevard Haussman, Paris.

* * * *

All book-collectors and booksellers will be glad to get the seventh volume of Mr. Slater's *Book Prices Current*, which gives a comprehensive record of the prices at which books have been sold by auction from December, 1892, to November, 1893. Over 7,000 items are enumerated in this volume; no really first-class library has been sold during the past year, and the books themselves are not above the average. Mr. Slater points out that the original editions of Sir Walter Scott's works, if in boards as issued, but not otherwise, are rising rapidly in the market; Dickens, Thackeray, and all books illustrated by such well-known artists as Rowlandson, Alken, Hablôt Browne, and Leech, stand firm, or indeed may be said to be getting more expensive, if only they come up in point of quality and condition to the rather exacting requirements of the collector of such books. Inferior copies are common enough, and excite comparatively little interest.

* * * *

Another point may be here alluded to. Mr. Slater observes: "At one time it seemed likely that a class of books that has only come into prominence during the past twelve months, consisting of strictly limited editions of the works of modern poets and essayists, might be able to compete to some extent with the older collectors' works, now practically unprocurable except at great expense, but this has proved not to be the case." Those who are specially interested in this first and limited edition phase may be glad of a reference to an article in the March number of the *Fortnightly Review*, by the editor of THE BOOKWORM.

* * * *

This is an American view of the Kelmscott Press: What is flamboyantly claimed to be one of the gems of recent æsthetic (?) English typography is an edition of Tennyson's "Maud," printed at the Kelmscott Press with gold ink on vellum leaves. William Morris rushes from one experiment to another in his peculiarly insane crusade against plain black and white page text from modern fonts of light-faced letters, artistic in design, sharply engraved and far

more beautiful and effective than any of his resurrected monstrosities used in futile imitations of antique bookmaking.

* * * *

Bibliographers, who have long wished for some supplement to Hain's "Repertorium Bibliographicum," will be glad to hear that one is at last about to be published. Dr. Copinger has now completed the "Corrections and Additions" on which he has been long engaged, and the first part will be published shortly by Messrs. Sotheran. The whole will consist of four parts, each containing an instalment both of the additional entries and of the corrections and collations.

* * * *

Apropos of the retirement of Mr. Gladstone from the Premiership, the following anecdote will be read with interest: Nothing is more entertaining than to receive from the second-hand booksellers of London accounts of the visits the late Prime Minister has paid at various times to their shops. Occasionally he is observed, especially in the more crowded parts of the town, by men and women in the street, who gather round the entrance of the shop into which he has entered. Before long the crowd grows into a thousand persons or more, so that it is impossible for him to get out at the front door. About four or five years ago he entered a book shop in the Edgware Road, not far from the Edgware Road Underground Station. In a few minutes a dense crowd gathered on the pavement and blocked all egress, interfering with pedestrian traffic, and even interrupting the omnibuses and vehicles in the main street. The three or four policemen near at hand were wholly unable to control the mob and to make a lane through which Mr. Gladstone might pass to a "growler" called for his accommodation. One policeman ran round to the police-station hard by, and returned in half an hour with twenty or thirty constables, who soon managed to secure the Premier's release, after a detention of more than an hour.

* * * *

By an oversight, we omitted to state that the very interesting article in our last issue on "Leigh Hunt and his Books," by Mr. W. Irving Way, was from the *Inland Printer*, an admirably edited typographical journal published at Chicago.

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No. 79.

June,
1894.

The BOOKWORM.



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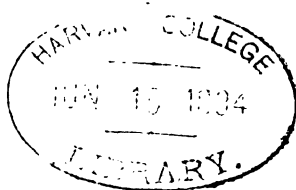
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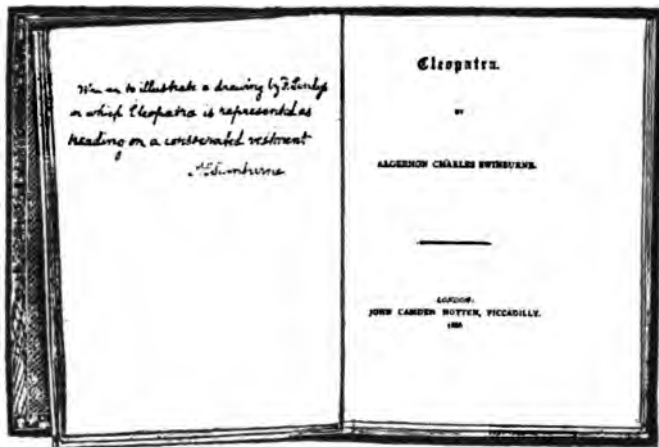
Book Collectors of To-day.

MR. THOMAS J. WISE.

THE North of London will be best remembered by posterity—the posterity, that is, which will build a new city on the ruins which the hypothetical New Zealander is to view from St. Paul's—from three causes: its breezy altitudes, its burglars, and its book-hunters. The breezy heights will still be there, the burglars will be passed into a safe keeping from which the most skilful “jemmies” will not release them, but the book-hunters—where will they be congregating a thousand years hence? We do not care to hazard a guess, unless, in the language of the law reports, “pressed for a reply.” It will perhaps be sufficient to recognise the fact that they are now congregated in and about the North of London, and that, of all the good-natured, extravagant, first-and-no-other-edition hunting men they come quite at the head. It is satisfactory to know from one of the most uncompromising of these hunters that the majority of his *confrères* started book-hunting in a small way, with the Chandos classics and other literary treasures of that type. They have grown wiser as they have grown older, and their tastes have become more exacting as their share of this world's goods have increased. The Chandos classics are no longer the cornerstone of their libraries; the cheap and eminently unsatisfactory editions of great writers have in all probability been carted off to be sold by the bushel at Hodgson's; their place is now occupied by extensive arrays of first editions, uncut copies, unique examples, autograph presentation volumes, and all the other attributes upon which a collector insists before a book is permitted a place on his valuable shelves.

One sometimes wonders, even amid the high pressure of the life of to-day, as to what has become of the companions of one's youth, just as thoughts of the favourite books of early life constantly force themselves on us when we have contracted book-friendships. But with books as with men, they change, and we too develop other tastes. But however much we may change, a love for books, once contracted, never loses its subtlety.

We are, however, wandering somewhat from the point at which we started. Of all the book-hunters of the Northern Heights of London, perhaps Mr. T. J. Wise, of Ashley Road, has quite the finest and most choice collection of books by modern authors. It would be difficult indeed to mention any modern author whose work is real literature, who does not come within Mr.



Wise's grip, so to speak. Not satisfied with the first editions of any particular author's principal works, Mr. Wise aims at securing the earliest impression of everything, pamphlet and book, which that particular author wrote. Here, for example, we find practically everything which Matthew Arnold, Blake, Robert Browning and his wife, Lord Byron, Coleridge, Shelley, George Eliot, Leigh Hunt, Charles Lamb, Walter Savage Landor, George Meredith, William Morris, John Ruskin, A. C. Swinburne, Tennyson, and Wordsworth—to mention only a few of the more important names—ever wrote. A few exceptions occur in one or two instances, but they are too trivial to call for special mention.

In connection with Shelley, Mr. Wise has a collection of nearly four hundred books and pamphlets either by or concerning this

fascinating personality. Many of these items are so excessively scarce that they may now be regarded as quite unprocurable, so that it will be useless for any future collector to try and compete with Mr. Wise's choice and extensive series of beautifully bound volumes. We believe that there is only another collection in existence—that of Mr. H. Buxton Forman—which can claim to be as exhaustive as Mr. Wise's. We have here, for example, a copy of "A Vindication of Natural Diet," published at eighteenpence in 1813, by Smith and Davy, of Queen Street, Seven Dials, of which only two perfect and one imperfect copies are known; this little pamphlet of forty-three pages is now valued, when complete and in the original wrappers, at the trifle of £50 or £60. The first issue of "Queen Mab," issued in the same year, is valued at thirty guineas, but as it extends to 240



pages, one gets more in quantity for one's money. "A Refutation of Deism in a Dialogue," 1814, is another of Mr. Wise's rare Shellyana, and is excessively rare; the only copy (a poor and damaged one) ever sold by auction occurred at Sotheby's in 1891, and fetched £33—it was purchased by Messrs. Pearson, whose commission was said to be £70! Mr. Wise not only possesses one of four known copies of "A Proposal for Putting Reform to the Vote throughout the Kingdom" [By the Hermit of Marlow], 1817, now valued at about £30, but he is the fortunate owner also of two other pamphlets by Shelley almost as rare; these are "An Address to the Irish People," printed at Dublin in 1812, and the "Epipsychidion," of which only one hundred copies were struck off in 1821. This latter

book, by the way, was formerly the property of Leigh Hunt. "Œdipus Tyrannus; or, Swellfoot the Tyrant," 1820, is another excessively rare pamphlet, for which 60 guineas were paid last year, and of which only five are known, and one of these (Trelawny's own copy) is among Mr. Wise's most valued rarities, and the same may be said in connection with "Adonais," 1821, which is said to be worth, when in first-rate condition, almost as much as the "Œdipus Tyrannus." Mr. Wise's "Adonais" is quite clean and fresh in the original blue wrappers, and has upon its fly-leaf a presentation inscription to Thomas Love Peacock in Shelley's own hand. He is the fortunate possessor of the only complete MS. of one of Shelley's poetical books in existence, namely, that of "The Masque of Anarchy."

With Byron, as with Shelley, Mr. Wise is nothing if not complete. In fact he has everything of Byron's with the single exception of "The Curse of Minerva," 1812, which is one of the scarcest pamphlets in the English language, its auction value being almost £100. Equally valuable, but not quite so scarce, is "Poems on Various Occasions," 1807, and of which a certain bookseller lately catalogued a fine copy in the original boards at £100—and had three orders for it! Of this Mr. Wise has a fine copy. Neither of these contained the name of the author on the title-page, and it may be accepted as a generally good guide that Byron's books published *with* his name are common, and those *without* it rare. This will call to mind one of the most famous of all the rare Byrons, namely, "The Waltz: an Apostrophic Hymn. By Horace Hornem, Esq.," 1813. It was published at three shillings, and now realises anything from £75 to £80 in the auction, and is therefore not an article within the reach of every collector.

For many years Mr. Wise has been an enthusiastic and unremitting collector of the first editions of both Mr. and Mrs. Browning. The rarest of Mrs. Browning's work is unquestionably the "Battle of Marathon," which her father published for her in 1820, when she was a schoolgirl of twelve; this little book was privately printed by W. Lindsell, of 87, Wimpole Street, and consists of seventy-two pages octavo. The authoress dedicated the poem to her father, and in the preface which follows she remarks that "a female may drive her Pegasus through the realms of Parnassus without being abused in the Review or criticised in Society: how justly, then, may a child hope to pass unheeded," Only four copies of this publication, which possesses a literary interest rather than any literary merit, and the last example that turned up for sale was a "cut" one, but it fetched

£50. Another excessively rare book of this poetess is the translation of "Prometheus Bound," 1833, which was originally published at three shillings, now sells readily, if in good condition, at £20; it was rigidly suppressed, and copies destroyed wherever possible. A third Browning rarity is a copy of the "Sonnets from the Portuguese," in their earliest form. This little volume of 47 pages was privately printed at Reading in 1847, by Miss Mitford, to whom the manuscript had been entrusted by Mrs. Browning. The book is entitled "Sonnets" only, as it was not until they were afterwards revised for publication that they were put forth as professedly translations from the Portuguese. Mr. Wise boasts of possessing first-rate copies of each of these, as of also one of eight copies of Robert Browning's "Pauline: a Fragment of a Confession," 1833, which was written by the poet in his twenty-first year. A good copy would realise nearly £100; it is worth noting that Mr. Wise's extraordinary close reprint of this scarce book has been passed off, after a little doctoring, as a copy of the genuine original! Another rarity may be here mentioned: "Bells and Pomegranates," published in eight separate parts at irregular intervals from 1841 to 1846, is very rare with all the parts in the first edition, and would realise from £10 to £16. Nearly every bound-up copy known has the sixth part in *second* edition, a fact which at once brings the value of the book to half the above amounts.

Mr. Wise's collection of Ruskiniana is of exceptional interest, and in some points may be regarded as unique. When it is stated that he has "everything of Ruskin," even then few people, except those actually conversant with the bibliography of this great master of prose, will realise how extensive or how expensive is this branch of modern first-edition collecting. Mr. Slater, in his "Early Editions," enumerates and describes forty-seven items which no self-respecting collector could do without. But Mr. Wise can show more than a dozen other items, printed for the most part in extremely limited numbers, to purchase which an outlay of over £160 would be necessary. They are not, it is true, of first literary importance, but they have to be considered by every collector who aims at completeness. The most covetable of all the Ruskiniana is the "Poems" by "J. R.," 1850, and of this Mr. Wise possesses the finest copy known; it is quite uncut, and measures $7\frac{1}{2}$ in. by $4\frac{1}{4}$ in. Only fifty copies were printed at the time, and very many of these have probably ceased to exist. The copy in the "John Rylands" Library at Manchester cost fifty guineas, but four of its pages are in facsimile. Ten years ago a copy, bearing Mr. Ruskin's autograph, was sold in Edinburgh for

£70, and its present value would certainly not fall much short of that sum. The next great Ruskin rarity is "The Scythian Guest," privately printed in 1849, and for a copy of which forty guineas were paid in 1892—this copy is now in the "John Rylands" Library. This poem originally appeared in "Friendship's Offering," and was afterwards included in the "Poems" of 1850, and again in the "Poems" of 1891, but a considerable portion of the preface has never been reprinted. Yet another great rarity, "The Queen's Gardens," 1864, a lecture delivered at the Town Hall, Manchester, in December 14, 1864, and published at a shilling, may be mentioned, for it is now worth about £17: it has an interest apart from its mere commercial value, inasmuch as the text varies considerably from that contained in "Sesame and Lilies" (where it was reproduced under the title "Of Queens' Gardens").

Of Mr. Swinburne's writings, also, Mr. Wise's collection is not only complete, but full of items which possess extraneous interest and value of one kind or another. Here, for example, is a copy of quite the rarest of Mr. Swinburne's pamphlets and books—"Laus Veneris," 1866, with the author's autograph on the reverse of the half-title facing the title-page. This little pamphlet was never published, but a few copies were printed for distribution amongst the author's private friends—and Mr. Swinburne himself has stated that it was issued merely as an experiment to ascertain the public taste. This little book is worth about £30, and is difficult to procure even at that. Another pamphlet of unique interest is "Cleopatra," 1866, Mr. Wise's copy of which contains on the reverse of the half-title a signed autograph inscription in the poet's handwriting to the effect that the poem was "written to illustrate a drawing by F. Sandys, in which Cleopatra is represented as treading on a consecrated vestment. A. C. Swinburne." The copy of "An Appeal to England Against the Execution of the Condemned Fenians," 1867, is also what the Americans would call "autographic." The one of four known copies of "Siena," which first appeared in *Lippincott's Magazine*, June, 1868, is not "autographic," but it contains an interesting autograph letter from Mr. Swinburne to Mr. Wise concerning the poem, of which there are two issues, one the semi-private pamphlet, and the other the published edition of Hotten: the two issues are liable to be confused, but the published, and of course less valuable edition, is printed on thinner and smoother paper than the other, whilst the wrapper also is thinner, and much brighter in colour. The value of the published issue is as high as £5; no copy of the privately printed edition has occurred for sale for many years, indeed only a single example has ever made

its appearance in the auction room. If one were to occur for sale, it would certainly bring £20.

Charles Dickens is another modern author of whose works Mr. Wise possesses practically a complete set. He has also an all but complete set of the first editions of Tennyson—the two exceptions, in fact, being “*The Lover’s Tale*,” 1833, one of the scarcest of Tennyson’s works, and valued at from £40 to £60, and “*The Victim*,” 1867, and was privately printed by Sir J. and Miss Guest. Doubtless in time these two unimportant lacunæ will be supplied, for Mr. Wise is not a young man in a hurry. Among the Tennyson volumes may be mentioned “*The Window*,” 4to, privately printed at Canford Manor in 1867, of which only two other *uncut* copies are known; and “*Idylls of the Hearth*,” 1864. This latter is the earlier and suppressed form of the volume afterwards issued as “*Enoch Arden, and Other Poems*.” Of Matthew Arnold’s works, Mr. Wise has not only a complete but an exceedingly interesting series. Of “*Alaric at Rome*,” 1840, for instance, there are only four copies known; this is a little pamphlet of eleven pages, consisting of a prize poem recited in Rugby School in June, 1840, and for which a bookseller lately asked £60.

Mr. Wise’s library includes several either unique or very nearly unique books or pamphlets by Walter Savage Landor, at the head of which comes the copy of “*Simonidea*,” 1806, of which only three copies are known, the other two being in the British Museum and Forster Library at South Kensington respectively. Mr. Wise’s copy has inside the front cover the following inscription in Landor’s handwriting: “Decr. 31st, 1807. From the author to F. Maynard.” The “F. Maynard” was Miss Fraser Maynard, a lady who resided at Bath—where the book was printed—in 1807, and who affected to keep literary society there. There are also first editions, uncut, and in the original wrappers, of “*A Satire on Satirists*,” 1836; “*Popery: British and Foreign*,” 1851; “*Letters of an American, mainly on Russia and Revolution*,” 1854; and “*Anthony and Octavius*,” 1856, not to mention many others of equally great interest and importance. Of Leigh Hunt’s works, Mr. Wise possesses a copy of the very rare “*Christianisms*,” 1832; and also a first edition of the greatest of all De Quincey’s works, “*The Opium Eater*.”

But it would be impossible within our limits to give an exhaustive account of Mr. Wise’s rarities. In the present article we have preferred to confine ourselves to a few notes on what Mr. Wise very properly regards as the bulwarks of his exceptionally fine library,

namely, the first editions of modern authors. He has also, however, many interesting first editions of the Elizabethan and Restoration dramatists, a description of which alone might very well occupy an entire article. He has, for example, first editions of Addison's "Rosamund," 1707; of George Chapman's "Al Fooles: a Comedy," 1605—one of the rarest of all quarto editions of Chapman's plays; Chapman and Shirley's "Chabot, Admiral of France," 1639; John Gay's "Trivia: or the Art of Walking the Streets of London," 1712; Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield," 1776, "Good Natur'd Man," 1768, "The Deserted Village," 1770 (an unusually large and unwashed copy), "Retaliation," 1774, and "She Stoops to Conquer," 1773; Dr. Johnson's "Irene," 1749; Pope's "The Temple of Fame," 1715; Swift's "Gulliver's Travels," 1726; and many others that might be mentioned.

We have left ourselves no room to speak of Mr. Wise's numerous manuscripts, to which we shall refer at length on some future occasion.

W. R.





The Augsburg Printers of the Fifteenth Century.

AT the last meeting of the Bibliographical Society, Mr. S. J. Aldrich, of the British Museum, read an exceedingly interesting and exhaustive paper on the above subject. After an enumeration of the twenty-four printers who worked in Augsburg during the fifteenth century, Mr. Aldrich gave a brief account of each of them in succession. Günther Zainer, of Reutlingen, was the earliest printer at Augsburg. His first dated book was the "*Meditationes Vitæ domini Nostri Jesu Christi*," printed in March, 1468. In 1471, in "*Die Lieben Der Heyligen*," he for the first time used illustrations, thus occasioning the well-known quarrel with the wood-engravers. Zainer's name does not occur in any book after 1475; according to Zapf, he died at the monastery of Buxheim in 1478. He used in all four types—two in Gothic letter, the first of which in 1470 passed into the hands of Schüzler, one in semi-Gothic, and one in Roman letter. Placidus Braun ascribes to Zainer a fifth resembling No. 2, but this was used by Wiener, and its connection with Zainer is not apparent.

Hans Schüzler, a native of Augsburg, printed for only three years, his first book being the "*Expositio Psalterii*" of Turrecremata, dated June 28, 1470. His books are uniformly without illustrations. Melchior de Stanheim, the Abbot of SS. Ulric and Afra, printed with types borrowed from Schüzler and Sorg. One of his books was the "*Speculum Historiale*" of Vincent de Beauvais, in 3 vols. Hans Bämler, who from 1472 to 1495 may be called the "people's printer" at Augsburg, had previously been an illuminator, his name appearing in the tax-books as early as 1465. As a young man he had been at Rome in the Jubilee Year 1450, and in the "*Cronica*

von allen Kaysern uñ Künigen" describes the crush on the bridge over the Tiber. In 1479 Bämle printed a "Quadragesimale" in Zainer's semi-Gothic type. His own types were not of such a set style as Zainer's, having a much more cursive character.

Hans Wiener, of Vienna, printed from 1475 to 1479 in a bold Gothic type. The name of Jodocus Pflanzmann appears in the tax-books from 1470 to 1497. He was an advocate in the Imperial Court and a man of learning. To him we owe the first illustrated German Bible, which appeared, however, without his name and undated. Anton Sorg, a native of Augsburg, was a prolific printer from 1475 to 1493, his first book being probably the "Summa Collectionum" of Joannes Galliensis. In 1483 appeared Sorg's masterpiece, "Das Concilium Buch geschehen zu Costencz," with 44 illustrations and 1,156 woodcut coats-of-arms. The last book Sorg printed was the "Nachfolgung Christi," dated December 9, 1473. One Meister Joszhard printed an ephemeris with his types.

Ludwig Hohenwang, of Elchingen, has commonly been regarded as an Ulm printer, and identified with a Ludwig who printed a block-book at that town. Hassler has assigned to him a number of books which are, however, in the type used by Conrad Mancz at Blaubirer, a little town not far from Ulm. Hohenwang's name is found in a "Summa Hostiensis" of Hugo de Bartholomæis, and this is printed in the same type as the "Guldin Bibel" of Rampigollis, which is stated in its unevenly printed colophon to have been printed at Augsburg.

Hans Keller in 1478 printed an edition of Brock's "Vocabularius." Hans Blaubirer (1478-83) issued in 1481 a German "Kalender" with small woodcuts. Ambrose Keller (1479-86) printed the "Ysa-goge" of Porphyry (1477) with fine capitals. The type is the same as Zainer's second fount. Hermann Kaestlin (1481-5) used the same type and printed illustrated books. The type was used again by Heyny (1481-2), whose "Manipulus Curatorum" has the misprint "1471" for "1481." Hans Froschauer (1481-1507) was one of the few Augsburg printers who used a device (a saint holding an apple and a branch of oak). Hans Schönsperger the elder (1481-1523) was a prolific printer of illustrated books. Among them may be mentioned the German Bible of 1478, with engravings signed H.D., a "Mandeville" (1482), the "Narrenschiff" (1478), and several romances and volumes of stories. His best-known book, the "Theuerdanck," appeared in 1517 at Nuremberg. In 1481-2 a Thomas Rüger was printing at Augsburg in conjunction with Schönsperger, and in 1484 an Anna Rügerin, probably his

widow, printed a "Sachsenspiegel" and "Formulare," both without cuts. Hans Schobsser (1485-1500) began his career by an edition of "Æsop" (July 20, 1485), and thereafter printed many illustrated books, notably a "Gaistliche usslegung des lebēs Jhesu Cristi." Peter Berger (1486-9) also printed illustrated books, but mostly copied the cuts of other firms. Of Erhard Ratdolt, as a printer at Venice, we have already heard this session. After his return to Augsburg in 1486, he printed many mathematical and liturgical works. One of the most remarkable of his books was the "Serenissimæ hungariæ regum chronica," by Joannes de Thwroc, printed in 1488. Hans Schaur (1492-7) printed several illustrated books, notably an edition in 1475 of "Das Buch des Ritter von Thurn." Christoffel Schnatliter (1493) and Lucas Zeissenmeyer (1494-1500), two printers of slight importance, complete the list of the fifteenth century printers at Augsburg, whose work will always claim attention for the clearness of their types, profuseness of illustration, and the large number of works printed in the vernacular. Mr. Aldrich's paper elicited a discussion of unusual interest.

The Gospel-Book of St. Margaret.

THE Marquis of Bute, who is well known for his antiquarian tastes, is about to defray the cost of reproducing a facsimile of one of the treasures of the Bodleian—namely, the beautifully illuminated manuscript known as the Gospel-Book of St. Margaret of Scotland, the Queen of Malcolm Canmore. The manuscript, whose early history is alluded to by Turgot and by Simeon of Durham, dates from before 1093.

Ballade of Old Authors.

OF making books there is no end,
 So spake the preacher long ago ;
 And we who to some lore pretend
 For gospel truth the saying know.
 For year by year with ceaseless flow
 Come streams of books both bad and good.
 We turn them over, glance—but no,
 Not here we find beatitude.

For us let Izaak still commend
 His gentle art to high and low ;
 Let valiant Jeremy defend
 His creed against the Roundhead foe.
 Let glorious Ben with dry *bon-mot*
 Portray man's every thought and mood,
 And dames of flounce and furbelow ;—
 'Tis here we find beatitude.

When lamps in winter season lend
 To study walls a cheerful glow,
 Then let our Shakespeare condescend
 Fair women and brave men to show.
 And while we smirk with fop and beau,
 Or laugh with wits in brotherhood,
 Or rhyme with Villon and Marot,—
 'Tis then we find beatitude.

ENVOY.

Prince, all our later books are *slow*,
 Their humour slight, their fancies rude.
 To volumes old for pleasure go ;
 'Tis there you find beatitude.

JOHN BUCHAN.



The Shakespeare Memorial Library.

THE above library at Birmingham, founded on April 23, 1864, the tercentenary of Shakespeare's birth, and opened on April 23, 1868, is in an exceedingly prosperous condition. In spite of the fact that it was destroyed by fire in 1879 (it was reopened in June, 1882), it now contains 9,312 volumes, classified as follows :—

	Editions.	Vols.	Total.
English Editions or Selections of Shakespeare's Works ...	492	2344	
English Separate Plays and Poems... ..		1170	
English Shakespeariana		2358.....	5872
French Editions or Selections of Shakespeare's Works ...	30	153	
French Separate Plays and Poems		205	
French Shakespeariana		197.....	555
German Editions or Selections of Shakespeare's Works...	93	664	
German Separate Plays and Poems		461	
German Shakespeariana		1136.....	2261
Bohemian Edition of Shakespeare's Works	1	9	
Bohemian Separate Plays		5	
Bohemian Shakespeariana		8.....	22
Croatian Separate Plays		2.....	2
Danish Editions of Shakespeare's Works	2	19	
Danish Separate Plays		13	
Danish Shakespeariana		4.....	36
Dutch Editions of Shakespeare's Works	2	12	
Dutch Separate Plays		47	
Dutch Shakespeariana		43.....	102
Finnic Separate Plays		7	
Finnic Shakespeariana		1.....	8
Flemish Separate Play		1.....	1
Frisian Selection and Play		2.....	2
Greek Separate Plays		16.....	16

	Editions.	Vols.	Total.
Hebrew Separate Plays		2.....	2
Hungarian Edition and Selection of Shakespeare's Works	2	20	
Hungarian Separate Plays		14	
Hungarian Shakespeariana		12.....	46
Icelandic Separate Plays		5	
Icelandic Shakespeariana		1.....	6
Indian (Bengali) Separate Plays		2.....	2
Italian Editions or Selections of Shakespeare's Works ...	8	38	
Italian Separate Plays		88	
Italian Shakespeariana		50.....	176
Latin Separate Plays		3	
Latin Shakespeariana		1.....	4
Norwegian Separate Plays		5.....	5
Polish Editions of Shakespeare's Works	5	14	
Polish Separate Plays		10.....	24
Portuguese Separate Plays		7.....	7
Roumanian Separate Plays		3.....	3
Russian Edition of Shakespeare's Works... ..	4	16	
Russian Separate Plays		42	
Russian Shakespeariana		8.....	66
Serbian Separate Play		1.....	1
Spanish Editions or Selection of Shakespeare's Works ...	5	12	
Spanish Separate Plays		17	
Spanish Shakespeariana		4.....	33
Swedish Editions of Shakespeare's Works	4	30	
Swedish Separate Plays		14	
Swedish Shakespeariana		12.....	56
Ukraine Edition of Shakespeare's Works	1	1.....	1
Wallachian Separate Play		1.....	1
Welsh Separate Plays		2.....	2



The Convict Historian.

IN the collection of an old bookseller, I found the other day a quaint, diminutive, and well-worn volume, yellowed with age, and with leaves fragile from mildew, which bore the title "A History of New South Wales." Its author was George Barrington, officer to the Crown, and the history of George Barrington was given in old-fashioned style in the introduction to the book, which, by the bye, bore the date 1808. If ever there was a romance of crime, that history embodied it.

George Barrington, whose real name was Henry Waldron, was the son of a Maynooth silversmith by a pretty mantuamaker and midwife. He was born in 1755. In a quarrel with a fellow scholar at a Dublin grammar school, young Waldron was worsted. In revenge he stabbed his opponent and would have murdered him if he had not been prevented. He was so furiously flogged for this performance that he eloped from school in disgust. To provide himself with funds he stole his preceptor's money to the tune of ten or twelve pounds and the watch of the preceptor's sister. He absconded in the middle of a May night and went at once to Drogheda.

At an inn there he fell in with a company of strolling players under the management of one John Price. Price took a fancy to and engaged him. At his manager's suggestion, he adopted the name of George Barrington, because it read better on the play bills. Under this title he made his first appearance on any stage, as *Jaffier*, in "Venice Preserved," in a barn in the Drogheda suburbs, to a crowded audience. The *début* was a success, and pawning

the stolen watch to pay expenses, young Barrington, as we may hereafter call him, set out with the company for Londonderry.

Price, the manager of the company, was a thoroughfaced scoundrel. His young acquisition had confided the particulars of his flight to him, and the master of the strollers saw a bright vision of prospective profit in him. He, in the first place, brought him into tender connection with a female member of the company who called herself Miss Egerton, and when he had him completely enamoured of that fascinating, but by no means over-scrupulous siren, proposed to him to share the management of the troupe. Barrington did what any boy would have done under the circumstances—he complied. This was the real manager's first step in an artful scheme.

It was not long before Price found it expedient to insinuate to Barrington that a young man of his address might easily introduce himself into public places, and that he might find opportunities of picking pockets unnoticed, and of escaping undetected, more especially at that particular time when the fair was being held. The idea pleased our adventurer, and was carried into execution the very next day with great success. The acquisition amounted to about £190 in Irish currency; but several gentlemen having been robbed, the town took the alarm, so that the thieves and their company removed to Ballyshannon. Here Barrington spent the autumn and the winter of the year 1771, playing on Tuesdays and Saturdays and picking pockets with John Price every day in the week, whenever opportunity offered. From Ballyshannon, having left the company of his friend Price, he moved to the southward with his faithful Miss Egerton, until, in crossing the river Boyne, she was drowned.

Barrington now hastened to Limerick. The company in the meantime had gone the way of all travelling companies, and the leading pickpocket of it found his partner in Cork, dead broke. They formulated a scheme by which Barrington was to pass for a young gentleman of fortune, while his pal was to play servant.

The plot worked to a charm. They had money enough to purchase horses and an outfit, and Barrington's plausible address did the rest. Operating among the very best class of the extravagant gentry of the time, they became familiar and popular figures in the first society of Ireland, and at the end of 1772 had amassed a capital of over a thousand pounds.

On this they settled in Cork, where Price was detected red-handed in a foray on some one's pocket, arrested and sentenced to

seven years' transportation. Barrington escaped to Dublin, where he lived quietly until the place became too hot for him. Then he got passage in Sir Alexander Schomberg's yacht to England. It must be kept in mind that this thief was to all outward appearances a very fine gentleman indeed. He moved in the best society. Among his fellow-passengers on his friend's yacht was no less a personage than the Duke of Leinster.

A more profitable acquaintance to Barrington, however, was a young captain in the army, who took quite a fancy to him. The adventurer cultivated the connection, and the pair became bosom friends. They led a wild life in London till the bogus nobleman's funds ran low, and he went to work again. He picked pockets right and left, even dipping into his friend the Duke of Leinster's unsuspected. On one occasion while the duke was treating him and some friends to a dinner at Ranleigh, he actually emptied the pockets of the whole company. Unfortunately for him, another pickpocket who had his eyes on the same game detected him in the act. This fellow demanded a share of the spoil, and Barrington, to save himself, surrendered it. To keep his rival in good humour he consented to divide with him, and over the dinner they sealed a compact of partnership.

The connection proved a success. Barrington's partner introduced him to the "fences" of London, and the pair kept their hands full of one sort of plunder or another. They robbed right royally among people of the most exalted standing, without a shadow of suspicion falling on them.

In the summer of 1775 Barrington visited Brighton, where he met the Duke of Ancaster, who received him as a gentleman of fortune and noble family. This opened up to him a royal array of victims. It made him acquainted everywhere, and brought him in contact with the most fashionable circles. With the freedom of access to the select assemblages this gave him, he spent the day at court on the anniversary of the Queen's birth, when he not only contrived to pick the pockets of the company, but what was a much more novel attempt, to cut off the diamond orders of some of the Knights of the Garter, Bath, and Thistle, who on such days usually wore the richly jewelled collars of their respective orders. In this enterprise he succeeded beyond his most sanguine expectations, for he deprived a nobleman of his diamond order and got away from the palace without suspicion. This being an article of too much value to dispose of in England he sold it to a Dutch Jew.

The Russian Prince Orloff paid his first visit to England in 1775.

The high degree of estimation in which that nobleman was held by the Empress Catherine, had heaped upon him her distinguishing favours. She had expressed her approbation of his merits by presenting him with a gold snuff-box, set with brilliants, generally supposed to be worth £30,000. This trophy caught the eye of Barrington. One night, at Covent Garden Theatre, he managed to get it out of its owner's pocket, but the prince detected him in the act, and he was for the first time arrested.

He was taken before the terror of all thieves of the time, Judge Sir John Fielding. But he told such a pitiful and plausible story that the judge was hoodwinked, and the prince declined to prosecute him. He was released, but the affair had ruined him socially. The society he had had the *entrée* to closed its doors on him, and he sank rapidly to the level of a common thief.

He was arrested over and over again, until, in 1777, he was detected in picking the pocket of a woman at Drury Lane Theatre, for which he was sentenced to three years' hard labour on board of the hulks at Woolwich. In six months after his liberation he was detected in picking pockets at St. Sepulchre's Church, during service, and being convicted, he was a second time sentenced to hard labour on board the hulks for five years.

Failing to effect his escape, he attempted to stab himself in the breast with a pen-knife ; but he continued to linger in his wretchedness till a gentleman who visited the hulks secured his release, and generously supplied him with money to defray the expense of his removal to Ireland, where he persisted in stating he had relatives of credit and character.

He was apprehended in Dublin for picking the pockets of an Irish nobleman of a gold watch and money at one of the theatres. He escaped conviction for this offence, but he had to leave Ireland. He made a foray into Scotland, but found such small booty that he was glad enough to get back to England again. There he worked at his nefarious trade until he became the plague of the London theatres, was apprehended and sent to Newgate. Want of evidence cleared him temporarily, and he served short sentences. The law had its quibbles then as now, and he was never without money enough to hire a disciple of Blackstone to expound them in his behalf. He had a way, too, of arguing his own cases, and being an excellent rhetorician, often proved that the man who was his own lawyer doesn't always have a fool for a client.

Finally, however, he was "copped dead to rights," as one of his modern fellows would put it, and sentenced to seven years' trans-

portation to the Australian penal settlements. During his voyage to Port Jackson, in 1791, he rendered great service on the convict ship by assisting in the quelling of a mutiny. His reward was a ticket of leave as soon as the colony was reached. He proved so honest and zealous as a convict prisoner overseer that he was advanced to higher posts until he was given a government grant of land on the Paramatta river, the stream where Trickett and other Australian oarsmen made their records long after he was dead and forgotten. He retained a position as convict overseer until his death, in 1811. His ticket-of-leave expired, and he found himself a rich and free man, but he declined to return to Europe. There he had been a common malefactor. In Australia he was a potentate in a small way.

So he remained, a potentate to the end. All that is known of him to-day is told in the *Newgate calendar*, and in the history of the colony which he compiled, neither of which any one reads any more. Charles Reade is said to have drawn the original inception of his famous story, "*It is Never too Late to Mend*," from that of the convict historian.

THE BOOKHUNTER.

Fifty American Bibliographies.

M R. DEWITT MILLER, of Philadelphia, and two other book-lovers are compiling a book to be called "*Fifty American Bibliographies*." The volume will aim at giving with the utmost accuracy complete lists of the works—including those little known—of the selected authors, besides information of other than bibliographical interest. The book is to be printed either at the De Vinné or the Chiswick Press.



An Australian Library. .

THE announcement that the collection of rare and valuable books on the history and literature of the Australian colonies, from the earliest time to the present, formed by Mr. J. Henniker Heaton, M.P., is to come under the hammer at Sotheby's at the end of next month will cause much regret. The library is unique in several respects, and the formation of such another is now practically impossible. Not that the books are so very rare, or so very valuable from a strictly commercial point of view, for the net result of the three days' sale of 824 lots will probably offer but little in the way of sensationalism. The pity is that such an exceedingly interesting collection should be allowed to come under the hammer, inasmuch as their proper and fitting place is some public institution in one of the larger towns or cities of Australia. The library is of an essentially special character, and, like all similar collections, its literary interest and relative importance are only great so long as it is intact. Even with the acute depression which now prevails throughout Australia, it is highly probable that this library would have realised much better results if sold in Melbourne or Sydney. But destiny, or convenience, has ruled otherwise.

Among the unpublished manuscripts (which are perhaps the more important portion of this library) we may mention one of great interest and value for the history of the colony, viz., "The Journal of Transactions on Norfolk Island and in New South Wales Generally, with copies of all Correspondence, List of Settlers, &c.,

1791-1794," by Philip Gidley King, Lieut.-Governor, and divided into six quarto volumes. Next to this lot comes the autograph manuscript Journal of Sir Joseph Banks's "*Voyage in the Endeavour*" with Capt. Cook, in two quarto volumes, 1770. A third lot comprises, *inter alia*, twenty letters of Capt. W. Bligh, commander of the *Bounty*, to Sir Joseph Banks, 1787-8; and a fourth, a series of fourteen autograph letters addressed to Sir Joseph Banks by Arthur Phillip, Governor of Botany Bay, giving full accounts of the colony, and especially of its natural products—this interesting and valuable collection written between 1787 and 1790, mostly dated from Sydney.

In addition to what is probably correctly termed "the largest collection of scarce pamphlets and newspapers about Australia" ever privately got together, we may mention a few of the more striking books in this library. First of all, the "Australian poets" are "lumped" together like so many red herrings, in nineteen lots representing 112 different publications: of these we need only incidentally mention J. Knox's "Poetic Trifles," Hobart Town, 1838, the first volume of verse published in Tasmania, dedicated to Sir John Franklin, and Dr. J. Dunmore Lang's "Aurora Australis, or Specimens of Sacred Poetry for the Colonists of Australia," Sydney, 1826—and both now very scarce. Several of the entries relate to George Barrington, the superintendent of the convicts at Paramatta; but quite the most curious item is a chap-book edition of this worthy's "Voyage to New South Wales," "printed by A. Swindles, Hanging Bridge, Manchester," but without date. The very interesting copy of the *Atlas*, a Sydney weekly journal, 1844-1848, edited by Robert Lowe, afterwards Lord Sherbrooke, has the initials of the writers appended to the leading articles. The rarest book in the whole collection is that catalogued under the heading of Capt. Pedro Fernandez de Quir: "Relacion De Un Memorial a Su Magestad Sobre La Poblacion y Descubrimiento De La Quarta Parte Del Mundo Austrialie Incognita," &c., a four-leaved quarto pamphlet issued at Pamplona, 1610, and containing the first account of the discovery of Australia; Mr. Henniker Heaton states that this is the only copy in existence. Extremely rare also is the first French translation of this pamphlet which appeared in Paris in 1617, of which also a copy here occurs, as also does an example of the first English translation which likewise appeared in 1617. Another great rarity is the "New South Wales Calendar and General Post Office Directory for 1832," Sydney, which is interesting from the fact that it is the earliest Directory and Road Book of the colony.

Although, as we have already indicated, we should prefer this very fine collection to be transferred *en bloc* to some public institution in the colony, we trust that, failing this, the choicer rarities will find a permanent abiding place in the British Museum.

[Since the above article was written, Mr. Henniker Heaton has, we are glad to say, decided not to sell his library.—ED. BOOKWORM.]

The Library Association and Sunday Opening.

A SPECIAL meeting of the Library Association of the United Kingdom was recently held at 20, Hanover Square, to consider a request from the National Sunday League and the Sunday Society to join with them and other bodies in asking the Government to open national libraries and museums on Sundays. Mr. H. R. Tedder presided. The hon. secretary, Mr. J. Y. D. MacAlister, read the letter that had been received from two Sunday societies containing the request in question. Mr. Herbert Jones, librarian of the Kensington Free Public Library, said he was not opposed to Sunday opening, but whatever might be said in its favour should be kept distinctly apart from the action of this association. He moved "That no action be taken by the Library Association with regard to the letter which had been read." Mr. Humphrey supported. In answer to a member, the secretary said that he had also received representations from the Lord's Day of Rest Association. Mr. Gilbey supported the resolution. Mr. MacAlister moved, as an amendment, "That in the opinion of this meeting the question of the opening of libraries and museums on Sundays does not fall within the objects of the association, and therefore it respectfully declines to express an opinion on the subject." Mr. Darby seconded. The amendment was accepted by Mr. Jones and Mr. Humphrey, and carried *nem. con.* It was agreed that copies of the resolution should be sent to the Sunday Society, the National Sunday League, and the Lord's Day of Rest Association.



Books with Paintings on the Fore-edges.

THE following series of books with paintings on the fore-edges, by Edwards of Halifax and others, occurred for sale at Sothebys last month. All were with gilt edges.

Book of Common Prayer, vellum, inlaid and gilt to an Etruscan pattern, painting on fore-edges, in a case. Oxford, 1703, £5.

Book of Common Prayer, vellum, inlaid and gilt to an Etruscan pattern, charming view of Bamsted Church, painted on fore-edges, in a case. Paris, 1791, £7 15s.

Lord Byron, "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage," dark-blue morocco, charming view of a Greek Temple, &c., painted on fore-edges. 1812, £6 5s.

T. Campbell, "Pleasures of Hope," dark-blue morocco extra, pretty view of Eton College on fore-edges. 1825, £7 15s.

"Catalogue of the Liverpool Library at the Lyceum," dark-green morocco super extra, doublé, beautifully painted view of the Lyceum and Street in Liverpool on the fore-edges. Liverpool, 1830, £4 15s.

W. Dodd, "Thoughts in Prison," Etruscan calf extra, view of Eton College painted on fore-edges by Edwards of Halifax. 1815, £6.

W. Falconer, "The Shipwreck," plates by Stothard, dark-blue morocco extra, finely executed and appropriate view painted on fore-edges. 1806, £4 8s.

W. Falconer, "The Shipwreck," with Life of the Author by J. S. Clarke, plates and vignettes, red morocco extra, appropriate view painted on fore-edges. 1811, £4 4s.

O. Goldsmith, "Poetical Works," woodcuts by Austin and portrait, morocco extra, beautifully executed view on the fore-edges. 1804, £7 5s.

J. Hogg, "The Queen's Wake," red morocco extra, appropriate painting on the fore-edges. Edinburgh, 1815, £4 8s.

"Junius' Letters," 2 vols., portraits, calf extra, exquisitely painted views on the fore-edges (different). Bensley, 1805, £10.

C. Leftley, "Sonnets, Odes, and other Poems," Etruscan calf extra, views of Tewkesbury Abbey on sides. 1814, £1 2s.

Miss Meteyard, "Life of Josiah Wedgwood," 2 vols., plates, dark-blue morocco extra, portrait and vases painted on edges. 1865, £5 5s.

Milton's "Paradise Lost, and Regained," 2 vols., plates by Burney, Etruscan calf extra (rebacked), paintings of Kirkham Abbey and Chatsworth on fore-edges by Edwards of Halifax. 1796, £9 10s.

Milton's "Paradise Lost," plates, crimson morocco extra, pretty view of Blackfriars Bridge and St. Paul's painted on fore-edges. 1822, £4.

J. Montgomery, "Wanderer in Switzerland," red morocco extra, joints, pretty view of Fryar's Castle, Scotland, painted on fore-edges. Edinburgh, 1811, £4.

Sir W. Scott, "Ballads and Lyrical Pieces," plates by Westall, red morocco extra, fine painting of Melrose Abbey on fore-edges. Edinburgh, 1810, £4 15s.

Sir W. Scott, "Lady of the Lake," plates by Westall and Heath, red morocco extra, beautifully painted view on the fore-edges. 1811, £5 15s.

Shakespeare's "Plays," 6 vols. Etruscan calf extra (rebacked), beautifully painted views on the fore-edges (each volume different) by Edwards of Halifax, roy. 8vo. 1797, £24 10s.

Shakespeare's "Dramatic Works," portrait and vignette, crimson morocco super extra, joints, silk linings, pretty view of Stratford-on-Avon Church, &c., painted on fore-edges. Pickering, 1826, £7 10s.

"Songs of the Chace, Hunting, Shooting, Racing. Hawking, Angling," &c., 2 fronts. by J. Scott, red morocco emblematically tooled, a hunting scene painted on fore-edges. 1811, £7 5s.

Mrs. H. Tighe, "Psyche and other Poems," portrait, dark-blue morocco extra, beautifully executed painting from a Marlborough gem on fore-edges. 1812, £5 5s.

H. Walpole, "Castle of Otranto," frontispiece, Etruscan calf extra, fine painting of Lulworth Castle, Dorset, on fore-edges, by Edwards of Halifax, roy. 8vo. Parma, 1791, £8.

H. Walpole, "Castle of Otranto," frontispiece, half morocco, fine painting of Eton College on fore-edges. Parma, 1791, £4 10s.

H. K. White, "Remains," portrait, crimson morocco super extra, joints, silk linings, pretty view near Maidenhead painted on fore-edges. 1822, £6 15s.



A Bible Library.

TO book-lovers no less than to the student in typography, there must always be a peculiar interest attaching to the Holy Scriptures, the first book printed, and no other single book can show such a history of the development not only of the art of printing, but of book illustration, as this venerable record of history and religious faith. Between 1455, when the first Bible, known as the 42-line Gutenberg Bible, appeared, and the present day—an interval of nearly four centuries and a half—no book has gone through so many editions, or such varying episodes of publication and suppression, or so many translations from the original into foreign tongues, as the Bible. Before any classic work had been printed, some half-dozen huge folio Bibles in Latin or German, besides two magnificent Psalters of 1457 and 1459, printed from movable types, had been given to the world.

All the earliest printed Bibles were in the Latin Vulgate; the earliest in European languages were the first and second German Bibles printed by Mentelin and Eggesteyn, of Strasburg, somewhere about 1465-6. An Italian translation by Malermi was printed at Venice in 1471, and another by Nicolas Jensen. The first New Testament in French was by Buyer, at Lyons, 1477; and the Old Testament in Flemish during the same year, printed at Delft by Jacob Jacobs Zoen and Mauritius Yemants Zoen. A Saxon Bible was issued from the press of Heinrich Quentel, of Cologne, in 1480, a second edition of which appeared in 1491 and a third in 1494. A French paraphrase Bible was published by Guyard de Moulins in 1487. A Bohemian translation was printed at Prague in 1488. In

1475 we have the sixth German Bible, printed by Zainer at Augsburg, which was the first folioed; the first of Koburger's Bibles printed at Nuremberg, and one printed by John Peter de Ferratis at Placentia, in North Italy, which was the first book printed there. The next year brought forth four Bibles: those of Moravus, at Naples; Jenson, at Venice; Gering Crantz and Fiburger, at Paris; and F. de Hailbrun and N. de Frankfordia, at Venice. The first Bible with a distinct title-page was printed at Venice by George de Ravabenis, in 1487, in small quarto. The first Bible in small octavo, or the "Poor Man's Bible," was one of the earliest books from the press of Johann Froben, of Basle, in 1491.

Although printing was introduced into England by Caxton in 1477, yet it was not till 1526 that the first printed copy of the New Testament in English, by William Tyndale, made its appearance here; up to that date the nearest approaches that the people of England had to the Bible in their native tongue were "The Golden Legend," printed by Caxton in 1483, which contained much of the Pentateuch and part of the Gospels under the guise of the lives of Abraham, Moses, the apostles, &c.; the "Liber Festivalis," of 1483, containing Scripture paraphrases, and the apocryphal "Gospel of Nicodemus," printed by Wynkyn de Worde in 1509; but Koburger and others sold many Latin Bibles in London from 1480 onwards, and the Flemings made a regular merchandise of Bibles.

Within the first ten years from 1526, about fifteen editions of Tyndale's New Testament were printed and sold, until at last he was hunted down and burnt, in 1536. The first complete English Bible, by Coverdale, was finished on October 14th, 1535, but it is not known definitely where or by whom it was printed, although it is generally considered to have been in Antwerp, at the house of Jacob van Meteren, who was probably the translator, and that Miles Coverdale revised it. The whole edition, under the law of King Henry, 1533-4, had to be sold in sheets to some London bookseller, to prevent injury to the binders, and is supposed to have been sold to James Nicolson, of Southwark.

The collection of Bibles to be found in the library of the British and Foreign Bible Society, numbering between eleven and twelve thousand, is one of the most celebrated for perfect and rare copies, though not so large as that of the British Museum, which has upwards of 16,000 Bibles or parts thereof; the Royal Library at Stuttgart, over 8,000; the library of Wolfenbüttel, over 5,000; and the Lenox Library at New York has a collection of rare and valuable editions which is perhaps unsurpassed. The Bible Society's collec-

tion, enriched as it was by the library of Mr. Francis Fry, of Bristol, which contained over 1,200 specimens, most of which are of a date prior to 1700, is, however, especially valuable as an illustration of the history of the printed Bible through all its variations and translations. It begins with Tyndale's Testament of 1526, in facsimile of which no quite perfect copy is known, and also contains Tyndale's Pentateuch of 1530. The five books of the latter are in different type, have different titles, and were evidently printed in different places.

The first English Bible, "translated out of Douche and Latyn," known as the Coverdale Bible, is the largest copy known, 12 $\frac{1}{4}$ -inches high, with full fore-edge margins, all being genuine after folio 6 of Genesis, except the last leaf. It contains three facsimile titles: the German title, 1535, as in the text, is in Secretary Gothic type, with woodcuts; the English title, 1536, same as the previous one except the date; and the German one of 1549, on which a mixed type is used, and the texts over the woodcuts are in Latin. The eight preliminary leaves are in facsimile, by Harris, from a second edition, and this volume contains also a facsimile of the last page of Coverdale's Prologue to the reader, only to be found in Lord Leicester's copy; this is in Secretary Gothic type, which proves that it was printed with the first edition. One half of the original map, entitled "The description of the lond of promes called Palestina, Canaan, or the holy londe," is in this volume; and beside, a fine facsimile of the whole map, with another from the Bishops' Bible. There are two peculiar readings in this edition, noticeable in other versions: one in Psalm xc. 5, "so that thou shalt not nede to be afrayed for any *bugges* by night," and the word "triale" for "balm" in Jeremiah viii. 22. Some parts of this book being worn and torn on the margins, it was given to a man without arms and only one foot, who has mended it perfectly, rubbing down and joining the pieces with marvellous skill.

The first folio English Bible printed in England, stated on the title-page to be "newly ouersene t corrected MDXXXVII, Imprynted in Sowthwarke for James Nycolson," is one of the most interesting and rarest of English Bibles; only two perfect copies are known—one in Lincoln Cathedral, and the other in the Baptist College at Bristol. The British Museum has two imperfect copies, and one is in the Bodleian Library. The woodcuts and map are the same as those in the Coverdale Bible, but the type is black-letter English. Another Bible, in quarto, was published the same year, "Imprynted in Sowthwarke in Saynt Thomas Hospitale by James

Nicolson. Set forth with the Kynges most gracious licence." This volume has a contemporary binding of brown calf with brass corners, studs, and clasps. A copy of this is also in the Library. It is not known which of these two was first issued, but it is generally considered that the folio was the earlier edition.

The John Rogers' Bible, "purely translated into Englysh by Thomas Matthew, set forth with the Kinge's most gracyous lycece," 1537, is a perfect copy, although the two leaves in front of Esdras xii. and xiii. differ from those usually found, and are supposed to have been taken from a pirated edition. The leaves at the beginning of Matthew and Romans have the notes and prologue, which in most copies have been defaced by order of Henry VIII. This Bible is generally called the Matthew Bible, but it was really edited by John Rogers under an assumed name. He was the first martyr under Mary, 1555. As an instance of the stern censorship of the press in the reign of Henry, almost all the copies of this work, which embodied all the available readings of Tyndale's work and explanatory notes, were treated to a heavy coat of red mixture, which obliterated the parts supposed to be subversive of kingly or ecclesiastical authority. This copy is rare, from having escaped disfigurement, but another copy in the Library is smeared on many pages with the colouring matter, which it is impossible to remove entirely.

A complete set of The Great Bible, or Cranmer's, the first edition and first authorised version, "Prynted by Rychard Grafton & Edward Whitchurch," 1539, with fine title-page design by Holbein, was issued at the suggestion of Thomas Lord Cromwell. Archbishop Cranmer wrote the preface to the second edition, and both Cromwell's and Cranmer's arms are on the title-page in a small circular space in Holbein's design. In the edition, "Prynted by Edwarde Whitchurch. Finished the XXVIII. daye of Maye Anno Domini MDXLI.," we find the arms of Cromwell cut out, he having been deprived of the royal favour.

A reprint of Matthew's Bible (Day & Seres, 1549), imperfect, has the original calf binding with the hair left on the hide.

Here is a quarto New Testament of Tyndale's, printed in London by Richard Jugge, 1552. It has a woodcut in the thirteenth chapter of Matthew representing the Parable of the Sower, in which the devil is drawn in the costume of a peasant, but with a wooden leg, sowing tares. Two other editions containing the same illustration are also in this collection.

The New Testament, 16mo, translated by Dr. Whittingham, Dean of Durham, who fled to Geneva for fear of Queen Mary, and printed

by Conrad Badius in Geneva, 1557, is the first English Scripture divided into verses, and contains an introduction by Calvin.

Then we have the Geneva Bible, 1560, printed by Rovland Hall, in the translation of which Whittingham took part with other exiles. This is familiarly known as the "Breeches" Bible, owing to the word occurring in Genesis iii. 7; but in "The Golden Legend" the word also occurs: "And they toke figge leuis and sewed them to gyder for to couere theyr membres in maner of brechis" a reading previously given by Wycliffe.

Another peculiar version is that published in Geneva, without a printer's name, in 1562-3, which is remarkable for the typographical error, "Blessed are the *placemakers*," Matthew v. 9.

"The Holie Bible," the second authorised version known as the Bishops' Bible, printed by Richarde Jugge, 1568, which was revised by eight of the bishops under the presidency of Archbishop Parker. This is sometimes called the "Treacle" Bible, from the reading in Jeremiah viii. 22, "Is there no *tryacle* in Gilead," which is rendered "rosin" in the Douai version.

Amongst the many other old Bibles interesting from various peculiarities or historically, the following may be instanced:—

The Bassandyne Bible, printed "Be Alexander Arbuthnot Printer to the King is Maiestie dwelling at ye Kirk of field 1579." The New Testament printed by Thomas Bassandyne, Edinburgh, 1576.

The Holy Bible printed by Robert Barker, 1611, a revised version by authority of King James, known as the "He" Bible from the reading at the end of Ruth iii. 15: "*He* went into the city," whereas in another version by the same printer in the same year, it reads "*She* went into the city."

Another early copy of King James' version in black letter, R. Barker, 1613, is chained to a movable desk. The chain originally belonged to a Bible in the time of Henry VIII., and is put on to this one merely to illustrate the custom of chaining books in bygone times.

The Holy Bible "Printed at London by Robert Barker, Printer to the King's most excellent Maiestie: and by the Assignes of John Bill Anno 1631." Title within a woodcut border of twenty-four small and four larger oval medallions, with the royal arms on the reverse. This is known as the "Wicked" Bible, as the seventh commandment reads, "Thou shalt commit adultery." This edition was suppressed and only about twelve copies now remain.

Among unknown editions there are three fine copies of the New Testament in English, 1536. The first is known as the "Mole"

edition, as in the front of all the Epistles of St. Paul there is a woodcut figure of a man supposed to be intended for the apostle, standing with his foot on a square stone on which there is a mole in silhouette. The second, known as the "Blank Stone" edition, is nearly the same as the "Mole" edition, but without the mole on the stone. The third, known as the "Engraver's Mark" edition, has a kind of hieroglyph on the stone in place of the mole. But we noticed other points in these engravings which are neither mentioned in Wilson's "Catalogue of English Bibles" nor in the "Caxton Celebration Catalogue": the face of St. Paul is quite different in the Mole edition to that of the other two, and the foreground of the picture on the left-hand side is different in each of the three blocks, the Mole edition being most boldly drawn.

Here is an octavo New Testament "Empret in the Yeare of our Lorde M.d.XXXVIII." by Matthew Crom, at Antwerp, in original brown calf binding of the time of Henry VIII., with a block device of angels supporting the royal arms on one side, and an angel supporting a Tudor rose on the other. The binding is marked G.G., and it was this binder—name unknown—who discarded the proper supporters of the royal arms, and put angels in their place. This book is supposed to have belonged to Henry VIII., because of the royal arms on the binding, but that is a common feature of the bindings of the period executed for ordinary sale. It was stolen from the Bible Society's premises many years ago, but was subsequently discovered by Mr. Fry, and recovered for the library.

There are two copies of Testaments in shorthand by Rich, 1660, and a Bible in shorthand by William Addy, 1687.

A fine copy of the Bible—Oxford: J. Baskett, 1716-17—which is a very beautiful specimen of typography, but so full of mistakes that it was called a "basket full of errors." The chief of these, from whence it obtains its name of "The Vinegar Bible," is the headline of Luke xx., "The Parable of the *Vinegar*" for Vineyard.

Among many other versions and editions, we find here the Complutensian Polyglot of Cardinal Ximenes, printed at Alcala, 1514-17, but not published until 1520, owing to the license being withheld by Pope Leo X. In the meantime Erasmus, annoyed at the delay, produced his first Greek and Latin Testament, 1516, supposed to have been got out by Erasmus and Froben in five months. The Antwerp Polyglot, 1569; the Paris Polyglot, 1645, the expense of which ruined Le Jay; Walton's Polyglot, London, 1657; Beza's Codex; the Codex Fuldensis; all are here, with De Lyra's *Postille*, 1478.

There is a grand array of first editions in foreign languages ; the first Protestant French, called the "Olivetian," Neufchatel, 1535 ; the first Icelandic, 1540 ; the first English Concordance, 1550 ; the first Spanish Bible for Christians, 1553 ; the first Welsh Testament, London, 1567 ; Licarrague's Basque Testament, 1571 ; a Wendish folio, 1584 ; the first "Manks," 1772 ; beside some grand old editions, such as Koburger's Bible, 1483, and Zainer's, of 1473, in old vellum, stained red ; the third edition of Luther's, 1536, in stamped pigskin contemporary binding, and many others ; the Codex Zacynthius, a Palimpsest, with part of St. Luke's Gospel in the uncial letters of the sixth century, and another work of the thirteenth century over it, found in the island of Zante.

Here are the Indian Bible by John Eliot, 1685, which no man can read, and a Malagasi Bible, complete and extremely rare. It is composed of books of different sizes, the various parts having been published separately. Also the Gospel of St. Matthew from Uvea, one of the Loyalty Islands, which bears the stains of blood of its former owner, a native catechist, who was attacked by the heathen with hatchets, one of which fell upon the book, cutting off a corner, and left blood upon the paper. Among the liturgies is "La Liturgia Ynglesa ó el Libro de la Oracion Comun, etc., Hispanizado," por F. De Alvarado, *Edicion Segundo*, Londres, 1715, octavo, of which only one other copy is known to exist, the other being the book from which it is said the Duke of Wellington, with the aid of a Spanish grammar, learnt that language on his voyage to the Peninsula.

These, and many other rare, curious and interesting specimens of Bibles of many ages and many lands, we were shown in a comparatively small room on the upper floor of the massive stone building in Victoria Street, the Bible house, by the librarian's clerk, Mr. Geo. Clark, who spared no pains to make our visit profitable. As a striking contrast to the laboured productions of the early printers, there is a Bible, one of a hundred copies, printed on the 30th of June, 1877, for the Caxton Celebration, from movable types. The hundred copies of 1,052 pages, 16mo, minion type, were printed in Oxford, sent up to London, folded, sewn, and bound in Turkey morocco, bevelled boards, with the arms of the Oxford University on the side, all within twelve hours. One hundred and one persons were engaged in the Oxford Bindery, Barbican, to complete this remarkable feat, which was successfully accomplished in time to deliver copies at the Caxton Memorial Exhibition, at Kensington, within the twelve hours.

One more Bible deserves mention. It is known as the Mary

Jones Bible, because the purchase of this Bible by Mary Jones, a poor weaver's daughter, of Bala, Merionethshire, was the cause of the foundation of the British and Foreign Bible Society. She had saved up her money for six years to buy a Bible, and when she had obtained the sum required for the purchase, she had to walk twenty-five miles to the Rev. Thos. Charles to get the book. He was so impressed with her experience that he came to London and used the story in trying to form a Bible Society for Wales, but at a meeting with the Rev. Joseph Hughes and other friends the idea was extended, and eventually the British and Foreign Bible Society was established in 1804. The enormous growth of the Society and its work may be understood when we are told that its expenditure during its first year of existence was £691; for the year 1892-3 it was £220,956.

BOOKMAKER.

Two Shakespeare Folios.

THE extensive library of Mr. Hugh G. Reid, F.S.A., just dispersed at Sotheby's, included a copy of each of the famous "Second" and "Fourth" Folio editions of Shakespeare. Neither was a faultless example—indeed, such a prize is rarely available—but each was a fairly good copy, as things go nowadays. The Second Folio, printed in 1632, contains the portrait by Droeshout, measures 12 9-10 in. by 9 in., and is in red morocco extra. The verses by Ben Jonson, and the last leaf are in facsimile. It realised £20. The Fourth Folio, 1685, "unto which is added seven plays never before printed in folio," is a tall copy, measuring 13 11-12 in. by 8½ in., and, like the preceding, is in red morocco extra. In this copy the bottom margins of a few leaves are pieced, and there are a few other minor imperfections. It realised £15 10s.

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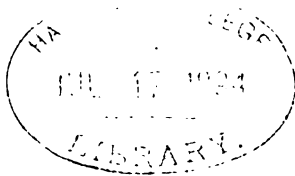
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A Book-Lover's Paradise.

I HAVE heard how some, in passing through this world, have not seen that everything is evil, whose cup has not been entirely full of bitterness, but have had good in their days. Such men who according to their own account are content with such things as they have are, in truth, so rarely met, that we may well stop to consider them when we chance to find them.

One of these that came to my ken was a gentle, pleasant man who abode in a quiet town by a river. Paved streets went through the town from one end to the other—I had almost said *ran*, but in this place there was no semblance of any haste—and little fair-haired children would play about. There was no great traffic through the place ; but every man was at peace with himself and his neighbour. The streets were narrow somewhat, and pleasantly shaded from the hot sun, and in the quiet evenings before it set it would play its golden beams across the roofs and in at the upper windows.

Some men had their business in a light trade and provided the people with food. There was no envy among them to be in the first place of importance, or to get together a great hoard of money, for every one had ease and comfort, the neighbouring land being fruitful and bearing much corn, while the pastures were always green and well-watered.

All the folk moved peacefully about their work and did wisely. For they had knowledge of far-off legends about the place, and their history told of certain untoward events that befell at different times. Sometimes one had sought to gain overmuch wealth to himself or to

have power over his neighbours. Then dire evils had come upon the place and people, but most of all upon the wrongdoer himself, for he had always been brought low sooner or later.

An early tale, also, told how in a far distant age, before the time of the men that are now on the earth, there was a people of giants who had a great city here ; and they dwelt in equity and peace for many years. But at last there came one of savage temper who subdued his neighbours and held them under his foot, and made great havoc in the place, so that all the land round about groaned with misery. At length his overweening pride became so great that a blindness came upon his mind, and he wrought the destruction of himself and also of the people. So the ancient city crumbled in ruins. Wherefore the people now kept wise restraining laws.

But not all those that were busied with trades sold clothing and food. Some there were who dealt in old books and long-forgotten works. In their places they had many such things as are treasures to the curious in these matters. It seemed as if there was one who sold them in almost every street. Some were at corners, and some in the market-place.

Now he of whom I spoke spent his time in the quest and study of these treasures. Let us watch him as he comes slowly along the street. The brown coat and hat that he wears are of a piece with the man. His white locks come almost to his shoulders, and he carries a wooden staff in his hand. He has soft, gentle eyes, somewhat weakened, perhaps, by study ; wherefore he wears spectacles. Everything about him has the air of being perfectly right. Nothing is obtrusive, but everything goes to give one the idea of a man such as one likes to look upon.

As he goes along the way, the children do not run aside from his path, but greet him cheerfully, for he is a favourite with them. He it is who can tell the best stories upon occasion, much better ones than their mothers know. He gets his stories from old books that few people know about or read, books that were written long ago.

He has lived here for many a year. He knows every cranny of the place, and could easily find his way blindfold. Some day he may become blind, and then perhaps he will go about just the same. But although he looks upon every place as his own, he has some haunts that he loves above others. There is a little shop at the corner of the main street and the narrow way that leads down to the river ; in it there may be found many rare old books such as are seldom met with, and in which his heart rejoiceth. He will often come in and walk round the shelves, now taking down one book,

and now another, and reading in it for half an hour. No one fears to have him examine the books, for he touches them with a fatherly hand, as if he loved them.

He will frequently walk out again without making a purchase, after chatting for a few minutes with the kindly bookseller. But sometimes he will be carrying in his hand a choice Aldine or Elzevir—perhaps with its edges undocked and in its original binding, while bearing the best date. If the leaves have not been cut, he will not hesitate to do so, for he is but a bibliophile, and no bibliomaniac. Although he himself loves a rare book, he considers those who seek and value one only for its outside and rarity to be fools, and as those who eat sauce without meat.

Another of his pleasant places is to be found in the market-place, opposite the Church of the Holy Trinity. To reach it, however, he does not go through the town, but towards the river and along its bank. He is a perfect "gentleman of leisure," and is never in a hurry. So he walks along, taking his fill of the peaceful enjoyment that the river-bank affords.

There is a still stretch of the stream at this part. Poplar and willow-trees grow on the opposite bank, and their reflection seems to run away down into the water. The bottom of the bank is hidden by broad-bladed rushes, which conceal the water-hen's nest. The moving of the stream is known only from the floating foam-spots that fleck its surface.

Our friend could see his own shadow in the water, did he think of looking for it ; but he does not.

It is often his pleasure to retire hither and be alone. The town itself is a quiet place, and no unwelcome sounds reach his ears. The silence is broken only by the harsh cries of the water-hen as she splashes across the stream when startled from her nest, or relieved by her contented chuckling as her young brood follow her about on the water.

Presently he turns away from the stream and, going up a narrow lane, finds himself in the open market-place. It is not, however, market-day, and everything is quiet. Some tame pigeons are strutting about, picking up the oats that the farmer's horse dropped from its bag while he was doing his business. Farther along, an empty cart stands tilted up in front of a shop, and some sparrows are hopping about it. Across the length of the market-place stands the church, giving a quiet character to the whole place.

This wise lover of books now makes his way along till he comes to a place smaller than the last one he was in. He has to crouch

down a little as he enters by the narrow doorway. When he gets in he moves quietly round with his stick under his arm. He takes down from one shelf a copy of the first edition of "Pierre Ronsard" and examines it. Then he puts it back and lifts a copy of "Le Pastissier François." Doubtless he admires it, as is right in a good bibliophile; but he is not interested in cookery, and so replaces it in spite of its rarity. As he goes on, shelf by shelf, he passes through his hands some of the choicest treasures of the book-lover—"L'Aimable Mère de Jésus," the first edition of the "Faerie Queene," and volumes bound by Derome, Padeloup, or De Thou. Finally he decides to purchase the "Ronsard," and leaves the shop, for the others can be obtained at another time if necessary.

He crosses the market-place and goes over to a bookstall which stands near the church railings. He turns over some of the volumes, scanning them with critical eye. He takes a volume of pamphlets, bound together in brown calf, containing an early edition of John Milton's "Tractate of Education," whose margin is somewhat wider than the body of type in the page. He will examine it more carefully afterwards. He also picks up a beautiful little French book entitled "L'Art de se Connoître soy-même, ou la Recherche des Sources de la Morale, par Jaques Abbadie." It was published à Rotterdam, chez Pierre Vandier Haart, in 1693. It is bound in full vellum, and goes easily into his pocket.

Perhaps if he return some years later he may find "Atalanta in Calydon" arrayed in white.

Meanwhile he returns to the riverside with "Ronsard" in his hand, and finding out one of his favourite nooks, seats himself at ease.

He will sit there until the sun has gone down and mist gathers in the air.

C. HILL DICK.



The Burgess Library.

THE late Mr. Frederick Burgess, of Burgess Hall, Finchley, was much better known in connection with the Moore and Burgess Minstrels than as a book collector. He was, however, the possessor of a library which was in its way a very fine one, and in many respects of very considerable interest and importance, and a popular account of which appeared in *THE BOOKWORM*, vol. iv., pp. 225-9. Looked at in the light of an investment, the sale which Messrs. Sotheby concluded at their rooms, in Wellington Street, last month, has, on the whole, resulted in a total which will show a very considerable loss on the original outlay. The collector of to-day requires something much more than ordinary first editions of such writers as Dickens, Thackeray, and Ruskin, and unless the exacting conditions of the collector are fulfilled, the result is disastrous. In addition to this, many of Mr. Burgess's books were bound in extremely bad, not to say vulgar, taste, and this is a crime which spotlessness of condition and widest margin do not palliate. The following are the more interesting lots which occurred in the four days' sale: W. H. Ainsworth's "Jack Sheppard," 1839, first edition, with portrait and etchings by Cruikshank, £5 15s.; Boaden's "Memoirs of Mrs. Siddons," 1831, and the "Memoirs of the Life of J. P. Kemble," 1825, extra illustrated with a large number of scarce portraits, and four autograph letters, together, £18 10s. (Bruning); Grimm's "German Popular Stories," 1823-6, two volumes, first edition, with etchings by Cruikshank, £14 (Robson); D. Carey's "Life in Paris," 1822, illustrated by Cruikshank, £6 7s.; Thackeray's "Essay on the Genius of George Cruikshank," 1840, from the *Westminster Review*, extra-illustrated with about 250 etchings and woodcuts, many coloured, £6 10s. (Sotheran); "The Humourist," 1819-20, four vols., with numerous coloured etchings by Cruikshank, £14 15s.; "Memoirs of Joseph Grimaldi," edited by Boz, 1838, first edition, with illustrations by Cruikshank, and with eighteen extra plates in colours, &c., £18 (Brown); "Martin Chuzzlewit," 1844, first edition, fine copy, bound from the original numbers, £3 5s.; "Great Expectations," 1861, with coloured plates and original cloth covers, £6 10s.; "The Village Coquettes," 1836, original edition, £6 10s. (Brown)—this copy cost the late owner seventeen

guineas; "Sketches by Boz," first and second series, first edition, with Cruikshank's illustrations, £8 10s. (Pickering); a copy of the first demy octavo edition of the "Sketches" in the original twenty numbers, 1839, £9 (Robson); a remarkably fine copy of "Pickwick Papers," in the first edition, with all the wrappers and advertisements complete, with plates by Buss, Seymour, and "Phiz," £34 (Sabin)—an advance of £6 on the price Mr. Burgess paid for the copy; "The Strange Gentleman, a comic burletta," 1837, rare original edition, £38 (Sabin)—Mr. Burgess gave £22 for this fine copy; "Oliver Twist," 1846, the original ten parts, with all the wrappers, £9 10s. (Bruning)—Mr. Burgess paid £22 10s. for this copy; "The Loving Ballad of Lord Bateman," 1839, first edition, £5 10s.—this copy sold for £10 15s. in the Mackenzie sale; "Master Humphrey's Clock," 1840-41, in the original twenty monthly parts, £5 5s.; "Master Chuzzlewit," 1844, fine copy in the original twenty numbers, with the pictorial wrappers, £5 (Layton); "A Tale of Two Cities," 1859, first edition, in the original eight numbers, very scarce, £8 17s.—this copy sold for £14 15s. in the Mackenzie sale; "A Curious Dance Round a Curious Tree," 1860, with the original printed cover bound up, £5 5s.—this copy was purchased by Mr. Burgess for £9 18s.; "Memoirs of the Life of David Garrick," 1784, tastefully illustrated with upwards of 150 scarce portraits, scenes, and also including some autograph letters, £16 10s. (Mortimer); J. Haslewood, "Secret History of the Green Room," extensively illustrated, £6 10s.; an interesting and valuable collection of printed and MS. matter relating to E. Kean, comprising play-bills, portraits, pamphlets, &c., £21 10s. (Daly); Kean's "Life," 1872, an extra-illustrated copy with autograph letters of E. Kean, Duke of Wellington, Saville Carey, and C. Kean, £21 (Robson); C. Lamb, "Elia," both series, first edition, 1823-33, £13 5s. (Robson); Thomas Moore's "Memoirs, Journals," &c., 1853-56, by Lord John Russell, extended to fourteen volumes, £10 10s.; forty-five volumes folio, comprising an extensive collection of play-bills, Covent Garden, Drury Lane, &c., £12 10s.; W. M. Thackeray, "Second Funeral of Napoleon," 1841, in the original cover, £14 (Pickering); "Flore et Zephyr, Ballet Mythologique," 1836, excessively rare, £96 (Robson); and "Dionysius Diddler," nine plates and preface, £25 10s.; a very interesting and scarce collection of views, portraits, handbills, songs, autograph letters, &c., relating to Vauxhall Gardens, £8 15s. (Quaritch); among several volumes of autograph letters, one containing letters from Garrick, Kean, Booth, and others, £56 (Daly). The total of the four days' sale was £1,558 12s. 6d.



An International Catalogue of Scientific Publications.

IN the *Bulletin de l'Académie Royale de Belgique* for April 7, M. Mourlon has a paper on the formation of an International bureau for Bibliography. He refers to the scheme read before the Academy on December 4 last by M. F. Van der Haeghen, for the compilation of a General Catalogue of the contents of public libraries, and proceeds to quote a letter received from the Royal Society of London, date March 22, 1894, and signed by the secretaries, Professor M. Foster, Lord Rayleigh, and Sir J. Lister.

This letter, which we presume has been sent to other Societies besides the Royal Academy of Belgium, announces the proposed preparation of a Catalogue of all "scientific publications, whether appearing in periodicals or independently," and goes on to say that, as such a "Catalogue is far beyond the power and means of any single Society," the "Royal Society have appointed a Committee to inquire into and report upon *the feasibility of such a catalogue being compiled through international co-operation.*" "The Catalogue should commence with papers published on or after January 1, 1900.

This excellent suggestion has been made many times before, and we are glad to hear that the Royal Society of London is taking some practical steps in the matter. But we are curious to learn the names of those forming the committee, that there may be some guarantee of special knowledge in the decisions arrived at. That the Royal Society failed to attain reasonable completeness in their "Catalogue of Scientific Papers" is generally felt, and in their letter referred to this is definitely acknowledged. But the reasons therein given for this failure are lamentably feeble, for they say that this incomplete-

ness is "owing to the omission of the titles of papers published in periodicals of little importance, or not easy of access." Now, in the first place, it is not for compilers of catalogues to judge whether a periodical is, or is not, of "little importance." The importance of an article, or of a note for that matter, is decided by its importance to the individual who wishes to consult it; it cannot be valued by the clerk who transcribes. In the second place it is the experience of most of those who have to consult periodicals, that they can find in one or other of the great libraries in London practically everything they wish to consult. Judging by our own experience of the "Catalogue of Scientific Papers," published by the Royal Society, the rich collections of scientific serials at Bloomsbury, and the still richer collections stored in the Natural History Museum at South Kensington, could not have been consulted very carefully by the compiler.

Turning to foreign publications of the same nature, we find that the more convenient "*Bibliotheca Historico-Naturalis*" of Engelmann (1846), the "*Bibliotheca Zoologica*" of Carus and Engelmann (1860), with the continuation now publishing under the editorship of Taschenberg, reaches a far higher level of completeness in the special subject with which these volumes are concerned. The reason for this is seen in the fact that the German compilers have a special knowledge of the subject upon which they work, and take infinitely more pains to render their work perfect. Only a year or so ago Dr. Taschenberg himself paid a special visit to this country to consult the rarer English publications in order to minimise, as far as possible, the number of omissions.

These catalogues, if they are to be compiled at all, should not suffer from the neglect of periodicals "of little importance or not easy of access," and we sincerely hope that the Royal Society of London, if it attempts the publication of a Catalogue such as it proposes, will use the experience gained by their acknowledged failure, will model their work on Engelmann, Carus, and Taschenberg, both in completeness and size, and make their part of the proposed Catalogue worthy of the subject, and of the money which must be spent upon it.



Notes on Certain Histories and Memoirs of the Sixteenth Century.

BY G. H. POWELL, OF THE INNER TEMPLE.

[The "notes" which the courtesy of the Editor allows me to publish under the above heading are, it will be seen, arranged on no principle except such as may, by avoiding monotony, present readable selections from a work which I am compiling as occasion arises. My object is to put together in as concise a form as possible some account of the most important *original sources of history* (whether letters, memoirs, tracts, or professed "histories") which have then or since appeared in book form. The descriptions being concerned chiefly with the literary and historical qualities of the works mentioned, will deal no more with technical details of their "bibliography," nor with the biography of their authors than this aim—a short, practical introduction to the study of certain books—may render necessary.—G. H. P.]

GUICCIARDINI (Francesco), 1482-1540:—"Istoria d'Italia,"
edited by Professor G. Rosini, 10 vols., 8vo, Pisa, 1820.

The great work of Guicciardini, diplomatist, juriconsult, and most famous of Italian historians, covers the history of Italy from 1490 to 1534, and is, apart from the excellence and dignity of its (sometimes long-winded) style, an invaluable contemporary record of a most important period by one of the most distinguished men of the time, who took himself a prominent part in many of the scenes which he described. Guicciardini is particularly distinguished by the acuteness of his critical reflections and his epigrammatic sketches of character. His public career, and in particular his connection with the tyrant Alexander Medici, whose cause he defended before Charles V., have indeed exposed him to the severest censures which, however, do not

much affect the general impartiality of his history, in which, as Montaigne observes in his admirable review of the work ("Essais," ii. 10), he has spoken with the greatest freedom of all the dignitaries of his time, including his own patrons and employers. Montaigne's additional remark, that the historian attributes every action to some vicious or self-interested motive, is perhaps rather a reflection upon the age than the man.

It is hardly necessary to refer to the invasion of Italy by Charles VIII., the Florentine revolutions, the horrors and abominations of the Borgian tyranny, the death of Savonarola, the rise of Genoa, the commencement of the Reformation, and the rivalries of Charles V. and Francis I. to indicate the immense interest attaching to so intelligent and critical a work by a statesman whose position frequently renders it a source of information which could be obtained from no other quarter.

The History consists of twenty books, of which the first sixteen were published by Torrentino (the editor being Agnolo Guicciardini, the author's nephew) at Florence, in 1561, with considerable omissions. The remaining four appeared at Venice (Parma) in 1564. Numerous editions followed, but until late in the eighteenth century the passages suppressed in the original edition remained unprinted and inaccessible, except in certain separate and surreptitious volumes printed at Basle in 1569, 12mo, and at London in 1595, and later in the little work "*Thuanus restitutus sive sylloge locorum variorum in Historia Thuani hactenus desideratorum, cum Francisci Guicciardini paralipomenis*," 12mo, Amstom, 1663, and in "*Heidegger's Hist. Papatus*," Amstam 1684.

The "*paralipomena*" of Guicciardini, which refer to the corruptions of the Church, the death of Alexander VI., and other unmentionable scandals of the Borgia family, were printed by Alex Gordon in the appendix to his valuable "*History of Pope Alexander VI.*," folio, Lond. 1729 (and in French edition, 2 vols., 8vo, 1751), and will be found in the fourth and fifth books of Rosini's complete edition of the great Italian historian. It may be mentioned that that published in 1775-6, 4 vols., 4to, "*colla data di Friburgo*," and professedly printed from the original MS., is of no value, being full of the grossest blunders.

Besides a corrected and authentic text, the edition of 1819, which alone is complete in itself, contains (vol. x.) a valuable essay on the life and works of Guicciardini, illustrated with citations from contemporary historians, Varchi, Segni, &c., to which the reader should refer for a general estimate of his character.

It seems probable that he died by poison, as Segni asserts.

Besides his history Guicciardini also left some letters, a discourse on the reform of Florence, and a little work "*Avvertimenti Politici*," first printed 1525, 8vo.

BÈZE (Theodore de), 1519-1605:—"Epistolarum Theologicarum Theodori Bezæ Vezelii. Liber unus," 8vo, pp. iv. 406, and index, Genevæ excudebat Eustathius Vignon.

A collection of the greatest possible interest, in which almost every controversial question of the day is discussed with a rare and racy eloquence, though, it need hardly be added, with a good deal of passion. The passages in which Béza defends the burning of Servetus ("exustus est sane sed nimium serio, &c." p. 10), and justifies generally what his anonymous correspondent calls persecution (p. 22), together with the numerous evidences of learning and carefully reasoned argument to be found throughout the book, leave a very decided impression of the personality of one of the most distinguished scholars and theologians of the age of the Reformation. The volume, besides "opinions" on particular ecclesiastical questions and advices to various churches and religious bodies (in England, Germany, Switzerland, Rochelle, &c.), contains letters to Archbishop Grindal (Nos. 8, 23, and 58), John Knox (74, 79), George Buchanan (78), and Henry IV., then King of Navarre (84), and a long address (dated 1567) "to all orthodox Christians" (81). No other edition seems to have appeared in the author's lifetime (B. M. Catal).

VILLEGAGNON (Nicolas Durand de), cir. 1510-1571:—"Caroli V. Imperatoris Expeditio in Africam ad Argieram, per Nic. Villegagnonem Equitem Rhodium Gallum;" 4to, Parisiis; ap Joannem Lodoicum Tiletanum, 1542.—"L'Expedition et voyage de l'Empereur Charles-le-Quint en Afrique contre la Cité de Arges," traduyte de Latin [the above text] en Francoys par M. Pierre Tolet, medicin Lyonnois; 12ff. 4to, black letter (with woodcut representing Charles V. at the head of his army), Lyon., 1542.

Both the original Latin text of this short memoir of the disastrous expedition against Algiers, undertaken by the Emperor Charles V. in October, 1541, and the French translation by Tolet, have been reprinted by H. D. de Gramont, with useful notices and commentary, in a fine edition on hand-made paper, limited to 355 copies (large 8vo, Paris-Alger., 1874). The original tracts are extremely rare in any form, having apparently never been reprinted since the

sixteenth century. The Latin text published by M. de Gramont is believed to be the first edition. Others (printed at Antwerp, Venice, and Strasbourg) followed in the same year, and a second French translation (or, more probably, a reprint of that described above) was published in 1552; Paris, small 8vo, black letter, with three woodcuts, a copy of which was sold in January, 1874 (*Catal. de la Biblioth. du Chateau d'Héry*, No. 108), for 520 francs. Also a German version is mentioned, Neuburg, 1546. See Brunet's "*Manuel du libraire*" and a bibliographical note, p. 429 of the "*Tableau des etablissemens François en Algérie en 1840.*" Villegagnon, who is celebrated as a warrior, navigator, and controversialist, took a prominent part in the expedition which he describes.

BRANTÔME (Pierre de Bourdeille, Seigneur de), 1527-1614:—
 "Memoires," 15 vols., 12mo, La Haye, 1740.

From the immense popularity of this work, as evidenced by the multiplicity of its editions and the frequent use made of it by almost every historian of the time, it may be inferred that hardly any work throws more light upon the manners, morals, and civilisation of the latter half of the sixteenth century, when the enthusiasms of the Renaissance and of the Reformation had lost their natural freshness, when the last remains of chivalry was rapidly dying out in an atmosphere of violence, debauchery, treachery, and fanaticism, and France was passing through the dark and stormy period of the religious civil wars.

Of such an age no writer was more fitted than Brantôme to present the portrait, since none belong more thoroughly to it, none could be less affected, as an able critic has observed, either by "the indignation which would exaggerate, or the scruples which might conceal" the vices and follies of his generation. As a soldier and courtier of high rank, and moving in the best society, he probably knew as much of French and of Continental life as any author of his time, nor is there any reason to suppose that he has not recorded anything which he thought likely to interest or amuse posterity.

The memoirs of Brantôme consist of a vast collection of anecdotes and short biographies, subdivided in the following manner: Vol. 1 (of the edition above described) contains "*Dames illustres and Francaises*"; vols. 2, 3, "*Dames galantes*"; vols. 4, 5, "*Hommes illustres and grands capitaines Etrangers*"; vols. 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, "*Hommes illustres and grands capitaines Francais*"; vol. 11, "*Discours sur les duels*" (the stories collected under this head throw the most curious light upon the code of honour and humanity

of the time); vol. 12, "Rhodomontades and jurements Espagnols" (social details not devoid of interest, but to which graver authors would scarcely have devoted a volume); vol. 13 contains, besides a few literary opuscula of the author, the "Maximes de la Guerre," by André de Bourdeille, his elder brother; vol. 14 contains the letters written by the said André de Bourdeille to Charles IX., Henry III., and Catherine de Medicis (with the answers of the latter); and vol. 15 the genealogy of the Brantôme family.

In the ten volumes which compose the *Memoirs* proper it is no exaggeration to say that there is hardly an important personage of the sixteenth century, an age rich in striking personalities, of whom something is not said. Philip II., Sully, Egmont, Doria, the Duke of Alva, Bayard, Catharine de Medicis, Cæsar Borgia, Mary Queen of Scots, and Marguerite de Valois, and numerous others, are each allotted special chapters of biography, which, in the hands of such an author, do not often confine themselves to one subject-matter. It is hardly necessary to say that a large number of his scandalous anecdotes are of very doubtful authenticity—in fact, mere gossip, which, however, being contemporary, is difficult to refute, and has at least an indirectly historical value; but, at the same time, his tone is so devoid of prejudice that, although his objectionable taste mars some of his best stories, the personal equation of the writer is easily eliminated, and leaves the reader irresistibly impressed by the *verve* and freshness of the descriptions.

BUSBEQUII (A. Gisleinii), 1522–1592:—"Omnia quæ extant," 16mo, Elzevir. Lugd. Bat., 1633.

This attractive and well-printed little volume, which is familiar to most book-collectors, contains the complete works (then first collected) of Augier Ghislen de Busbecq, born at Comines, in Flanders (the place from which the celebrated historian took his name), and ambassador successively to Ferdinand I., Maximilian II. in Turkey, and to Rudolph II. in Paris. Busbecq's works consist of—(1) The four Relations of his Turkish Embassy, dated respectively 1554, 1555, 1560, and 1562. (2) His appeal to his countrymen in favour of a war against Turkey ("Exclamatio, sive de re militari contra Turcam instituendâ consilium"). (3) Report of the speech of Solymán's Ambassador (Frankfort-on-Main, November 27, 1662) to Ferdinand I., and the States of the Empire. (4) Busbecq's Letters to Rudolph II., from Paris (1582–1585). Of these the four long letters on Turkish affairs are the most frequently cited, containing, as they do, besides a mass of interesting notes upon Turkish manners

and customs, a detailed account of the closing years of Solymán the Great, the romantic history of Roxolana, &c.

Busbecq also gives the text of several treaties in the negotiation of which he had a hand.

"MEMOIRES de l'Estat de France sous Charles IX. contenant les choses plus notables, faites et publiées tant par les Catholiques que par ceux de la Religion depuis le 3^e edit de Pacification fait au mois d'Aoust, 1570, jusques au règne de Henry Troisième, &c.," 2^{de} édition reveue, à Meidelbourg, par Henry Wolf, 3 vols., 8vo, 1578.

This is the best edition of this work (first published s. l. 1577, 3 vols., 8vo), a copious and interesting record and political miscellany published by the Protestant Simon Goulart (1543-1628), the author of the "Memoires de la Ligue," and one of the most indefatigable writers of his age. At the end of vol. 3 should be found the "Memoires de la Troisième guerre civile et des derniers troubles de France, composez en quatre livres, &c., by Jean de Serres" (1540-1598). This has an index at end, the other work only tables of contents. The Memoirs, if not altogether free from the natural bias of a Huguenot historian, supply in some 2,000 pages a vast mass of invaluable details. Besides a summary of the events of the time, and a detailed description of St. Bartholomew's night, and the numerous religious broils and massacres throughout the country, the famine at Sancerre, and other horrors of the civil wars, a large selection of official documents, reports of important trials (and examinations by torture), articles, decrees, harangues, edicts, extracts from parliamentary registers, "entrées," "libels," and controversial correspondence, a variety of important tracts and manifestos (both Catholic and Protestant) are distributed about the work in no particular order. Among these are to be found "Histoire tragique le Marie Royné d'Escosse touchant la conjuration contre le roy son Mary mis à mort; et l'adultere par elle commis avec le comte de Bothwel" (i. 110); "La France-Gaulle" (Franco-Gallia) of F. Hotman (ii. 375), first published 1573, 8vo; "Traicté du droit des Magistrats, &c., publié par ceux de Madgebourg l'an, 1550"; "Le Politique. Dialogue de la puissance . . . et devoir des Princes," &c., &c. (iii. 61). "Discours de la servitude volontaire" (iii. 116), *i.e.*, the celebrated "Contr'un" of Estienne de la Boétie (1530-1568), which is here printed for the first time. The passage cited in Hallam's Hist. Lit. will be found on p. 120 b. of this volume, but the complete text of the work was not printed (v.

"Brunet") until the Didot edition of 1853. "*Discours Politiques des diverses puissances establies de Dieu au monde*," &c. (iii. 163, &c.). "*Discours merveilleux de la vie, &c., de Catherine de Medicis*" (iii. 423), commonly attributed to Henri Estienne, and first published 1549. "*Exhortation à la Paix aux François Catholiques*" (iii. 455), which concludes the work.

DAVILA (Enrico Caterino), 1576-1631 :—" *Historia delle guerre civili di Francia* " (with a valuable memoir of the author and his family, and marginal notes, historical and bibliographical, by J. Baldwin), 2 vols., 4to, Londra, 1755.

This famous and popular work was first published in Venice, 1638, and again in Paris, 2 vols., fol., 1644.

The author, the son of Antonio Davila, constable of Cyprus, and descendant of a celebrated Spanish family, was taken to France by his father at an early age, and became page to Catherine de Medicis. In 1594, at the age of eighteen, he made his military *début* under Henry Bourbon, Duke of Montpensier, and distinguished himself at Honfleur and Amiens. Returning to his own country, on occasion of the peace in 1598, he was employed by the Republic of Venice, and died by the hand of an assassin in 1631.

Davila is one of the most able and most celebrated of Italian historians, in an age when most history was written in Italy. For an exact estimate of the importance of his work the reader should consult Ranke's "*Hist. of France*" (vol. v. pp. 1-35), where an elaborate criticism of it will be found. The work, which in fifteen books embraces a complete history of the religious and civil wars of France (1560-1597), may be divided into two different parts.

(1) The period (contained in the first six books) from 1559 to 1578, which is the more carefully composed of the two, and deals chiefly with political affairs; and (2) that from 1585 to 1598 (the last six books), embracing the wars of the League, which, as the author himself comes upon the scene, has a more distinctly military character. The intervening periods are more lightly touched upon.

The advantages conferred on Davila by his peculiar position at court, and by the part which he took in the wars of Henry IV., of many of the events in which he speaks as an eye-witness, and the eloquence of his narrative, are incontestable. He was, moreover, far more than a mere memoir writer, but for the more historical part of his work has made much and profitable use of preceding writers, especially De Thou.

In spite, therefore, of the numerous inaccuracies in matters of

fact, which Ranke has pointed out, and of his prejudiced view of a great religious and political struggle, Davila remains one of the most precious, as well as most readable, of original authorities.

CAYET (Pierre Victor Palma), 1525-1610:—"Chronologie novenaire contenant l'histoire de la guerre sous le regne du tres-Chrestien. Roy de France et de Navarre Henry III., et les choses plus memorables advenues dans tout le monde depuis le commencement de son regne l'an, 1589, jusques à la Paix faicte à Vervins en Juin, 1598, entre sa majesté tres-Chr. et le Roy Catholique des Espagnes Philippes II.," à Paris, par Jean Richer, 3 vols. 8vo, 1608.

The *first* of the parts which make up this work is more correctly described in the summary or table of contents which precedes each part as the "Histoire de la ligue faicte en France, &c., and de ses effects jusques au commencement de l'an 1589" (and contains the Articles of the "Catholic Union"). Then follows the "Hist. de la guerre," &c. (part i.), with the dedicatory letter to Marguerite de Valois, at whose instance it is said to have been written.

The "Chronologie Septenaire, l'histoire de la Paix entre les Roys de France and d'Espagne," contains "les choses plus memorables advenues en France, Espagne, Allemagne, Italie, Angleterre, Escosse, Flandres, Hongrie, Pologne, Suece, Transsilvanie, and autres endroits de l'Europe: avec le succès de plusieurs navigations faictes aux Indes Orientales, Occidentales and Septentrionales depuis le commencement de l'an, 1598, jusques à la fin de l'an, 1604." Divisée en sept livres à Paris, par Jean Richer, 506 ff. 8vo, 1607. (For the contents of these seven books, which have no general index, see the tables of contents, pp. 1, 57. b, 109, 204, 275, 376. b, and 433 b.)

Palma Victor Cayet was a pupil of the celebrated Ramus, who fell in the St. Bartholomew's massacre. Like him he turned Protestant, but, abjuring in 1595, he became a Catholic minister and professor of Hebrew at the college of Navarre.

The two historical works above mentioned are highly prized, and contain many interesting anecdotes of the time (and incidentally the story of the Wandering Jew), valuable documents of the reign of Henry IV., various information concerning Queen Elizabeth and James I., and a notice of the French settlement in Canada ("Cronol. Septem.," pp. 417, 505. b). The *Mercurie François*, "ou suite de l'histoire de la Paix" (1605-1644), 25 vols. 8vo, 1611, forms a continuation to the above volumes, and the whole series, when found together, have sometimes fetched a high price.



A Gossip on Books and Places.

IT is a fact that is often overlooked in reading, that the associations amid which a book is read have often a powerful influence on the effect produced. This is why we hear some say that they cannot read this or that book, when all the while they have never given it a fair trial among suitable surroundings. The man who sits down to read a book of dry philosophy after the fatigue and excitement of a day spent in the open air, is as ridiculous a figure as the man who attempts a sonata of Beethoven's on a penny whistle. Apart from such a glaring instance, there are countless minor cases where a book is *malàpropòs* owing to the slightest accident in time or place or temper. If these are considered and the book chosen accordingly, much tediousness and disappointment will be saved.

As this subject is a personal one, the writer trusts that his persistent egotism will be pardoned; for he has not the experience of the literary mishaps of others that he has of his own. There are three books which form the inner circle, the *sanctum sanctorum*, of his acquaintance—the novels of Scott, the “Complete Angler” and the “Pilgrim's Progress.” The last, for its universal interest, and the first, for the very good reason of the writer's nationality and upbringing, may be put out of the question. As for the third, he has read it either ten or twelve times, and only once did he meet with a notable mishap. He has read it at home, where it was like the smell of country air, and he has taken it in his fishing-basket to the lower reaches of Tweed, and, reading it among the green fields beside the placid water, has found it the most delightful companion in the world. But once he was so far left to himself as to take it in his pocket to a wild burn high up among the hills around the cradle of the Border river. The sport was good, and when midday came and he sat down to rest, he pulled it out thinking to find the same fresh delight that he had found before. It was utterly out of place; the pleasant writing seemed mere foolish old-man's talk, the songs were no better than doggerel. The place, as I have said, was wild and high and lonesome, the air sharp and clear, the countryside full of memories of past feuds and quarrels; so that, where Homer or Scott

would have been eminently suitable, the "Complete Angler" was as eminently out of place.

But, to pass from instances of failure, let us look at the successful side of the matter. Sir Thomas Browne, Bacon, the Elizabethans more or less, Herrick, are best read in some old country garden, high-walled and shady, among roses and antiquated flowers in some hot afternoon in the height of summer. The richness, the mellow wisdom, their peaceful gaiety, fit to a nicety with the place. The same scene with just a suggestion of a livelier world added—a view over a wide, rolling country, for instance—and you have the fitting place for the old French roundeleers and ballade-makers, Horace, Meleager and most of the poets of the "Anthology," Theocritus, Addison, most of the seventeenth-century lyrists, Montaigne, Hawthorne, and, let me add, White's "Selborne," which is surely one of the most charming books of its kind ever written. A less cultivated place, a meadow in June or the outskirts of a noble wood, and Virgil is not out of place, nor the whimsical author of "The Bible in Spain." This, too, is the place which is more or less associated for me with Keats, Wordsworth, Tennyson, Arnold (his poetry only), Pater and Robert Bridges. It is a mere nonsensical fancy without a show of reason, but it is a pleasant one while it lasts. Lastly, down by the stream side, among the sedges and mint and yellow flags, Phineas Fletcher, Walton, Cotton, Browne of Tavistock, Thomson with his gorgeous "Seasons," Mr. John Gay with his "Rural Sports," and indeed all the lyrists of the angler's art, come not amiss.

In higher latitudes than sleepy summer valleys, or by the wide seashore, one needs a stronger and more martial note. Up on the windy moorlands let us have the romances of Scott and Dumas, the inimitable "Lorna Doone," the Sagas (particularly the "Volsunga" and the saga of "Burnt Njal"), Homer, the Greek Tragedians, and all others which strike a strong note and make the blood run quicker in the veins. I should be ashamed to say how often I have read "Les Trois Mousquetaires," "Old Mortality" and "Rob Roy" among the hills. As for the old ballads, the more if you happen to be in the country of them, they ring in your ears all day through. Old worthless romances, nautical and military, French and English, they come all alike, provided they have that sweeping energy which carries the reader enchantedly along. Hogg and Christopher North please you up on the hills when they grow tedious in the level country. One other book I must mention, the "Autobiography of Lord Herbert of Cherbury" which is as delightful an account of duels and fights and court life as can be found. As for modern authors, I have a whole

host of favourites which seem to acquire a new flavour on the hills—Swinburne, Robert Louis Stevenson, Weyman, Charles Reade, and William Morris.

The books which are specially fitted for reading in the town are legion in number. Chief of these let me name an old favourite of mine for its quaint classicism, Burton's "*Anatomy of Melancholy*." Then come the majority of the plays of Shakespeare and Ben Jonson, with the exception of "*As You Like It*," which can only be read with the fullest enjoyment in some well-wooded, champaign country; Dryden and Pope, the plays of Congreve, Steele and Sheridan, the eighteenth-century novels (except the "*Vicar of Wakefield*," which is a country book), Johnson, Burke, Cowper—all are in place. But the most delightful books, to my thinking, for town reading are the essayists of the beginning of this century. Lamb with his pleasant turns of phrases is the first; then come Hazlitt and Leigh Hunt. Hunt's "*Essays and Autobiography*" make some of the most charming reading in the world; for he is a thorough townsman, and never jars on one with misplaced allusions. Moreover he had this same idea of appropriateness in books, and inveighs against the man who would read Juvenal in the country fields. This reminds one that Juvenal and the epistles of Horace make good reading in town; so also Martial. Most of our modern writers are likewise suitable—Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot, Hugo, Gautier, Daudet; but I except Daudet's "*Tartarin*" books, which are the things to take with one on a long summer journey.

To leave such desultory lists, the personal element, the continued obtrusion of the author's personality, pleases us in town, while in the country we prefer it to remain hidden. A quiet gossiping style pleases us in our quieter moods, but when our blood is warmed by the strong air or vigorous outdoor sports we like more stirring books. The whole affair is not so much a question of profit as of pleasure. Bacon in his essay on "*Studies*" counsels certain studies as peculiarly suited for certain mental defects; so, too, certain kinds of more frivolous reading fit certain moods of the mind, which moods, in turn, are produced by certain places.

As for the phlegmatic class of folk who are totally untouched by externals, who can annotate Athenæus by a riverside, or, like Alan Fairford, read Sallust on board ship, what can one say of them? It was of such that Charles Lamb thought, when he asked (not without wonder) who would think of reading the "*Faery Queen*" or a volume of Bishop Andrewes' sermons in the five or six minutes before dinner.

JOHN BUCHAN.



The "Edinburgh" Stevenson.

TH will be good news to everybody having an interest in books to hear that there is to be a collected edition of Robert Louis Stevenson's works. Hitherto they have been produced by many and different publishers in various forms. Mr. Stevenson's representatives in this country consider that the time has come when they ought to be collected. They are to be revised by the author, and issued under the supervision of Mr. Sidney Colvin, of the British Museum. Most appropriately the distinctive name, "The Edinburgh Edition," has been selected, and the volumes are to be printed by Constable. They will, however, be issued by the agency of Messrs. Chatto & Windus, London.

With the exception of some frontispieces, including an etched portrait of Mr. Stevenson by Mr. W. Hole, R.S.A., the books are to be unembellished. The paper, the binding, the type, everything, we are promised, is to be the best that modern resources can supply. There will be a resemblance in the ruddy hue of the binding to the celebrated forty-eight volume edition of the Waverley Novels. The idea is to divide "The Edinburgh Stevenson" into sections, but that is not quite final. There would be two volumes of travels and excursions, six of tales and fantasies, six of romances, two of history and biography, one of poetry, and three of miscellanies—in all twenty volumes.

To make the edition thoroughly distinctive, and as nearly complete as possible, a good many things by Mr. Stevenson which have never been published in collected form at all are to be given. These may include part of the suppressed "Amateur Emigrant," written fourteen years ago, which told of Mr. Stevenson's experiences as a steerage passenger across the Atlantic; also "The Pentland Rising," written in 1866, and "The Philosophy of an Umbrella," written in undergraduate days. There will be a variety of early papers, with which we have not as yet had the opportunity of becoming permanently familiar. Naturally Mr. Stevenson in selecting these is to use his discretion. The edition will be limited to 1,000 copies, of which 300 sets have already been bespoken in America, and issued by subscription, a volume every month. Each volume will cost 12s. 6d. net, and it is proposed to issue the first about October.



Bookbindings of the Past.

NOTES of any book-lover, however lacking in that continuity and completeness which stamp the sufficient treatise, are always interesting to those similarly affectioned, and when taken in connection with bookbinding extend their influence to a circle of devotees, more technical in their knowledge than the average layman, who may, indeed, love the book, but still not know how to make it.

Mr. Brander Matthews, who has selected the foregoing heading as depictive of his proposed scope, contributes a collection of historical facts, in connection with notable binders and their works, to the current *Century Magazine*, both text and illustration uniting to make the review essentially worthy of perusal. All he proposed to do was to jot down a few stray notes, rather illustrative of the sequence and successive evolution of styles than of the technique of the past masters in the art. It is needless to say that he more than succeeds. Commencing with Grolier and the Renaissance, he offers various historical detail, and points out the distinguishing characteristic of the binder, quoting the opinion of Fournier: "Compared with the other bindings of the same time, and of the same country, those of Grolier are distinguished by an unequalled taste," and concluding by an acceptance of the same writer's assertion that Grolier "with Italian methods created a French art." Mr. Matthews then proceeds: "The first books which Grolier had bound in Italy are similar in their style of decoration to those then sent forth from the Aldine press; a few have elegant arabesques, setting off a central shield, but most of them have simple geometrical designs

in which interlacing bands, formed by parallel lines gilt-tooled, are relieved by solid ornaments very like those with which the Aldus family then adorned the pages of the books they were printing, and which were suggested some, no doubt, by the illuminations of the old missals, but more, beyond question, by the oriental traditions of the Greek workmen. The distinguishing quality of these ornaments, familiar enough to all who know the Aldine style, was grace united to boldness." A general consideration of the tools, and their combination and repetition, to form design, follows, and here the remarks are pertinent: "One might almost say that tools are style; certainly it is obvious that the tools changed form concurrently with every modification or taste in bookbinding; and a study of the tools, as they have been modified during the past three centuries, is essential to any understanding of the art of bookbinding. Thus we see that when Grolier began to gather his library the binder used tools copied from Aldine typographic devices, and impressed in gold on the cover of a book that figure which on the printed page was a solid black. But the finer taste of the Renaissance soon discovered that, although the broad black of the Aldine devices was pleasing on a white page, an excess of solid gold was less satisfactory on the side of a book. So they made these tools sometimes hollowed—that is, in outline merely, which lightened them instantly,—and sometimes azured—that is, crossed by horizontal lines, as in the manner of indicating 'azure' in heraldry. Then, having the same device in three different values where before they had but one, the adroit binder was able to vary and combine them as he needed solid strength or easy lightness.

"The next step was to increase the variety and the complication of the interlacing bands, which are perhaps the chief characteristic of the Grolier bindings. Instead of being indicated by two fine lines of gold, the bands were marked out by three lines. Finally, the bands traced by plain gold tooling were enriched by paint. Adroitly contrasted colours were chosen to fill up the hollow bands which twisted above and below one another all over the cover of the book. To-day these painted ribbons and the gilding of the design are sadly dulled by the years, but when they were fresh, nothing could have been more magnificently resplendent than this polychromatic decoration."

Mr. Matthews passes on to De Thou and Le Gascon, to the latter of whom he extends the verdict of posterity as the foremost of all the artists who have embellished a book-cover. The characteristic features of both these styles are given briefly but clearly, and transi-

tion is made to Padeloup and Derôme with whom the notes conclude. "At first," says he, in summing up the results of his observations, "we find almost simultaneously the Aldine and the Maioli, the Grolier and the Henry II. styles. Then followed the *semé* (which probably suggested the wreaths), the fanfares of the Eves, and the brilliant fantasies of Le Gascon. Finally came Padeloup with his polychromatic mosaics (some of them deriving their monotonous framework from the wreaths and the *semé*), and Derôme with his vigorous borders. And, as I wandered down the history of book-binding, I have tried to show that the key to any understanding of the succeeding styles is to be found in a study of the tools of each epoch."

Mr. Matthews excuses his seeming partiality to the French binders on the ground that the art of bookbinding was cradled in France, even though born elsewhere, and in France attained its maturity. Italy joined in the struggle at the outset, but soon fell behind. With Germany, however, Mr. Matthews becomes apparently unjust when he says that she invented the book-plate to paste inside a volume in default of the skill so to adorn the volume externally that no man should doubt its ownership. If our contributor, Mr. Zahn, is correct in his deductions, the lack of creation or individual masters in German bookbinding is rather due to diffusion of the finer workmen throughout the numerous petty principalities. Admittedly, Germany received her fundamental and her progressive instruction from France, but she hardly deserves the arraignment of Mr. Matthews, who seems to deny her any early technical skill.

The illustrations in the article have been taken from various works, or reproduced from notable examples in public or private collections. They comprise the "*Erizzo, Discorso Sopra le Modaglio Antiche*," Venice, 1559. In eight volumes (*Imprimés Exposition No. 526. Flat Recto*). Bound for Grolier in the style of those of Geoffrey Tory, the only example known of work of this class bearing the name of Grolier. There is a binding executed for Tho. Maioli, 1536, taken from Leon Gruel's manual, the "*Colloquies of Erasmus*," Basel, 1537. Quarto, $7 \times 4\frac{1}{2}$ inches, brown calf, taken from the Blenheim collection owned by Brayton Ives; also a binding executed by Clovis Eve for Louis XIII., from Gruel's manual; a few specimens of Aldine tools, solid, hollow and azured; the "*Pandectarum Juris Florentini*," volume ii, a famous work by an unknown binder in the Mazarin Library, all the work being done with the straight fillet and curved gauge without engraved tools. Of this binding, Marius Michel is quoted by Mr. Matthews as saying:

"As clay is transformed under the fingers of the clever sculptor, so the learned arabesques, the graceful volutes, seemed to be born under his instruments; no one has ever carried to such a degree the exquisite sentiment of form." The example illustrated by Mr. Matthews bears the arms of France surrounded with scrolls, and has the cipher of Henry II., and Diana of Poitiers; there is also an illustration of a sixteenth century binding, taken from the "*Histoire de la Bibliophilie*"; two from bindings by Nicholas Eve, and examples of Padeloup and Derôme with various tools, exhibiting the transition periods and dependencies of design and styles.

Monsieur le Marquis de — (1780-1793).

(Mémoires Inédits Recueillis par Walter H. Pollock.)

WITH noble mien and lordly look,
 The Marquis sits within his book.
 In letters black and letters red,
 The Marquis steps with measured tread.
 With margin wide to grace his page,
 The Marquis occupies the stage.
 The bawling mob, the kennel crew,
 That pour and roar the wide street through,
 The Marquis lifts his head to hear
 With proud disdain and silent sneer.
 Outside—but not within these leaves—
 They bawl, this scum of drabs and thieves,
 "Death to the Marquis!" Calm and proud
 He goes to meet the murderous crowd.
 Nor goes alone. With courteous air
 He leads the Marchioness to share
 The curses of the rabble rout,
 The lifted axe, the savage shout.
 The pike triumphant with his head—
 These be the memoirs edited.

If dainty words and dainty dress,
 And page of dainty loveliness,
 And dainty cover, dainty print,
 Don't make a dainty book, the Devil's in't.



Our Note-Book.

THE most interesting event of the past month, so far as books are concerned, has been the series of Shakespeariana sold at Sotheby's, from the library of Mr. Birket Foster. Few libraries can boast of a copy of each of the four folio editions of Shakespeare, and Mr. Foster was the possessor of the set. The first folio brought the unusual sum of £255, though the copy has all the faults common to its class. For a perfect one like that of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, or of Mr. Locker-Lampson, the price would run well into four figures. The second folio, 1632, fetched only £56, but the third, 1664 (most of the impressions were burnt in the Great Fire), reached £130, while the fourth realised £25. The quarto editions of single plays brought prices that far exceeded anything previously recorded. "A Midsummer Night's Dream," 1600, large copy, realised £122—the last good copy was sold for £116; the "Merchant of Venice," 1600, went for £146—Daniel's copy some years ago fetched £99 15s; the spurious play, "The History of Sir John Oldcastle," 1600, sold for £41; and the other suppositious play, "A Yorkshire Tragedie," 1619, realised £38; "King Lear," 1608, sold for £100—the Daniel's copy only brought £29 8s.—and the fairly good copy of "Henry V.," 1608, sold for £51. The first collected edition of Shakespeare's "Poems," 1640, with the portrait of Marshall inlaid, fetched £40. These prices prove that the demand for epoch-making books is as keen as ever, and that book-collectors are still numerous enough to keep up the prices. It is obvious that the folio and quarto editions of Shakespeare must become rarer every year, for the demand grows just as the supply decreases. Those who can yet afford such bibliographical and literary gems are advised to do so without delay.

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A curious and interesting exhibition has been held at the rooms of

the Society of Antiquaries, Burlington House, during the first fortnight in June. It comprised objects relating to heraldry in its various branches, and some of these objects date back to very remote periods of English history. There were, for example, an embroidered velvet surcoat from the tomb of Edward Prince of Wales (who died in 1376) at Canterbury, as well as a helm, vest of leather, and a shield of embossed leather from the same place. King Henry the Fifth's shield, from his tomb in the Abbey Church of Westminster, was also shown; also Charles the Second's crown (without the jewels) which Colonel Blood stole from the Tower. The series of bookplates were extremely interesting, and date back to 1585; all the early *ex-libris* were armorial, and had not yet become a playground for absurd fancies and childish "puns." In the way of books, there was exhibited the most perfect copy known of the famous "Boke of St. Albans," 1486, in which is found a treatise on "The Blasing of Armys," with rude woodcuts. Among other books, several of unique interest come from the Heralds' Office, one quarto volume containing the illuminated banners of the Talbots (Earls of Shrewsbury), and of other families of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. Among the early English fabrics was a carpet of 1570, inwoven with heraldic devices; another exhibit comprised a pall with heraldic medallions, bearing the arms and badges of Henry VII., worked on the cross of red velvet which divides the ground of cloth of gold. Of great interest also was the Tournament Roll of 1510, in which are represented all the nobles who took part in the tourney which celebrated the accession of Henry VIII. to the throne.

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At no place in London does one get so much for one's money as at the London Library, an institution whose great merits and advantages are too likely to be overlooked in these days of much advertising and cheap literature. The fifty-third annual meeting of the members was held a fortnight ago at the Institution, St. James's Square, Mr. Leslie Stephen, the president, in the chair. The report of the committee stated that satisfactory progress had been made during the year. The committee had endeavoured, with the help of the new librarian, Mr. Hagberg Wright, to meet the continually growing demands which were made upon the resources of the library by the increase in the collection of books, and in the number of subscribers. The front room upon the ground floor, formerly occupied by the librarian, had now been thrown open to members of the library, and would, it was hoped, be found convenient as a reading-room. Considerable progress has been made in rearranging the books,

so as to make them more easily accessible. A list of additions to the library would hereafter be published every quarter. The number of volumes in circulation was probably greater than in any similar institution; and its increase had involved a necessity for a more effective method of registering the delivery and return of books. The number of volumes added to the library during the year by purchase and gifts was 4,065, and 90 pamphlets. The number of volumes sent out of the library for circulation during the year was 120,847. Mr. W. E. H. Lecky proposed that the following be elected members of the committee to fill vacancies:—Mr. R. C. Christie, Mrs. J. R. Green, the Rev. S. Leathes, D.D., Mr. W. S. Lilly, Mr. St. George Mivart, and Mr. Herbert Spencer. Mr. Lecky said that Mrs. J. R. Green was the first lady ever brought forward for the committee, and he thought that the question of sex should not tell for or against a member in this matter. The one thing to consider was efficiency, and no one could doubt Mrs. Green's qualification in that respect. The resolution was adopted.

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We look forward with much interest to the "History" of the Bridge House Trust, which the Corporation of the City of London has entrusted to our friend Mr. Charles Welch, the City Librarian. It will contain an exhaustive account of the old city bridges, the information being chiefly gathered from the Bridge House records, which have never hitherto been examined, and which are practically unknown to scholars and antiquaries. They disclose much valuable information relating not only to the bridges, but to the daily life of London citizens, and to questions affecting the wages of workmen and the price of materials. The book will contain numerous illustrations, one of the most important being a chromo-lithographic reproduction from a MS. in the British Museum, dated 1500, describing the captivity of the Duke of Orleans in the Tower, and including the earliest view extant of old London Bridge with the chapel of St. Thomas of Acon, and in the background the City and old St. Paul's. Tower Bridge will be described at length in Mr. Welch's book by Mr. Wolfe Barry, the engineer. An introduction to the work is written by Canon Benham, who gives a brief account of the works other than bridges carried out by the Corporation; and Mr. Philip Norman has a chapter on the antiquities of the Tower and its associations on both sides of the river in the neighbourhood of Tower Bridge.

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Of less general interest than many of the other volumes in the

Book-Lover's Library, Mr. R. B. Marston's, "Walton, and Some Earlier Writers on Fish and Fishing" (Elliot Stock), is nevertheless a very acceptable and a very delightful addition to this apparently inexhaustible series. Mr. Marston is not only an enthusiastic disciple of Izaak Walton, but the editor of *The Fishing Gazette*, and Honorary Treasurer of the Fly-Fishers' Club. These would appear to be quite sufficient guarantees for his dealing in a thoroughly sympathetic spirit with any subject which comes within the wide category of fishing. An examination of his delightful little book will prove not only that he can write sympathetically and well on the subject, but that his knowledge is both extensive and exact. The present writer has to confess that he is not an angler, and that he has never honestly read Master Walton from beginning to end, and probably not much beyond the middle—but these shortcomings do not lessen his admiration for those who are both anglers and have devoured Walton. Indeed, any genuine booklover, as distinct from the mere blockhead who simply amasses books, can read this capital volume of Mr. Marston's through with pleasure and profit—it is so thoroughly bookish. Mr. Marston takes us quite back to the remote ages of the country, starting, indeed, with a manuscript entitled "Piers Fulham," supposed to date from 1420. The second chapter deals with the celebrated "Treatyse of Fysshynge wyth an Angle," 1496, to which frequent reference has been made in *THE BOOKWORM*, and from which an illustration is reproduced on page 20 of our second volume. This "Treatyse" is to anglers just exactly what the First Folio is to Students of English literature. In his Preface Mr. Marston warns the reader against being bitten with the mania for collecting books on angling, for the hobby is likely to leave him a bankrupt. To start with, the collector must possess himself of a copy of this "lytyll plaunflet," for an indifferent copy of which over £700 was asked not so long ago. Perhaps a perfect copy would reach four figures. But no *résumé* could do justice to Mr. Marston's delightful little volume, which ought to become a classic, and certainly deserves a place in every library whether of books about books or of books on angling. Its cheapness places it within the reach of every disciple of the Immortal Izaak.

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The half-yearly volumes of the *Picture Magazine*, of which three have now been issued by Messrs. George Newnes, Limited, are among the most acceptable and entertaining books published for the "general" public. These three volumes, comprising over a thousand pages and many thousands of illustrations, form an un-

commonly diverting and entertaining encyclopædia of everything uncommon and quaint. We get a goodly show of fine art pictures, of comic pictures, of portraits (among which there is by far too great a preponderance of uninteresting royalties), and so forth. The sections of old prints and pictures will be found the most interesting to bookish people, and particularly would we commend Mr. Arthur Morrison's three articles on "Grandfather's Picture-Books" which are fully illustrated with facsimile examples. Among the miscellaneous pictures are to be found a number of facsimile reproductions of the books of M. Georges Salmon, who possesses a marvellous collection of the smallest books obtainable. Among the autographs is the facsimile of a page of the MS. of Scott's "Kenilworth." Altogether, the *Picture Magazine* is a very amusing book.

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Those who have read the onslaught on book-collecting anonymously published in 1761 under the title "De La Bibliomanie," will be glad to hear that an English translation has appeared, the publishers being Messrs. Duprat & Co., of 349, Fifth Avenue, New York. This highly diverting exposure "of the great folly of collecting rare and curious books, first editions, unique and large-paper copies, in costly bindings," and so forth, was written by Bollioud Mermet, who was secretary to the Academy of Lyons from 1736 to 1793, the year of his death. He was born in 1709, and was an inveterate book-collector, but when books became too costly for his purse he turned Philistine, and denounced the pursuit in which he could no longer indulge. One of the members of the Grolier Club (of New York), who signs himself "A. D.," writes an interesting preface in defence of the first edition craze: his arguments are not at all conclusive, nor are they very logical. As a matter of fact, the first edition collector is much more agreeably employed in following than in defending his hobby. In any case Bollioud Mermet's little book (which may be had for a dollar) is capital reading, even for the most hardened first edition sinner.

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Those who are at all interested in early printed books would do well to procure a copy of Dr. Ernst Voulliéme's "Die Incunabeln der Königlichen Universitäts-Bibliothek Zu Bonn," which has been issued by Herr Otto Harrassowitz, of Leipzig, and under the auspices of the editor of the *Centralblatt Für Bibliothekswesen*. Over twelve hundred items are catalogued, and as many of these are very scarce books, the exhaustive collations and refererices will prove most valuable and helpful to bibliographers. The earliest printed book

at Bonn is a copy of the Balbi "Catholicon," printed by Gutenberg in 1460, and the second is a copy of the Bible printed by Fust and Schöffer, 1462. There are no less than three indices to this very useful book : first there is given a list of printers, and the places at which they worked ; secondly, a list of the localities at which printing was carried on in the fifteenth century, and a list of the books from the various printing presses in the University of Bonn ; and thirdly, a chronological index. Dr. Voulliéme's book may be had for eleven Marks. * * * *

Messrs. Ellis and Elvey, of 29, New Bond Street, W., are to be congratulated on the handsome and permanent form of their new "General Catalogue of Rare Books and MSS." Except Mr. Quaritch's, the catalogue now before us is the most interesting and instructive published in the English language, for its entries are full, and where notes are given they are brief and to the point, exhibiting at many times a very wide knowledge of the books of all centuries. As a book of bibliographical reference it deserves a place by the side of Lowndes (to which, so far as it goes, it is infinitely superior), Brunet, and Hain. It gives more or less full descriptions of nearly 4,800 items, which are not only classified into sections, but provided with an exhaustive index of nearly thirty pages. The catalogue is embellished with numerous facsimiles of bindings by different masters ; and altogether it is one of singular interest.

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Another catalogue, not of old books, but of Old Masters, has reached us from M. C. Sedelmeyer, of 6, Rue La Rochefoucauld, Paris. M. Sedelmeyer's gallery is one of the sights of Paris, and well worthy of a visit from the picture buying public who may find themselves in Lutetia during the present holidays. This catalogue of "One Hundred Paintings of Old Masters" is got up apparently regardless of cost, for nearly every one of the items is illustrated, and chiefly by full-page plates, some by process and others by etchings. The descriptions are in English. We congratulate M. Sedelmeyer on his successful catalogue, which is in itself a work of art.

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Apropos of catalogues, Mr. Quaritch's last three "rough lists" contained a considerable variety of interest and much useful bibliographical information. Those dealing respectively with Italian literature, art, archæology, and history, and with Oriental literature (including a portion of the library of the late General Sir Alexander Cunningham), will be found safe guides in their particular directions. That any one bookseller can issue a list of over 1,300 books in Oriental languages only is a fact which is not without interest.



The Smallest Books in the World.

CASTON TISSANDIER contributes an interesting article to *La Nature*, Paris, on a subject to which frequent reference has been made in **THE BOOKWORM**. The article describes a collection of the smallest books ever published, the maximum being the "La Fontaine," printed in microscopic characters by Laurent and Deberny in 1850, which in height and breadth is 54×33 millimetres, a little more than 2×1 inches. As to the minimum, this book is a giant alongside of some which stand near it, for instance, the "Works of Horace," 1828, printed by Didot (47×30 millimetres); "La Rochefocauld, Maxims and Moral Reflections," printed by the same in 1827 (42×21 millimetres); "Le Rime di Petrarca," Venice, 1829, two volumes (39×24 millimetres); "La Divina Commedia di Dante," Milan, 1878, a volume of 500 pages (38×22 millimetres). History and politics are represented. There are "The French Constitution of 1792" (41×29 millimetres); a "Constitution of Holland," in Dutch, printed at Haarlem, 1861 (49×30 millimetres), remarkable for the clearness of the characters. There is also an "Abridgment of the History of Holland," in Dutch, published at Amsterdam, 1753, in two volumes, measuring but 33×17 millimetres.

Among the numerous religious works is an exquisite group of little "Books of Hours," and Bibles of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Of these, two volumes, bound in old calf, contain a series of 264 very small Scriptural engravings, by two women, who lived in Switzerland toward the end of the seventeenth century. Two books, that may be called the Siamese Twins—though discon-

nected—are "Catechismus Handlung," 187 pages, and "Vom Christlichen Haussand," 191 pages. They measure 31×31 millimetres, and were printed in Nuremberg in 1666.

There are several Bibles, about 26×20 millimetres, in elegant covers of old morocco, printed in London during the first half of the eighteenth century. Still smaller is "Begriff Christlicher Lehre," 1778, of sixty-four pages (22×11 millimetres).

There is a series of song-books and of almanacs. Of the latter, there is a very rare set complete from 1790 to 1818. Not only French almanacs are there, but also Dutch, printed in the middle of the eighteenth century, and English almanacs of the end of the same century.

As we go through the collection, we come to a tiny "Charte Constitutionnelle," of 1814, measuring 22×13 millimetres, and containing sixty-eight pages. It is one of the works—dwarf volumes they call them in the Bibliothèque Nationale—which does not treat of religion, of love, or of gaiety.

The foreign microscopic works are much superior to the French in clearness and fineness of impression and engraving. In Austria, at the beginning of the century, was published an almanac 21×15 millimetres. The English almanacs under the title of "The English Bijou Almanac," printed about the middle of this century, measuring 14×10 millimetres, stand in the first rank for the extreme fineness and beauty of the text and engravings.

There are in this collection, however, almanacs tinier yet, published between the years 1817 and 1840, by the Lithographic Institute of C. F. Muller at Carlsruhe. They measure only 14×9 millimetres. They contain from twenty-six to twenty-eight pages, and from six to twelve engravings. There are a great many of the books, and *La Nature* gives several of the reproductions, some of them in facsimile. As curiosities they may be regarded with admiration, but we question the practical value of work of this kind on the strength either of technical skill or artistic merit. They fall in the category of that chirography in which the entire Lord's Prayer could be inscribed on a postage stamp.

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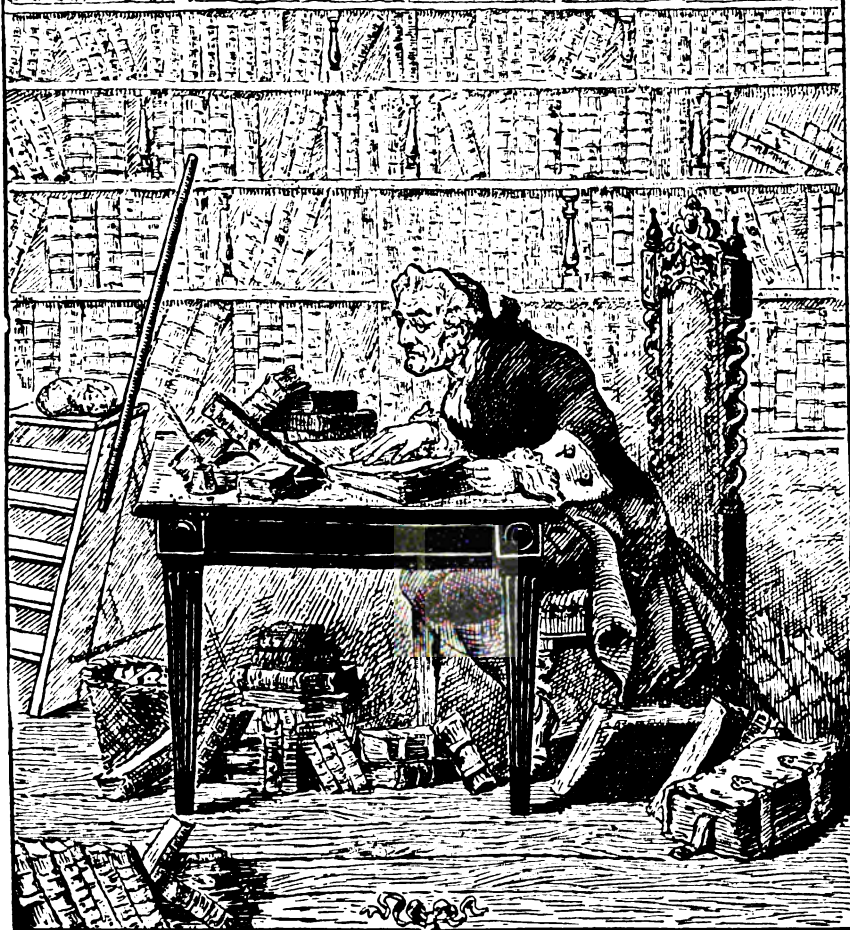
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Book Collectors of To-day.

MR. HENRY NORMAN.

BOOK-COLLECTING, almost more than any other species of the genus Hobby, has grown and increased to such an unwieldy extent that the man with universal tastes is no longer a reality, for with the wealth of the Rothschilds and the Duke of Westminster he would soon realise the Frankenstein nature of his hobby. The natural result of the distribution of wealth, so far as book-collecting is concerned, is that every collector may become a specialist in some particular direction, without necessarily narrowing his intellectual pursuits to any one groove. The late John Hill Burton—the Prose Homer of the book collector—in his charming delineation of Fitzpatrick Smart, Esq., describes him as having a principle of selection peculiar and separate from all others. “You could not,” observes our author, “classify his library according to any of the accepted nomenclatures peculiar to the initiated. He was not a black-letter man, or a tall copyist, or an uncut man, or a rough-edge man, or an early-English dramatist, or an ‘Elzevirian, or a broadsider, or a pasquinader, or an old-brown-calf man, or a Grangerite, or a tawny-moroccoite, or a gilt-topper, a marbled-insider, or an *editio-princeps* man; neither did he come under any of the more vulgar classifications of collectors whose thoughts run more upon the usefulness for study than upon the external conditions of their library, such as those who affect science, or the classics, or English poetic and historic literature. There was no way of defining his peculiar walk save by his own name—it was the Fitzpatrick-

Smart walk." These, or somewhat similar reflections, suggested themselves to the present writer in taking a brief survey of Mr Henry Norman's small but interesting collection of first and other editions, at his house in Grosvenor Road.

The historian has further recorded that if any particular book "were an inch out of his own line, it might be trampled in the mire for aught he cared, be it as rare or costly as it could be." Mr. Norman, who directs the literary department of the *Daily Chronicle*, is a man with several specialities, and likes a rare book of whatever description. His chief weakness, however, is in the direction of Americana so far as it relates to the first editions of modern American poets, nearly all of whom are, or were during their lifetime, his personal friends. That an Englishman should be "taken" this way will seem at first curious, but in Mr. Norman's case is explained by the fact that after his schooldays in England and Germany, instead of entering one of our own universities, he proceeded to Harvard, where, in due course, he graduated as B.A. and B.D. His first book appeared whilst residing at this university. "An Account of the Harvard Greek Play," by Henry Norman, was published by the Osgoods in 1882, and in this play Mr. Norman took the character of Cleon. It was during his two years' residence here that he became acquainted with all the leading poets of America, including J. Russell Lowell, Longfellow, Emerson, O. W. Holmes, Whittier, Walt Whitman, and others. In regard to the last-named celebrity, Mr. Norman possesses a photo of the venerable poet with an autograph inscription. Towards the close of his career, Mr. Norman, when attached to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, was the prime mover in getting up a public subscription among the readers of the newspaper, with the result that nearly £100 were transmitted as a Christmas offering to one of the most original poets of the age.

Ten years ago the collecting of first editions of American poets and prose-writers was a species of bibliomania in which few book-lovers indulged. But in spite of this neglect—perhaps, in fact, because of it—even ten years ago these first editions were by no means to be had for the asking—many of them are now scarcely to be had for love or money. Mr. Norman did not pick up his treasures from catalogues or in much-frequented bookshops or stores, but chiefly by ransacking the lumber cellars, marine-stores, and other dealers in miscellaneous property. Some of his best bargains have been picked up in the city of Boston, others in Philadelphia and New York.

The collection of Hawthorniana is almost complete, excepting

"Fanshawe" and a few other really minor pieces of no great literary importance. Among the more interesting items we notice the first issue of "The Scarlet Letter," published in Boston by the Ticknors, 1850, and "The House of Seven Gables," issued in the following year. Among the rarities of a later date, and by the same author, are "The Marble Faun," in two volumes, 1860, and "Our Old Home," published three years later. All these, it may be mentioned, are very fine copies, quite spotless, and in the original cloth bindings. Of James Russell Lowell, with whom Mr. Norman first became acquainted at Harvard, and was privileged to keep up a regular friendship until Lowell's death in 1892, Mr. Norman is an enthusiastic admirer, and possesses nearly all of this distinguished author's writings in their first editions; among these may be mentioned the "Poems" of 1844, published at Cambridge, Mass., the second series of these "Poems," which appeared four years later, and which contained the "Legend of Brittany," pronounced by Edgar Allan Poe to be "decidedly the noblest poem of the same length written by an American." Next to the "Poems" (with the exception of "The Vision of Sir Launfal") came "A Fable for Critics," 1848, and, in the same year, Lowell's most famous work, "Melibœus-Hipponax: the Biglow Papers." The "Fable" was published quite anonymously, and the first series of the "Biglow Papers" with the *nom-de-plume* of Homer Wilbur. Of these Mr. Norman possesses very fine copies in all their pristine beauty.

Of Longfellow Mr. Norman is not only an admirer, but considers that he is a much greater poet than the generality of English people have fully recognised, and whose sterling poetic qualities we have almost completely "obfuscated" by such juvenilities as "Excelsior," "A Psalm of Life," and many other early efforts of Longfellow. Among Mr. Norman's first editions of this poet, one of the rarest is the copy of "Outre-Mer: A Pilgrimage beyond the Sea," Boston, 1833, which is in the original marbled boards, quite uncut, as issued; the first issue of "Hyperion," in two volumes, 1839. Indeed, from the date of the publication of "Outre-Mer," 1834, downwards, Mr. Norman possesses a complete series of Longfellow's separate publications, nearly all in first editions. Mr. Norman has also been an assiduous collector of first impressions of Walt Whitman and Whittier. We may mention in the same paragraph another neglected genius—an exile in America. Of Dod Grile's (Ambrose Bierce) books, to which attention was called by Mr. Gladstone some months ago, Mr. Norman has long possessed a complete set.

After American first editions, Mr. Norman's strong point may be

said to be almost equally divided between Thomas Hardy and George Meredith. Of Mr. Hardy's books there are two sets, quite complete with the exception of a second copy of "Far From the Madding Crowd." It is a fact which collectors regard as a calamity that the first issue of the last-named novel in three-volume form has simply been read out of existence. A decently good copy is past praying for, and even a shabby example is quickly snapped up at a £5 note. Of Mr. Meredith's works there is also a complete set, including the "Poems" of 1851, a volume which was dedicated to his father-in-law, Thomas Love Peacock. The first and second editions of "The Shaving of Shagpat," 1856, and (with the new preface) in 1865, respectively. One of these volumes possesses an additional interest from the fact that it is a presentation copy to "Miss St. Aubyn, with the author's compliments." We may also mention two items which have not yet appeared in book form in this country, namely, "The Case of General Ople and Lady Camper," which first appeared in the *New Quarterly Magazine*, and "The Tale of Chloe: an Episode in the History of Beau Beamish," which was first given to the world in the same periodical (now defunct): in 1890 these two stories were published in a separate form in the "Westminster Series" of the John W. Lovell Company, of New York, at twenty-five cents each. Although rare only in this country because the excise authorities prohibit the importation of pirated books, both these items are very desirable in the eyes of the Meredith collector. Mr. Norman is sufficiently modern in his tastes to collect the first editions of the poems of Robert Bridges and William Watson.

As one of the members of the Omar Khayyam Club, Mr. Norman is naturally a collector of Fitzgerald's version of the Persian poet's famous "Rubaiyat," which, first issued quite anonymously, has now become an English classic, after speedily running into numerous editions. Mr. Norman possesses the first, second, third, and fourth editions of Fitzgerald's remarkable translation.

In distinct contrast to Mr. Norman's collection of first editions of certain phases of *belles lettres* are his numerous volumes, in the latest editions, dealing with eastern travels and international politics. He has travelled much in most foreign countries, as his innumerable trophies, from tiger skins to the model of the sacred white elephant of Siam, fully testify. Mrs. Norman, by the way, is the author of "A Girl in the Karpathians," which was one of the most successful books of the publishing season of two or three years ago.

W. ROBERTS.

King Henry VIIIth's Prayer Book.



UNIQUE item was sold at Christie's on July 6th, when the Fountaine collection came under the hammer. It was an edition of the "Psalmes," printed on vellum in 1544. This volume, which was Henry VIIIth's own Prayer Book, is of the greatest historical interest. Shortly before his death he gave it to his daughter, Princess Mary, afterwards Queen Mary, who subsequently presented it to Queen Catherine Parr, and it contains the following interesting autograph inscriptions. On the inside of the cover Edward VI. has written, "I will yf you will." On the back of the title-page, under the royal arms, the King writes, "Remeber thys wrighter wen you doo praye for he ys yours noon can say naye. HENRY R." On the side of the following verse on leaf A v., "I have not done penance for my malice, but encreased in muche vanitie," the King has written "trewe repentance is the beste penence," and on leaf B III. on the side of this verse, "thou haste promysed forgiveness of sinnes to those that do penance," he has written "repentance beste penence." At the bottom of the back of leaf C VIII. is the following sentence in the handwriting of Queen Catherine Parr, "Debemus longissime abesse a sententia eorum qui metiuntur felicitatem commodis huius vitæ," and at the bottom of leaf D the Queen has written, "Salus optanda est non quam Mundus dat sed quam Christus suis largitur. CATHERINA REGINA K.P.," and on the back of the same leaf Lord Seymour of Sudeley, her second husband, has written "Vanitas Vanitatum et omnia Vanitas. T. SEYMOUR."

Princess Mary, afterwards Queen Mary, writes the following inscription (on C III.) when she presented this book to her step-mother, Queen Catherine :—

"Madame, I shall desyer yor grace moste humbly to accepte thys ritde hande and unworthy whose harte and seruyce unfaynedly you shall be seur of duryng my lyf contynually. Your moste humble dowghter and seruant MARYE."

And on the back of the same leaf is written :—

"Mors est ingressus quidam immortalis future quæ tamen est maxime horribilis carni CATHERINA REGINA K.P."

On a small piece of vellum, inside the cover, the King has written, "Myne owne good daughter I pray you remeber me most hartely wen you in your prayers do shew for grace to be attayned assurdyly to yor lovyng fader. HENRY R." It was purchased for 610 guineas by Mr. Quaritch.



Records of Scientific Literature.

WE have often referred in these pages to those books known as Records of Scientific Literature, which have for object the assistance of the systematic scientist, by cataloguing and arranging the vast flood of papers and books published during the year on scientific subjects. It is the intention of the Editor of *Natural Science* to bring together in an early number of a list of the more important of these valuable time-savers, to show, in the first place, what has been and is being done in this direction, and, in the second place, to bring before the notice of would-be compilers the importance of some international action as proposed recently by the Royal Society of this country, in order to save the duplication of work, and the extravagant expenditure of energy and money, which result from the same numerous independent publications all tending to the same end. The most striking illustration of the waste in this direction is perhaps seen in the fact that no less than three recognised publications are issued year by year dealing with zoological literature, viz., the *Zoological Record*; the *Zoologischer Jahresbericht*; and the *Zoologischer Anzeiger*. In Geology the case is not at present so bad, for D'Agincourt's *Annuaire* is the only publication embracing, or rather attempting to embrace, the geological literature of the whole world. There are, however, numerous other geological records of local interest, as Blake's "Annals of British Geology," Nikitin's "Russkaya Gheologicheskaya Biblioteka," and the "Bibliografia Geologica Italiana" of the Italian Survey. As it has been proved more than once that the scientific public will not support these works, despite their enormous value, it behoves all those interested in the cataloguing of scientific literature, to consider any scheme whereby the necessary catalogue can be produced without the doleful interruptions due to non-support, incompleteness, unpunctuality, or neglect, which have characterised these publications in the past.



Concerning Visitors' Books.

WHEN one arrives at a country inn after a disagreeable journey through uncomfortable weather in a mood of dissatisfaction with the defectiveness of human affairs in general and the seasons in particular, not unmixed with a concealed contempt of your own character and for ever trusting yourself abroad after previous experiences which you might have learnt from, had you been a wiser man, lo ! Providence has mercifully provided an antidote for your spirit of dejection and self-accusation in the form of a *quasi* literary collection of opinions and records made by previous occupants of the inn and known as the *Visitors' Book*. I have specified a *country* inn for the reason that when people are out of the beaten tracks they have less compunction in giving way to violent out-pourings of spirit or enthusiastic terms of description than where they know their friends may follow sooner or later in their wake, and deride their petty extravagances about this and that.

The wholesome benefit of studying a *Visitors' Book* is that, from despising yourself, it teaches you to despise others. And this is a very desirable thing in the circumstances I recounted in the first sentence. In no place else can a man show himself to such disadvantage as in a *Visitors' Book*. He simply scribbles according to the inflated whim of the moment. Many a one who never thought of attempting to write poetry elsewhere or before must needs try to do so now in spite of the patently inglorious failures of others. The most of those effusions, or rather those heterogeneous hotch-potches of maudlin sentiment and racked rhyme, have the one stamp of complacent, smiling, drivelling idiocy. I am glad I have none beside me, or I could scarcely resist wasting a little space over them. I find that the great part of the verse productions are perpetrated by cheap young men on the spree, Church of England clergymen, and cockney tourists who consider themselves "gents."

Some, however, I must grant, are unique. Their uniqueness con-

sists either in their not being in regular pentameters or in their not being in the strain of—

“ The rain was very wet,
The wind was very cold,
The sun it hotly set
Surrounded with gold,”

or in having a chorus.

Let me select one of those unique specimens by a clergyman :—

“ Dame Nature is kind to this place
When the sun shows his jolly old face
With undiminished glow.
But when the rain is falling quick
And the mist is very thick
Your spirits (not Smith's) feel beastly low.”

The last word in the third line was formerly “lustre”; but as this evidently did not fit in with the reverend gentleman's notions of metre, he wrote “glow” above it. (I may mention that this is above the average.)

But as a matter of fact the entries in verse are preferable to those in prose; for the latter express almost the same sentiments as the former, but without the exciting straining after rhymes and sufficient, or few enough, syllables.

Some sane persons are wont to give a truthful account of their experience, in the neighbourhood. This is making a good use of a *Visitors' Book*, and often proves of great advantage to the traveller. These people deserve the benison of all gentlemen-tramps who have a righteous disregard of guide-books. All men know that most guide-books are vanity, yet, vanity of vanities! they still continue to peruse them. How much better it would be if an educated traveller could give a judicious account of a tour he has made in the neighbourhood of some inn and leave it for others to continue the account of the district! In this way a very valuable book might be formed.

People, however, will always immortalise themselves by their folly, if by nothing else, and a Herostratus may be found any day of the week.

When you are about to leave the inn, you take up the *Visitors' Book* and finger it uneasily. Then you look at the last page that has been written on and the last few entries. You give a feeble smile and feel for your pencil. Then you write, and think you have done something sober and sensible; but do not delude yourself! it is only tame and uninteresting, and perhaps foolish. So you go on your way—and God rest your conscience!

C. HILL DICK.



A Seventeenth Century "Zadkiel."

No. I.

IT is not for the present age, with its belief in hypnotism, mesmerism, and the like, to scoff at the superstition of a previous era; and yet it is strange to remember that little over two centuries ago "astrology" held rank as an actual "science," and was believed in by some of the most enlightened men of the time. "The Life of William Lilly, Student in Astrology, wrote by himself in the 66th year of his age," is one of the most interesting autobiographies of the seventeenth century, not so much for the information it contains regarding its writer, as for the curious picture it presents of the domestic life of his era.

Lilly may be considered as the last of the "scientific" astrologers. Gypsies and beggarwomen and obscure fortune-tellers of various kinds still undertake to "read your planet" for a consideration, but these miserable professors of the art are not to be ranked with the ancient students of the occult science. An astrologer ruled even the imperious Catherine de Medicis, who gave implicit credence to his vaticinations.

Dr. Dee was favoured by Elizabeth. Men like Sir Kenelm Digby, Elias Ashmole, nay, stranger still, Whitlocke and even Cromwell, were among the friends of Lilly; and amid his many enemies, no one seems to have doubted the truth of his "science." The man himself was certainly no conscious impostor, and modern readers who do not believe in his prophetic gifts will find in his life interesting sketches of many of the celebrities of his era, and much curious historical information.

William Lilly was born in 1602, at Diseworth in Leicestershire. His father was a small landowner in the county. The family were once in fairly prosperous circumstances, but as Lilly remarks, "all the lands purchased by my ancestors had been sold by my father and grandfather," and at the time of the astrologer's birth his parents were reduced to the rank of small farmers. "My mother resolved I should be a scholar . . . seeing my father's backslidings in the world and no hopes by plain husbandry to recruit a decayed estate," and the boy accordingly received the best educational advantages the neighbourhood afforded, going to school with a "Mr. John Brisley, of great abilities for the instruction of youth in the Latin and Greek tongues," who kept an academy at Ashby-de-la-Zouch.

When Lilly had attained his seventeenth year his mother died, but finding that the boy's smattering of knowledge rendered him disinclined to "work, or drive the plough, or do any country labour," both father and son became mutually dissatisfied. "One Mr. Smatty, an attorney," now offered young Lilly a situation in London "where was a gentleman who wanted a youth that could write to attend on him and his wife." The offer was thankfully accepted, and in April, 1620, the country lad came to London. The promised situation proved that of a mere household drudge in the family of a citizen and his wife. "My work was to attend my master when he went abroad, to make clean his shoes, sweep the street, help drive bucks when we washed, fetch water from the Thames, scrape trenchers, &c., all which drudgeries I willingly performed, for I would have been of very mean profession before I returned to the country again."

The lad's cheerful acceptance of his lot brought its reward. His mistress died from a lingering disease within four years of his entrance into her service, and Lilly's devotion to her during her illness won him the favour of both the sufferer and her husband. So great was the invalid's attachment to her attendant that he was the only person whom she would permit to exercise any surgical operations upon her, but we spare our readers the medical details (which Lilly gives at full length), though lovers of "the good old times" might thank fate that they are not called upon to undergo the surgical treatment of the seventeenth century.¹

After the poor woman's death a bag of charms was found upon her body, and this circumstance appears to have first directed Lilly's attention to astrological "science." He ascertained that these

¹ The poor woman died of a cancer. Lilly gives a horrible account of how, by her request, he operated upon it *en amateur* with a pair of scissors!

"charms" had been given to his mistress's first husband by the celebrated Dr. Forman, whose name is so familiar in connection with Sir Thomas Overbury's murder. Lilly is as discursive a writer as Philip de Comines, and here breaks off his personal narrative to give an account of the "Life of Dr. Forman," the physician, the astrologer, the suspected poisoner. It is too long to quote here, and the story is sufficiently familiar to most readers of the history of the reign of James I. Lilly lived happily with his master, who "settled on me for my life twenty pounds per annum," presumably in gratitude for his services to his late mistress. In 1625 his master re-married, but only survived his second nuptials a couple of years. His widow was so favourably impressed by Lilly that she virtually proposed to him soon after his master's death, and they were privately married. This union appears to have been a happy one, though the wife was considerably the senior of the pair; and Lilly, now in comfortable circumstances, turned his attention to the fantastic "science" that had so long attracted him. He obtained an introduction to a Mr. Evans, "an excellent wise man who had studied the Black Art" and had been employed by Sir Kenelm Digby and Lord Bothwell to "raise spirits." Under this man, and with the assistance of several other Sidrophels, "one Captain Bubb, who resolved horary questions"; "Jeffrey Neve, a student of astrology"; "William Poole, a nibbler at astrology," Lilly seriously studied, with such good effect that he was able "in eight weeks to set a figure (*i.e.*, cast a horoscope) perfectly."

With delightful candour Lilly acknowledges that his tutors were by no means honest even in their pretended "science." He detected his first instructor, Evans, in giving a reply totally at variance with the astrological "resolving of the question," to which the magician coolly replied "that he was bound to answer the woman as it pleased her, otherwise she would have given him nothing, and he had a wife and family to keep."

But the unworthiness of its professors (and some of the astrologers mentioned appear to have been most disreputable characters) did not shake the faith of Lilly in the "glorious science of astrology," and his wife dying in 1633 he devoted himself entirely to his mystical studies.

In 1634 Lilly joined David Ramsey, "his majesty's clockmaker," in an exploration for "a great quantity of treasure which was thought to be concealed in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey," and which the two adepts undertook to discover with the aid of the divining rod, manipulated by an expert named Scott. The Dean of Westminster gave ready permission for the experiments to take

place "with this proviso, that if any treasure were discovered his church should have a share." A sudden tempest, however, alarmed the treasure seekers, and Lilly prudently counselled that the explorations should be discontinued, "otherwise I verily believe the demons would have blown down the abbey."

Lilly had now established a reputation of a conjurer or white wizard, and to him came clients akin to those described by Butler (in "*Hudibras*"), whose Sidrophel is said to be a caricature of our hero. Ladies desiring love potions to win back faithless admirers, persons wishing to recover all kinds of lost property, inquisitive seekers into futurity, all came to have their doubts "resolved," and, according to Lilly's own account, departed well satisfied. Like many other fortune-tellers, Lilly possessed much natural acuteness which he used to supplement the resources of his art. He recovered a compromising document for one patron, not by magical incantations, but by the simple expedient of inviting the holder of the obnoxious paper to dine with him and bring the document for examination, Lilly pretending that he had a grudge against the writer of the paper and would be glad of a weapon against him. After dinner, when the unsuspecting owner of the document had drunk a good deal of wine, Lilly accidentally (?) knocked over the candle, and in the darkness "did convey the paper into my boot, while they went to re-light the candles." It was some days before the half-tipsy guest discovered that he had lost the most important of his documents, and by that time the paper had "gone into Cumberland, whither I sent it at once with this friendly caveat, 'sin no more'; and so," adds Lilly, with a fine disregard of moral considerations, "this business ended very satisfactorily for my friend and also for myself." Nothing is said regarding the feelings of the man from whom the paper was stolen.

Lilly had now an extensive acquaintance with many influential persons, and their influence often assisted him in working some of his apparent miracles. He was able to protect a royalist friend who had been "abused by the sequestrators," by obtaining a letter of protection from Speaker Lenthall himself, a favour his friend apparently considered as obtained by magical arts, but which Lilly candidly admits he gained through his acquaintance with Whitelocke and Lady Lisle.

In 1644 Lilly first turned author, and indited a book, "*Merlinus Anglicus*," which, after some difficulty, he obtained the sanction of the Parliament to print; "for," as he himself remarks, "in it I meddled not with their Dagon."

He continued to publish prophetical works in succession, rousing the jealousy of a brother professor who had been first in the field, and who now attacked the new seer as "a senseless impertinent fellow named William Lilly." Wharton, this rival astrologer, was a Royalist, and on quarrelling with him, Lilly "engaged heart and soul in the cause of the Parliament." Such, however, was the general belief in Lilly's skill, that some of the king's adherents applied to him to advise regarding time of the king's flight from Hampton Court, and the place where the ill-fated monarch would best find refuge; and the astrologer dates the king's after misfortunes to the neglect of the counsel he gave on these subjects.

A prophecy Lilly published in 1645, which appeared to be verified in the battle of Naseby, greatly raised his reputation as a seer. His vaticination was one eminently likely to be fulfilled. "If now we fight, victory stealeth upon us," was the cautious wording; and in most battles "victory" falls to one of the combatants, "we" of course standing for the winning side. In 1645 Lilly's works fell under the ban of some of the stricter members of the Parliamentary party; but thanks to the influence of powerful friends and a specious explanation of some of the suspected passages, the astrologer triumphed over his accusers. In 1646 Lilly began his *magnum opus*, "An Introduction into Astrology," being, as he says with equal candour and modesty, "touched in conscience; believing that God had not disposed my abilities upon me that I should bury them under a bushel." With this pious purpose he worked for a year, secure in the protection "of the soldiers and the Independent party, who were all for my art; . . . but should the Presbyterian party have prevailed, as they thought of nothing less than to be lords of all, I knew well they would have silenced my pen, and committed the Introduction to everlasting silence."

The famous work was published at length, and attacked by both Cavaliers and Presbyterians. Fairfax, however, graciously received its author, and remarked that "though he understood it not, he hoped the art (of astrology) was lawful, and agreeable to God . . . he doubted not but I feared God, and therefore had a good opinion of me."

Hugh Peters, the famous preacher, was equally favourable; and later on Cromwell extended his powerful protection to the astrologer. In 1650 Lilly, who was a shrewd observer of the "signs of the times," published a prediction "that the Parliament would not long continue, but that a new Government would arise." This prediction was followed by a yet bolder declaration "that the Parliament stood

upon a tottering foundation, and that the Commonwealth and soldiery would join together against them." As might be expected, the Long Parliament resented these predictions, and Lilly was summoned before a Committee of the House to answer for the treasonable passages in his book. He had powerful friends; Lenthall, the Speaker, sent for him privately, to inform him what passages "tormented the Presbyterians most highly," that he might be prepared to answer accusations upon them; many members of the Committee were on his side, and Cromwell openly favoured him. Indeed one is tempted to inquire whether Lilly's prophecy of the impending fate of Parliament, so abruptly dissolved by Oliver, had not been "inspired" by the future Protector or his friends. In any case, Cromwell was acute enough to know the value of a soothsayer who was entirely on his side, and had so large an influence with the soldiery and the populace.

The manner in which Lilly justified his book to the Parliamentary Committee is more creditable to his ingenuity than his veracity. After receiving the Speaker's friendly information, he applied to a printer of known Royalist tendencies to print six copies of the "*Anglicus*" *with the objectionable passages omitted*. "I told him my design was to deny the book found fault with, and own only these six books; . . . I doubted he would be examined." The Royalist printer had no objection to perjure himself in the cause of a foe to the Parliament. "Hang them" (*i.e.*, the Committee), he readily responded, "they are all rogues; I will swear myself to the devil before they shall gain any advantage of you by my oath." When the attacked work was produced before the Committee, the astrologer boldly denied its authenticity, asserting "it was writ by some malicious Presbyterian to ruin me," and, producing the six copies of the book prepared by his Royalist friend, protested that this, and this edition only, was the genuine one, "the others were counterfeits, and published by my enemies." Lilly was kept in honourable custody for a time while the Committee wrangled over the matter; but thanks to the influence of Sir Arthur Hazelrigg and other powerful friends, he was finally admitted to bail, and the matter slept. In 1655 Lilly's prophecy was fulfilled, and "my old enemies the Parliament men were turned out of doors by Oliver."

A domestic bereavement befell the astrologer in 1654. He lost his second wife, whom he had married some years previously. The widower makes no false pretence of sorrow. "My second wife died for which I shed no tears. She brought me a portion of £500, and she and her poor relations spent over £1,000."

In his curious candour, Lilly sometimes reminds us of the autobiography of Benvenuto Cellini. Eight months after his wife's decease he married a third spouse, "who is totally for my comfort." The events recorded during the next ten years are a strange picture of the career of a seventeenth century astrologer. Lilly is alternately engaged in vulgar disputes with "a half-witted young woman," regarding half-a-crown to be paid for the recovery of some stolen goods; and is consulted by Claypole regarding the best person to appoint as English Ambassador in Sweden. Foreign sovereigns send him gold chains, and poor women pay him small amounts to obtain tidings of absent relatives. Throughout the Protectorate he flourishes, and is courted by men of position and influence. In that superstitious age a "prophetical almanack" maker held a very different rank from that enjoyed by our modern Zadkiels. Cromwell himself could not afford to despise a man whose books were so universally credited. "At one fight in Scotland," writes Lilly, "a soldier stood with my 'Anglicus' in his hand and cried, 'Hear what Lilly saith, in this month we are promised victory, so fight it out brave boys.'" Such predictions must often have drawn on their own fulfilment.

Lilly does not disguise that he frequently gained information from mortal rather than from spiritual sources. He confesses that he was for years in correspondence with a "French priest . . . a confessor to one of the Secretaries," by whose means he was supplied with news from France; and doubtless he possessed many similar sources of intelligence. The favour shown by the Protector and his friends suggests the idea that he may have been employed by Oliver as a secret political agent.

At the Restoration, Lilly appears to have been somewhat anxious about his fortunes, but the shrewdness which led him to side with the winning party at the beginning of the civil troubles did not desert him now, and he was as ready to accept King Charles as General Monk himself, and to interpret certain "eminent predictions as clearly foreshadowing his majesty's return." Some enemies attempted to injure him by making public his former services to the Parliamentary cause; but again he found friends and protection, this time in the shape of the son of the gentleman whom he had formerly saved from the persecutions of the sequestrators in 1643. After a short imprisonment at the Gate House (of the miseries of which place Lilly gives a graphic description, adding, "I thought it to be hell") he was released on taking the oath of supremacy, and received a formal pardon. Before his release he was examined regarding that still disputed point of history, the identity of the

executioner of Charles I. Lilly had not been present at the execution, although invited to accompany Hugh Peters to the scene ; but he stated that he dined with a company of Parliamentarians a few days after the king's death, and that Robert Spavin, secretary to Cromwell, privately informed him that "the man who did the fact was Colonel Joyce, . . . for I was in the room when he fitted himself for his work, stood behind him when he did it, and when done went in again with him. There is no man knows this but my master (Cromwell), Commissary Ireton, and myself."

C. LORD.

(*To be concluded*).

Robespierre as a Poet.

THE following may be interesting—and is certain to be new—to many of the readers of THE BOOKWORM :—

"MADRIGAL.

"Crois-moi, jeune et belle Ophélie,
Quoi qu'en dise le monde, et malgré ton miroir,
Contente d'être belle et de n'en rien savoir,
Garde toujours ta modestie.

"Sur le pouvoir de tes appas
Demeure toujours alarmée,
Tu n'en seras que mieux aimée,
Si tu crains de ne l'être pas."

"FEU MAXIMILIEN ROBESPIERRE.

"Quelques publicistes disent : *Robespierre n'est pas encore jugé*. C'est comme *homme politique* que l'on vent dire. Voici en attendant un madrigal qui peut fournir l'occasion de le juger du moins comme *poète* sans trop d'irrévérence."—From *Le Keepsake Français*, 1831.



Notes on Certain Histories and Memoirs of the Sixteenth Century.

No. II.

BY G. H. POWELL, OF THE INNER TEMPLE.

[The "notes" which the courtesy of the Editor allows me to publish under the above heading are, it will be seen, arranged on principle except such as may, by avoiding monotony, present readable selections from a work which I am compiling as occasion arises. My object is to put together in as concise a form as possible some account of the most important *original sources of history* (whether letters, memoirs, tracts, or professed "histories") which have then or since appeared in book form. The descriptions being concerned chiefly with the literary and historical qualities of the works mentioned, will deal no more with technical details of their "bibliography," nor with the biography of their authors than this aim—a short, practical introduction to the study of certain books—may render necessary.—G. H. P.]

PARUTA (Paolo), 1540-1598 :—"Historia Vinitiana (1513-1552), con la guerra di Cipro, ricorretta," &c., in 2 parts, 4to, Venez., 1703.

Paruta, writing in his native language, continues the history of Venice from the point at which Bembo concluded his work. "He is the first," says Daru, "who has the merit of introducing into his narrative those details of civil life usually neglected by such writers occupied with accounts of wars and revolutions."

His high merit both as a diplomatist and a historian is testified to by no less a critic than De Thou; and his history is one of the most valuable authorities of the period. More especially is this true of the second part, the account of the war with Cyprus in 1570 and 1571, the events of which the writer must have known from his own knowledge. Paruta records some interesting details as to the size of the Venetian lagoons at different periods. The above work is quite a common one, and may easily be picked up in the English second-hand book market.

DEAGEANT (Guichard), —1626:—"Memoires de M. Deageant envoyez à M. le Cardinal de Richelieu, contenant plusieurs choses particulières et remarquables arrivées depuis les dernières années du Roy Henry IV. jusques au commencement du Ministère de M. le Cardinal de Richelieu." Small 8vo., à Grenoble, 1668.

The last seventy pages of this little volume consist of the report transmitted to Richelieu (March 3, 1635) by Guillaume d'Hugues, Archbishop of Embrun, and describing the latter's secret mission to England, with an account of the author, a fact of which there is no indication on the title-page.

This "relation" (which concerns the grievances of the English Catholics and the negotiations for the marriage of Prince Charles, and concludes with two letters from the Duke of Buckingham, dated November 9 and 15, 1624, upon the latter subject) throws an interesting light upon the views of James I.

Guichard Déageant, the author of the *Memoirs*, was an ardent Catholic, whose assistance in the great work of stamping out the heresy of the "Religion pretendue Reformée" was gratefully recognized by Cardinal Richelieu. He began to be employed in the writing of despatches, as he tells us, "at the end of the preceding rein" (of Henry IV.); but upon leaving the court in 1619—an intrigue brought about his disgrace, and he spent four years and seven months (see p. 319) in the Bastille—had destroyed all his manuscripts, and therefore compiles the present work, at the cardinal's request, from memory only.

BEMBO (Pietro, Cardinal), 1470-1547:—"Historiæ Venetæ libri XII.," ap. Aldi filios (a magnificently printed edition), folio, 1551.

Cardinal Bembo, perhaps the most famous *littérateur*, and certainly one of the best Latin prose writers of the Renaissance, undertook to

write the history of Venice for the forty-four years (he only includes twenty-five) ending in 1512, rather at the request of the authorities, and as a patriotic duty, than (as he expressly tells us) by any choice of his own. By his position as a Churchman he was denied access to the public archives (see "Foxarini," *Letteratura Venez.*, Lib. 3), a privation which perhaps did not trouble him much, and his History, which is written in a lucid and readable style, must not be considered as a work of any original research, but merely a compilation of all that a publicist of such distinguished rank would be likely to know of events passing within, or almost within, his own time. He dwells at length upon the discoveries of Columbus and the Portuguese, remarking their obvious effects upon Venetian trade.

Bembo does not seem to have been accused of any particular or interested omissions. The death of Alexander VI. is recorded (bk. vi. p. 95) in as concise and candid a manner as could be desired (see also passages cited by Gordon, "*Hist. of Alex. VI.*").

It appears, however, that a more complete MS. version of the History has recently been discovered and published by Morelli (see Daru, "*Hist. de Venise*," bk. xl.).

DEDEKINDUS (Frid):—"Ludus Satyricus de Morum Simplicitate seu Rusticitate, vulgo dictus Grobianus. Libri tres." 12mo, Lugd Bat., Ex off. J. Maire, 1631.

Hallam (*Hist.*, Lit. II. 128, ed. 1855) calls this "a strange and graphic poem." It is a satirical and curiously minute review of German manners in the first half of the sixteenth century. The book was first published in 1549, and continued to be a popular work all through the seventeenth century, being constantly reprinted. Dedekindus also wrote the "*Miles Christianus*."

LANGUET (Hugues), 1518-1581:—"Historica descriptio susceptæ a Cæsareâ majestate executionis contra S. Rom. Imperii rebelles, eorumque receptatorem, et captæ urbis Gothæ, soloque æquati castrî Grimmenstein." A.D. 1567, April 13. Ex archetypo edita, &c., à Gerhardo Coldewey, 56 pp. of text, and engraving of a medal struck 1567, 4to, Bremæ, 1735.

"The early part of Maximilian's reign," writes Dyer ("*Mod. Europe*," ii. 284, ed. 1861), "was disturbed by a foolish and abortive conspiracy on the part of John Frederick II. of Saxe-Gotha," of which brief, curious, and sanguinary episode the above work is a detailed account. It has been observed that Languet

(*vide* his preface), taking strongly the side of established authority, is the more reliable, in that by natural bent he was inclined to a contrary view of his famous pamphlet, "*Stephani Junii Bruti vindiciæ contrà tyrannos sive de Principis in Populum Populique in Principem legitimâ potestate.*" Edimburgi, 8vo, 1578.

FLORIO (Michel Angelo):—"Historia de la vita e de la morte de l'illustriss: Signora Giovanna Graia, gia Regina eletta e publicata d'Inghilterra: e de le cose accadute in quel Regno dopo la morte del Re Edoardo VI. Nella quale secondo le Divine scritture si tratta de i principali articoli de la Religione Christiana, con l'aggiunta d'una dottiss, disputa Theologica fatta in Ossonia l'anno 1554," &c., 8vo, stampato appr., Rich. Pittore, 1607. Rare.

Upon the title-page of this posthumous work Michel Agnolo Florio is described as "gia Predicatore del Sant' Evangelio in piu città d'Italia et in Londra."

Florio is a Protestant, and a large part of this work, as may be inferred from the above description, is occupied in controversial discussion of theological questions.

It contains also two letters of Lady Jane Grey (to her sister Catherine and to the Catholic priest Harding), and a report of her debate with Frecknam, and concludes with a translation of Bishop Ridley's account of his discussion with Dr. Smith, Ward, Frecknam, and others (Oxford, April 17, 1554) on the subject of the Real Presence.

ESTIENNE (Henri), 1532-1596:—(1) "*Apologie d'Herodote, ou traité de la conformité des merveilles anciennes avec les modernes, av. remarques par M. le Duchat,*" 2 vols. sm. 8vo. La Haye, 1735.

[The title of this work in the earlier editions, which is not quite the same as that given here, runs as follows: "*L'introduction au traité de la conformité des merveilles, &c., ou Traité préparatif à l'Apologie pour Herodote. L'argument est pris de l'Apologie pour Herodote composée en latin par Henri Estienne et est ici continué par lui-même.*"]

The "*Apologie d'Herodote*" may fairly be described as one of the most remarkable works ever printed, even in the sixteenth century. It is not often that a distinguished literary man has deliberately sat down to demonstrate that his own generation were as ignorant, wicked and superstitious as any in the darkest ages of Paganism; yet this task is here accomplished, with a fair show of success, in a

work put forward—with exactly how much malice it is not easy to determine—under the innocent disguise of an introduction to the study of Herodotus.

The literary genesis of the work is, however, no mere pretence. In 1566, the celebrated printer, scholar and *littérateur*, Henri (son of Robert) Estienne published at Paris, in folio, a Latin version of Herodotus's History, composed by Lorenzo Valla (1406–1457) and revised by himself. This was followed, in 1570, by his edition of the Greek text, first published by Aldus in 1502. To the Latin version was prefixed a short "Defence of Herodotus," referred to in the title given above.

From the introductory discourse to the Apology, and the "Epistre à un sien ami," we learn that the editor was induced, in the first instance, by a profound admiration for Herodotus to advocate his merits as a historian against the contemptuous incredulity of an ignorant age. For this purpose he compares his own and the preceding age with that described by the Halicarnessean chronicler. The attraction of such a subject matter is obvious, and when we reflect that the author is a man far in advance of his times (and such times !), an enlightened critic endowed with considerable sense of humour, and a keen perception of the abuses, moral and intellectual, by which he was surrounded, we can easily understand how the classical monograph soon became a comprehensive diatribe enforced by copious and curious citations, a miscellany of censure and scandal, a catalogue of the crimes, vices and follies of one of the most active, but not most virtuous, of epochs.

"En ne voulant que costoyer le rivage," he tells us (*Epistre à un sien ami*), "je me trouvay incontinent porté en pleine mer." Once thoroughly embarked upon so vast a subject, he realised the point of the Greek proverb—"il n'est plus temps de marchander le vent." Nor indeed, while conscientiously drawing his facts, as he assures us, from the most reliable authorities, does he seem, amid so vast a mass of heterogeneous details, to have shrunk from recording anything of a shocking or scandalous nature, from the legendary cruelties of Bishop Hatto, to the abominations of the Borgias. About half the work is occupied with a severely satirical exposure of the abuses of monasticism and the Church, the ignorance, immorality and avarice of ecclesiastics. Apart from the ridicule poured upon such popular preachers as Barelette, Olivier Maillard, and Michel Menot, Estienne's contemptuous references to the "mystères morologiques, and hyberbadinomorologiques" of the "theophages," were such as could not fail to arouse

a furious indignation, only equalled by the curiosity with which the general public received the work. It first appeared in 1566, "au mois de Novembre" (no place), 572 pp., 8vo, containing passages cut out of subsequent editions. A second bears the same impression, and a third was published the same year. Altogether eleven editions (of which it need only be said that that of 1572, "de l'imprimerie de Guillaume des Marescs," contains certain additional stories), appeared before the close of the century, and a twelfth in 1607.

Le Duchat's useful edition "faite sur la première a, contenant tout ce que les posterieurs ont de curieux," with index, is the thirteenth.

This fact and the attention which the work has received from modern historians are sufficient evidence of its interest and importance.

In deference to the somewhat hasty remark of Menage, "L'Apologie d'Herodote est peu de chose, il y a bien de la bagatelle" (*Menagiana*), the truth of the latter criticism must be admitted. Sallengre, who gives an excellent analysis of the work in his "Memoires de Litterature" (2 vols., 8vo, La Haye, 1715), vol. 1, p. 38, points out that Estienne several times repeats himself, or rather certain highly discreditable anecdotes, and in particular a blasphemous saying attributed to Pope Leo X., and introduces a good deal of trivial detail.

But as a contribution to the history of manners, morals, and civilisation in the sixteenth century the work—scandal, trivialities and all—is unique, or would be but for the *Memoirs of Brantôme*.

- (2) "Discours merueilleux de la vie actions et deportemens de Catherine de Medicis, Royne mère, declarant tous les moyens qu'elle a tenus pour usurper le Gouvernement du Royaume de France, et ruiner l'estat d'icelui."

The above remarkable pamphlet published in 1574, 8vo (dated 1575), has been attributed to Jean de Serres and to Theodore Bèze, but with most probability to Henri Estienne. It will be found reprinted in vol. 3 of the "Memoires de l'Estat de France sous Charles IX.," 1578 (q.v.), and in various editions of the well-known "Recueil de diverses pieces servant à l'hist de Henry III." (*augmenté*, sm. 8vo, Cologne, 1693). The "Discours Merueilleux" is a masterly and eloquent invective upon one of the most remarkable characters of the age, of whom, since her ambition, ability and energy were beyond dispute, and her influence upon France can, in the language of a modern historian, "only be regarded as an

unmixed evil," there was obviously much to be said. After a prefatory sketch of Italian and especially Medicean morals and diplomacy, the writer concisely enumerates the crimes, treacheries and vices of the Queen Regent, and appeals to the princes of the blood royal to shake off the tyranny of this "accursed Brunhild."

Brantôme, who gives to Catherine de Medici the second place among his "Dames Galantes," remarks that the author of this work was an "impostor," and the work itself a pack of falsehoods, and that *the Queen Mother herself, after reading it, had said so*, (vol. 1, p. 27, ed. 1740), which is very likely. The editor adds, with more point, that many will prefer it to Brantôme's panegyric.

BRUTO (Giovanni Michele), 1515-1594:—"Historiæ Florentinæ Libri octo priores," 4to, Lugduni, apud heredes Jacobi Juntæ, 1562.

The above work is not commonly met with, and is described in older bibliographies as "very rare." The author, as Vogt observes (*Catal. Hist.-Crit. libror. rariorum*), found it necessary to fly from Florence, owing to his having spoken too freely of the Medici family, and the Grand Duke endeavoured to prevent the circulation of his work by buying up all the copies.

It is much to be regretted that we do not possess the conclusion of this valuable work, which, however, as the author carried it no further than the death of Lorenzo de' Medici (1492), does not directly concern the sixteenth century. I mention it here on account (1) of the numerous political reflections (written about the middle of that period) which it contains, and which are, by a curious practice, marked with an asterisk in the index; and (2) because the preface, addressed to Piero Capponi, contains important criticisms of other historians, especially Machiavelli and Paolo Giovio (1483-1552), of whose work it might be called a scathing review. This preface was thought so important an antidote to the flatteries heaped on the Medici, that it was reprinted (4to, 1566, an Italian translation by F. Alberti) under the title, "*Diffese de' Fiorentini contro le false calunnie del Giovio.*"

SPENSER (Edmund), 1552-1598:—"A View of the State of Ireland, written by way of Dialogue between Eudoxus and Irenæus" (with a life of the author), 8vo, Dublin, 1763.

In the summer of 1580 the poet Spenser became secretary to Arthur, Lord Grey of Wilton, then appointed Lord Deputy of Ireland, and probably accompanied his lordship on his arrival in Dublin

in August of that year. On the 22nd of March following he obtained the lucrative situation of Clerk of Degrees and Recognisances in the Irish Court of Chancery, and also a Crown lease of a manor in Wexford, which he apparently sold. Whether he did or did not return with Lord Grey, on the recall of the latter in 1582, it seems that he resided afterwards chiefly in Ireland, retaining his clerkship till 1588, when he became secretary of the council appointed for "settling" and civilising the province of Munster, and he received (probably in 1586) the estate of Kilcolman, co. Cork, of about 3,000 acres. The "View of the State of Ireland" was probably written in England in the year 1596, and presented to various noblemen and Government officials, but never printed till 1633. Indeed, an entry in the Register of the Stationers' Company (Mathew Lownes, April 14, 1598) shows that it was not at that date considered a fit book to be printed without special authority. The volume, which is written in a free style, is of great interest, and throws considerable light upon the causes which have retarded the civilisation of Ireland. It may be usefully compared with the tracts of Sir John Davies in the next century (1606-1613). The descriptions of famine and poverty, of the savagery of the Irish "kerns, gallowglasses, and horseboys," of the untrustworthiness of Irish juries (p. 34), and of the evil results caused by the successive governors *adopting different policies out of jealousy of one another* (p. 139), have a quite pathetic interest for the modern reader, who will find in the book many curious and forgotten details affecting the relations of the two countries.

In the "View" Eudoxus represents the average Englishman anxious to hear about Ireland. Irenæus is Spenser, "lately come from thence," and who throughout the book (in which the subject is considered under three heads: (1) Law—"English-made" and other; (2) Irish Customs; (3) Religion) advocates a "thorough" policy of coercion. On behalf of Lord Grey he takes credit for the thirteen years of comparative peace following his administration, who had been accused of excessive severity. Yet in 1597, when Spenser returned to Kilcolman, was already smouldering the rebellion the outburst of which (in October, 1598) brought about his ruin and premature death.

"Vix ibi secessum et scribendi otium nactus," writes Camden, after mentioning his return to Ireland, "cum a rebellibus e laribus ejectus, et bonis spoliatus in Angliam inops reversus statim expiravit."

In several modern editions the "View of the State of Ireland" will be found appended to Spenser's poetical works.



The Art of Extra-Illustrating.

SOME element in human nature goads us on to make collections. "Growing by what it feeds upon," the desire often becomes a mania. It seizes children as surely as measles or mumps, and, while it lasts, absorbs time and energy. The collections are various, and their character depends largely on the resources available. It may be buttons or Christmas cards, monograms or seals, postage-stamps or postmarks, and so up the scale to geological or botanical specimens, autographs or pictures. A wise educator will avail himself of this predisposition for collecting, classifying and arranging, by directing it into channels that not only afford amusement, but exercise an educating and refining influence. A double gain is secured if the collection itself possesses a permanent value. "Men are but children of a larger growth," and the mania for collecting is not laid aside with knickerbockers, but simply diverts itself to a different class of playthings. The grown-up children make collections of autographs, coins, books, manuscripts, prints, antiques, china, glass, silver, lace or embroideries, according to taste or means. Sometimes a person of wealth and leisure spends almost fabulous sums on watches or precious stones. There is one "fad" that irresistibly appeals to persons of artistic and literary tastes, and, in a modified form, is within reach of all. This is the extra-illustrating of books. Besides furnishing a distinct pleasure of no mean order while pursuing it, the result is a production unique and valuable. It becomes a fine art when rare engravings, autographs, and manuscripts are used to interpret the text.

There is an organisation in Boston modestly called the "Club of Odd Volumes." It is composed of gentlemen, clever and rich, each one having a special "fad," artistic or literary. One member gathers original engravings or rare impressions; another, choice manuscripts or autographs; another, rare books on American history or first editions of general literature; another, illuminated missals mellow with centuries; another, volumes illustrative of the development of printing. Certain members devote themselves to the extra-illustrating

of books, involving years of research and large expenditure. In March, 1889, this club granted the public a glimpse of several hundred selections from their treasures. It was a unique and interesting exhibition. The walls were lined with rare engravings and other prints, and the floor crowded with showcases filled with richly-bound books. Many of these were marvels of the art of book-making, exquisitely tooled by famous artisans, and bound in vellum, levant, morocco, and other leathers so delicious to the book-lover's touch. In extra-illustrating this club has achieved monumental success. Some idea of the patient labour and time demanded for this may be gained by remembering that usually the book is taken unbound and uncut, so as to secure the dignity of wide margins, and then hundreds of pages are added by interleaving appropriate illustrations. One "Odd Volume" man, who is also an editor and author, has extended James Parton's "Life of Benjamin Franklin" from two volumes quarto to eight volumes, by inserting rare portraits, views, maps, autographic documents, signatures of many French and English sovereigns, foreign statesmen and colonial heroes. When satisfactorily completed, the books were elegantly bound. Besides the time and labour spent in searching for materials in America and Europe, these volumes cost their owner \$8,000. No wonder the motto of the club is, "Shut your eyes and open your pocket-books." Another member has added over 2,000 illustrations to Izaak Walton's "Complete Angler." Many of them are exquisite water-colour paintings of fish and trout flies. In this way the familiar little classic has been increased to eight volumes. Another gentleman devoted the leisure hours of a dozen years to extra-illustrating the "Greville Memoirs." He added nearly 3,000 pages that included portraits, views, and autographic letters, so that the original eight volumes grew to twenty. They were superbly bound in mulberry levant, and tooled with rich designs. This fascinating work of illustrating is often done by authors. Clara Erskine Clement, now Mrs. Waters, has increased the single volume of her "Sacred and Legendary Art" to eight, and, as many of the engravings are rare, the compilation is costly and elaborate. Mr. Bynner has made a charming volume of his story, "Agnes Surriage," by inserting many portraits, etchings, and views in Marblehead and the north end of Boston, where the scene of his historical romance is laid. It is said that the late Mary L. Booth illustrated her "History of New York" until it was marvellously complete even in details, and has a value hardly to be estimated in dollars. Only those who have tried it can appreciate the anxious quest, the hours spent in second-hand bookstores poring

over musty portfolios of prints to find the ones suitable for the illustrator's purpose.

These examples show extra-illustrating carried to its height, with lavish cost. There are simpler phases of the same delightful art possible for young people within reach of city resources. Extra-illustrating demands time, patience, and usually a little money. But the result is worth the chase, for the illustrator inevitably learns a good deal, and becomes the possessor of a book of which the world has no duplicate. The book selected for this purpose depends on individual taste. History, poetry, memoirs, and works on art or travel are all available. A young girl who has just begun illustrating, chose "Emerson in Concord," recently published. She was interested in this because she had passed many happy summers with her grandparents in that old colonial town. A lad, whose hay-fever keeps him three months of every year among the New Hampshire mountains, is illustrating Starr King's "White Hills." He has put into it several of his own clever pen-sketches, and hundreds of photographic views caught by the magic of his own camera. Both of these young people add to their work the charm of local and personal association. So also does the distinguished clergyman who, aided by his daughter, is illustrating the "Memorial History of Boston. Young people living in New England might find similar elements in a delightful book by Samuel Adams Drake, which is called "New England Legends and Folk-Lore.

A few general suggestions may be of service to a beginner. If you buy a book for this purpose, get it unbound and uncut, from the publisher. Order at the same time a quantity of plate paper, the same size as the book-leaves. This is needed to paste on pictures that have no margin or one too narrow. Use flour paste, and do the work in the neatest manner possible, leaving the sheet under a heavy weight till perfectly dry. Don't be afraid to insert any picture that really interprets the text, whether photograph, engraving, etching, photogravure, or woodcut. The latter are a special feature of the monthly magazines, and easily obtained. Many a reader can find a wealth of material in the garret where for years the spiders have been the only readers. Any second-hand bookstore, any file of old magazines, and many of the illustrated weeklies, are likely to contain portraits or views to reward search. Several different portraits of the same person are specially interesting. Pictures larger than your book should be folded rather than cut. These hints show that some skill and judgment are required, and it would hardly be done successfully by one less than sixteen years of age. Without

classifying them by subjects, the following books may be suggestive : "Marble Faun," Nathaniel Hawthorne ; "Corinne," Madame de Staël ; "Improvvisatore," Hans Anderson ; "Romola," George Eliot ; "Ben-Hur," Lew Wallace ; "Agnes of Sorrento," H. B. Stowe ; "Italy, Rome and Naples," Henri Taine ; "Childe Harold," Lord Byron ; "Legends of the Madonna," Mrs. Jameson ; "Life of Michael Angelo," two volumes, Hermann Grimm. Photographs for the above books have been carefully arranged, varying from twenty to two hundred per volume, and may be obtained by the dozen, on plate-paper, or unmounted. The history of almost any country, the life of almost any man in whom you are interested, would be available for illustration. Washington and Napoleon have been favourite heroes for this purpose. Books of travel—and their name is legion—are instructive and rich in possibilities, and books of art-history or art-criticism are especially fascinating. The illustrating of any of the following books would compel a general knowledge of art : "Walks in Rome," Augustus Hare ; "Walks in London," Augustus Hare ; "Makers of Florence," Mrs. Oliphant ; "Makers of Venice," Mrs. Oliphant ; "Stones of Venice," John Ruskin ; "Mornings in Florence," John Ruskin ; "Modern Painters," John Ruskin ; "Six Months in Italy," G. S. Hillard ; "Fine Arts in Italy," J. A. Symonds ; "Stories of Cathedral Cities," Marshall ; "Venetian Days," W. D. Howells ; "History of Our Lord," two volumes, Mrs. Jameson. The writer confesses to having been several years picture gleaning for the last-named art-book. Poetry offers a wide field for extra-illustrating. Longfellow and Whittier from our own poets, and Browning, have been very successfully treated. Members of a family might save expense by selections from recent years of the *Century Magazine*. One could take the articles on Old Italian Painters, another could utilise the series on English Cathedrals, and a young man might find a congenial occupation in making a book of the War Papers. These three afford fine scope for illustrating, and would make volumes well worth binding. A series of art articles, written by Mrs. Clement, was taken out of old copies of *St. Nicholas* by a clergyman's widow for her crippled daughter to extra-illustrate. Her large circle of friends became interested in her work, and kindly sent to her pictures that seemed available. The volumes were neatly stitched and glued together, and a binding prepared by covering pasteboard with peacock-blue satin, prettily tied with ribbons at the back. On the cover was painted in gilt letters, "Days with Artists." Not a cent was spent, except for satin, and the books are really a valuable and interesting history of art.

O. M. E. ROWE.



An Exhibition of Bookbindings.

IT will strike many people as a curious freak of taste to collect books simply and solely on account of their exteriors; but if the artistic possibilities of the bookbinder were more generally known, it is quite certain that bookbinding would have its proper place in the domain of art. It has remained for the well-known firm of booksellers, Mr. and Mrs. Tregaskis, of Caxton Head, High Holborn, to demonstrate how far these possibilities can be expressed in a tangible manner at the present time, and this has taken the form of what they describe as an International Bookbinding Exhibition, which they recently had open at the shop in 232, High Holborn. We have had some choice, as well as eccentric examples of bindings at the various shows of Arts and Crafts, but here we have characteristic examples from nearly every quarter of the globe, every example having been designed and executed since January last, when the idea first suggested itself to Mr. Tregaskis. The chief difficulty consisted in selecting an appropriate book to be bound, as a matter of comparison, by craftsman from all parts of the world, and in deciding upon "King Florus and La Belle Jehane," translated by Mr. Wm. Morris, and printed at the Kelmscott Press, there can be no doubt that the selection was a very happy one. The result is here seen in seventy-six copies, sent in plain boards to the best craftsmen in all quarters of the world and received back in their present state, each unique and offering scarcely any two points at which a comparison may be set up. The most successful example is quite a matter of individual taste, but it is not a little curious that the most elaborate and, as many will think, the two most beautiful examples come from the most northern parts of Europe—Copenhagen and Stockholm respectively. Nothing, we think, can exceed the

beauty of the example of inlaid or Mosaic work from the latter place, its lemon morocco cover showing up most effectively the centre-piece, a tree with green leaves, and the four tulips at the foot. Many of the examples are much more curious than beautiful; for instance, the copy from Montreal is in buckskin and ornamented with the beadwork tag of a mocassin; both the Chinese and Japanese examples are curiously diverse, and not without considerable beauty and artistic merit. Of the English examples—of which there are twenty-one—we should be inclined to award the best prize to the very beautiful example in crushed olive morocco of Mr. Morell, London; but of great beauty—especially its doublure work in vellum—is that of Mrs. Graham. Mr. Walter Crane's example is bound in fine flax canvas, and embroidered in coloured threads and silks; the example in dark blue satin, designed by Mr. Reginald Hallward, with the needlework executed by Miss Edith Bloxam, is an admirable specimen of its kind. Neither the French nor the German bindings are quite so remarkable as one might have expected, but they are peculiarly characteristic of the totally distinct styles of the two countries. The four Indian specimens are curiously different: first we have a binding in carved and pierced blackwood, then one in orange silk, and one in morocco in which both of the covers are panelled with native designs stamped in low relief and brilliantly coloured by hand. The solitary specimen from Persia is in *papier maché*, covered with silver leaf and painted by hand; the centre cover of each panel is in monotone, with designs of birds and flowers on a pale yellow ground. Of the five covers from the United States, preference will perhaps be given to that by Mr. Otto Zahn, of Philadelphia, in crimson polished levant morocco; but the example in emerald green morocco, by Mr. H. Blackwell, is faultless. It would be impossible in such a brief space to give any adequate idea of the interest of this novel bookbinding exhibition, which, we may mention, is open for the next fortnight free of charge to booklovers. We learn incidentally that Mr. and Mrs. Tregaskis value this collection at £400; we sincerely trust that the collection will not be split up, but that it may be preserved intact for some technical or art museum, where the bibliopegic art of the modern world may be on view to every student.



Crystals Bred in Books.

THIS is the subject of a paper in the June issue of *Science Gossip*. The writer is Mr. A. F. Tait, who gives the results of his personal observations on this hitherto unstudied branch of crystallography.

Mr. Tait tells us that the dendritic crystal is "one of the most interesting and most lovely forms, is almost unknown, and has only lately come within the ken of workers with the microscope. Still more curious is the fact that most of us possess specimens, and some of us dozens of really fine examples, and we never knew until now that we possessed them. . . . The crystal in question is not even named in the usual text-books. . . . Within the printed pages of our books, for years and years, she has been working unseen in silence and in darkness, drawing for us pictures of tree-life of such loveliness as Rembrandt would have failed to imitate.

"The dendritic crystal is formed by chemical action set up by the accidental deposition of a minute fragment of copper upon the surface of paper during the process of manufacture or of printing: the presence of the minute fragments of copper deposited being probably due to the wear and tear of paper-making or the printing machinery, so far as the mechanism is built up of copper. . . . The dendritic crystal requires rather more than twenty years before reaching its fullest development.

"I have never as yet seen a specimen in a book older than 1835 or younger than 1882. In the latter case, all the examples of the crystals were small in size, and their arborescent character was not nearly so well defined and luxuriant as in the volume aged three-score years." Mr. Tait has not discovered a specimen in any books

of foreign origin. "These crystals vary in size; the smallest are barely visible to the naked eye as apparently a minute black spot. A giant specimen would cover a threepenny piece. A good Cod-dington lens or a two-inch objective is indispensable for examination of the smaller specimens, but much of the beauty of the larger examples is manifest to the unaided eye. With a small lens one may go on a voyage of discovery amongst one's books in quest of crystalline beauty without any help from the microscope. Non-crystalline marks are hard in outline and of rigidly defined harshness and blackness at their edges, whilst the dendritic crystal that looks 'blottesque' at half a yard's distance is found, when closely examined, to be fashioned with the utmost delicacy of filigree structure, as if, indeed, it had been designed in fairyland, and the master-craftsman had made the pattern a blending of the beauty of tree-life with the fantasy of the marine algae."

J. POTTER BRISCOE.

Leigh Hunt's "Christianism."

MR. G. L. APPERSON writes:—"In the *BOOKWORM* for June, p. 199, it is stated that 'of Leigh Hunt's works, Mr. Wise possesses a copy of the very rare "Christianisms," 1832.' I also possess a copy of this slim volume—whose correct title is in the singular, 'Christianism'—which I picked up in a book-box for a few pence some years ago. My copy contains the following inscription, in the autograph of Leigh Hunt, on the fly-leaf: 'To Isabella Grundy, with the Author's kindest good wishes. April 16, 1853.' Will some reader of the *BOOKWORM* kindly tell me what is about the present value of 'Christianism,' 1832? Of this first issue only seventy-five copies were privately printed. There is an 'Editor's Preface' of five pages: is it known who the editor was?"

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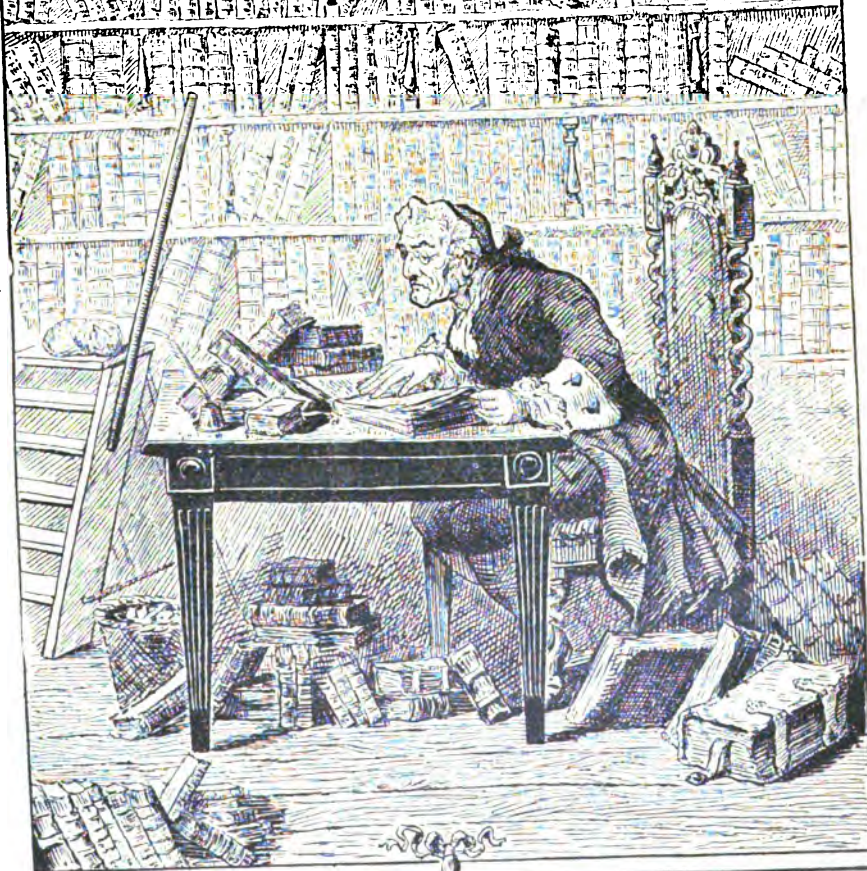
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Privately Printed Books.

[A fairly lengthy reference has already been made in *THE BOOKWORM* to the many treasures in the library of Mr. Thomas J. Wise. The following notes deal more particularly with Mr. Wise's privately-printed books, which he includes under the generic title of the "Ashley Library"; and doubtless these notes will have a very general interest to book collectors.—Ed.]

SOME of Mr. T. J. Wise's beautifully-printed rarities are now before me, and I am bound to admit that each separate volume is not merely a thing of beauty, but essentially a joy for ever. Here, for instance, is a charming print of those delicious lines by Mr. Andrew Lang on the inaugural meeting of the Shelley Society: wherein the tale is told of how Dr. Furnivall and Mr. Sweet, in the course of a now historic talk, voiced their enthusiasm for Shelley—Mr. Sweet, "stung by the splendour of a sudden thought," suggesting the formation of a new society:—

"By Jove, I will, he was my father's friend!"
Thus Dr. Furnivall, in choice blank verse
Replied, when he was asked by Mr. Sweet, . . .
"Why do not you a new communion found?—
'Shelley Society' might be the name—
Where men might worry over Shelley's bones."
"By Jove, I will, he was my father's friend."

It is in prints such as these that the literary *dilettante* revels: and he takes care that only the select few join him—for but five-and-twenty copies of this delightful brochure were printed (on hand-made paper); four extra copies being printed upon vellum. Another exceedingly fine production is an account of the Tercentenary of

Izaak Walton, also written by Mr. Andrew Lang, the impression of which is limited to "a few copies for private circulation only." This little booklet of fifteen pages is most artistically printed, and contains some well-executed illustrations.

Many of our readers have doubtless heard of Mrs. Browning's juvenile poem, "The Battle of Marathon," which was printed by her father in 1820, and of which edition four copies only are known to be now extant. For very obvious reasons this production is not included in any edition of her works. It is, however, a poem of great interest, and is preceded by a preface from the pen of the youthful poetess: a preface which certainly vies in interest with the poem itself. How ingenuous and altogether charming is this: "Happily it is not now, as it was in the days of Pope, who was so early in actual danger of thinking himself 'the greatest poet of the age.' Now even the female may drive her Pegasus through the realms of Parnassus without being saluted with that most equivocal of all appellations, a learned lady; without being celebrated by her friends as a Sappho, or traduced by her enemies as a pedant; without being abused in the Review, or criticised in society; how justly, then, may a child hope to pass unheeded!" And then she proceeds with a long disquisition on poetry in general. This poem has been reprinted by Mr. Wise, in type-facsimile, the edition consisting of fifty copies on toned paper and four upon vellum, and is surely one of the most interesting volumes of the Ashley Library.

Another little booklet contains a poem of—shall we say the future Laureate? It is a sumptuously-printed edition of Mr. William Watson's "*Lachrymæ Musarum*"; the issue consisting of ninety-five copies printed upon Japanese vellum paper, and five upon fine vellum. Also printed in like sumptuous style—but in this case limited to five-and-twenty copies and five on vellum—are the same writer's lines on the "*Shelley Centenary*": a souvenir which all lovers of the poet would desire to possess.

It is needless to remark that some of the issues of the Ashley Library are of unique interest—nay, of real and permanent value. In this category must be placed the books relating to Ruskin and Shelley, and consisting mainly of letters addressed by them to various correspondents. With hardly an exception these letters are inaccessible in any other form—Mr. Wise having evidently become possessed of them before their contents had been made public. Chief among these may be mentioned Shelley's "*Letters to Elizabeth Hitchener*," which are printed on Whatman's hand-made paper, and form a couple of choice volumes—the edition being limited to

twenty-five copies, and four upon fine vellum. These letters appear to have been hitherto unpublished, though Professor Dowden would seem to have had access to them, for in his *Life of the poet* he makes some slight references thereto, as also a few brief extracts. They are of great value, and it is interesting to trace therein the growth of the poet's platonic affection for the fair Elizabeth. "My dear madam" soon gives place to "my dearest friend," and "sister of my soul"; while she is assured that her "letters are like angels sent from heaven on missions of peace." Whether these letters will ever be accessible to the general reading public is a moot point; the probability is they will not: but certain it is they are of real value in rightly estimating the erratic theories of the young poet, especially as regards his attitude to the Christian faith. He avows himself an enemy of Christianity, but one can clearly see that it is enmity towards the Christianity as presented by the Church, and not Christianity as expounded by its Founder. Then, too, these Hitchener letters emphasise the fact that the early relationship existing between the poet and his wife was essentially that of love and true friendship; whatever may have come to pass afterwards, she was at this time one with him in his aims and pursuits.

Another of these privately-printed volumes consists of twenty-four letters addressed by Shelley to Jane Clairmont, and in this case also is the work one of surpassing interest. That Shelley felt more than "friendship" for the unhappy "Claire" is evident from a cursory perusal of these letters; but it is equally evident that the assumption that his relations with her were other than platonic is quite unfounded.

A couple of volumes enshrine the letters addressed by Shelley to Godwin. A few of these are already familiar to us—others are new. The catholicity of Mr. Wise is shown by the fact that he devotes another of these beautifully-printed books to the ill-fated Harriet Shelley, consisting of letters addressed by her to Catherine Nugent; and we note that he has in preparation a new volume consisting of Shelley's letters to Leigh Hunt.

But if in matters relating to Shelley the Ashley Library is eminently fruitful, it is even more so in regard to Ruskin. Here is a little booklet which is in effect a new work: "*Gold: a Dialogue connected with the subject of 'Munera Pulveris.'*" By John Ruskin." It is edited by Mr. Buxton Forman, and the edition is "limited to a few copies for private distribution." It seems that in 1863 there appeared in the *Times* a letter from Mr. Ruskin confirmatory of the views expressed by that journal on the depreciation of gold. This

called forth a rejoinder from Professor Cairnes in *Macmillan's Magazine* of that year. With his usual impetuosity Mr. Ruskin at once proceeded to take up the challenge—his reply being written in the form of a dialogue between *P.* (Professor Cairnes) and *R.* (Mr. Ruskin). It was evidently intended for *Fraser*, as the following note will show: "My dear Froude,—Here it is. My secretary is true to time. I said it would be so. Mind you print it nicely.—J. R." It is very curious that the article remained in manuscript for some eight-and-twenty years before it came into the possession of Mr. Wise, and was in due course "printed nicely"; though we have it on the information of one who was in the "confidential employment" of Mr. Ruskin, that his father interceded for its suppression. The article, though bristling with debatable points, is full of good things, and eminently Ruskinian. Will Mr. Wise pardon our heresy if we suggest that it ought to be published in a form in which all intelligent readers might obtain it: for it contains a message of vital import to the age?

As to Mr. Ruskin's "letters"—for the most part, we believe, unpublished save in this limited form—they occupy five volumes—printed on Whatman's hand-made paper; each volume being limited to thirty-three copies, and seven upon fine vellum. There are volumes containing epistles addressed to Mr. William Ward and to Mr. Ellis ("A London Bibliopole")—all characteristic of their author. Perhaps the most interesting volume is one entitled "Letters upon Subjects of General Interest from John Ruskin to Various Correspondents." With the exception of four, these thirty-six letters appear to have been printed for the first time by Mr. Wise—many of them being of the highest value to Ruskin students. Here are his opinions on things in general, written with all his fertility of illustration. He writes to his publisher concerning some engraving to a work of his: and we are not surprised to find Mr. Ruskin, after a somewhat severe castigation of a certain man, writing thus to his publisher: "If he be poor, or have a family, he is not to be injured by my means. Take care not to hurt his feelings by any expression of my opinions." Indeed these Ruskin letters are of peculiar importance; and when we add that Mr. Wise has in preparation a second "privately-printed" series of Mr. Ruskin's "Letters upon Subjects of General Interest," the reader will doubtless wish himself enrolled in the ranks of those *litterati* to whom one of the thirty-three copies may be apportioned—or that it were possible to issue an edition on common paper at a common price for the common people.

Then, too, we have such dainties as Keats' "Ode to a Nightingale," Swinburne's "Grace Darling," &c., perfectly printed on the most delightfully thick paper; while another volume is to follow containing "Letters on Socialism," by William Morris. The reader will not have failed to note the great wealth of the Ashleyana we have put before him, and will doubtless hold Mr. Wise as a veritable prince in our literary Israel, and one who holds the eminently sane doctrine that the best literature is worthy of the best print and the best paper attainable.

WILLIAM G. KINGSLAND.

Bookworm Verses.

HAD a batch of novels on my table yesterday.
Most of them bound in yellow—just the sort to throw away.
I showed them to my Bookworm, and I said, "Pray have some lunch,"
"I don't care if I do," said he; "I feel just like a munch."

"What is there on the bill of fare?" he asked, as he sat down.
"The books most widely read to-day," said I, "in all the town." . . .
"So sit ye down, good Bookworm, eat away, and merry be;
And if I don't return by six, pray wait not up for me." . . .

And then I left my Bookworm to enjoy the fresh-cooked food
With which the writing caterers regale the multitude.
I staid away till seven, and returning then to him,
I found that he had gone to bed, but in the twilight dim

I caught a glimpse of writing there upon my blotting-pad—
The writing of my Bookworm, and for him it wasn't bad.
He said: "Beloved Master—I do hope you won't be vexed.
I've eaten all the margins, but I cannot go the text."

J. KENRICK BANGS in *Harper's Magazine*.

The "Book of Truth."

THE Duke of Devonshire possesses as an heirloom Claud Lorraine's "Book of Truth," which is said to be one of the rarest and most valuable books in Europe. It is, at any rate, worth six times as much as the famous "Mazarin" Bible, the most costly book in the British Museum. The late Duke is said to have refused twenty thousand pounds for it.

Books on Horses.

WHAT expert bibliographers regard as the most complete library in the United States, exclusively confined to works on horses, has been presented to the University of Pennsylvania. One thousand volumes are embraced in this unique collection. Many of the books are quite ancient, several of them dating back to the opening decades of the second century of printing.

A MS. Froissart.

ONE of the most interesting parts of the Book Exhibition at the Palais de l'Industrie (a Paris Correspondent says) is the retrospective section. It fills, or is to fill, the west wing. One of the old "Chroniques" of Froissart, hand-written and on parchment, contains a picture of the espousals of Richard II. and Isabelle of France. She was only eight years old when sent to England to be espoused, which was not the same thing as being married, inasmuch as the bride could, when grown up, lawfully change her mind. So could the bridegroom or his family. When there was no change of mind the wedding took place in due time. Isabelle is a weazen-faced child, richly dressed in the fashion of her time like a grown-up person. She wears a thin muslin veil and a brocade gown with a long train. Some antique packs of playing cards are interesting. All that remains to France in the reign of Charles VI. are the game of cards and the beautiful portrait of Isabeau de Bavière, which captivated that King and induced him to marry the dowerless Princess whom it represents. The original documents, such as decrees, assignats, warrants, and placards of the Revolution, are endless and most suggestive.



Paper Making in 1787.

FROM "The Annual Register, or a View of the History, Politics, and Literature for the year 1788," is taken the following letter. The Thomas Greaves who signs this letter was the founder of the present Mill Bank Paper Mills. He subsequently obtained a medal for the production of paper from willow twig bark. The process, however, was not a success and did not survive; but it is curious as a quaint endeavour to add a new fibre, long before wood and esparato were dreamt of. The paper made in the manner described was a dark, fairly strong brown :—

"MILL BANK, NEAR WARRINGTON,

"*December 22nd, 1787.*

"SIR,—I received your two letters, which should have been sooner replied to, had I not been much from home and particularly engaged.

"The process used in the making of paper sent you from the bark or peel of within twigs, was to have it stript from the twig in the month of September, when the twigs are usually cut for the making of white baskets. I then provided about six hundred-weight, of which I ordered about two-thirds to be hackled, much in the manner of dressing flax or hemp; then dried in the sun, which gave it something of the appearance of brown hemp. In this state it was reduced to about one hundred-weight, but being attended with a good deal of trouble, and so much reduced, I dried the remaining two hundred-weight, with the leaves in its green state as it was stript from the twig, and that was reduced about one-half.

“Having prepared the stuff, chest, and vatt quite clean, I chopt the clean bark, or first preparation, and with the roller and plate quite dull and smooth as possible, I set the engine to work, and from it was produced the paper of which you had eight quires sent, being the finer sort; and from the other was produced the coarser sort, of which you had the twenty-four half-quires. From these materials I made little more than two reams, in the whole; but had I not hackled and cleaned the larger part, I expect that I could have made upwards of ten reams from them. Nothing was used but the mere bark or peel of the twigs, without any oakum, hemp, or other preparation. And, as I considered that the experiment you wished would then be made, I was not mindful of the quantity being more, but the next season, if it is desired, I can readily make any additional quantity, though at what price it may be sold, or to what use it may be best applicable, I cannot say, but think it may be sold at about one-half the expense of other paper that is produced from ropes or rags, when it is made from the bark and leaves in a green state, without being dried, which I should recommend, and conceive it will answer best. If I can give any further information, or make any other trial that may be likely to be productive of good, I shall be very glad to do it, and I shall hope to hear from you.

“I am, Sir,

“Your most humble servant,

“THOMAS GREAVES.

“Mr. More.”



A Seventeenth Century "Zadkiel."

No. II.

LILLY does not appear to have troubled himself greatly about the fate of his quondam associates. He records going to the trial of the regicides, but has no word of pity for them. Perhaps he feared to endanger his own safety by showing any sympathy with members of the Roundhead faction. The "Life of Charles the First," which Lilly had published in 1651, was certainly so damaging a production that one is surprised that its author obtained his pardon so readily. "Long live the Parliament, . . . God bless the army," is the opening passage of Lilly's biography of the "White King," and the whole history of Charles's reign is given with this bias. Lilly's Life of King Charles reminds the reader of Cowley's Life of Cromwell, save that where the royalist poet indulges in irony, Lilly descends to coarse invective. The work was doubtless written to gain the favour of Cromwell, and contains all the accusations, true or false, which were heaped on the unfortunate monarch by his antagonists. Yet even Lilly is forced to do some justice to Charles' higher qualities; and, in his worst attacks, writes of him with a respect lacking in his allusions to James I., whom he describes by the irreverent cognomen of "old Jemmy." His Life of Charles I. is interesting, despite its party bias. It contains many sketches of minor historical characters, and a world of quaint anecdotes which "grave historians" would scorn to note. There is a curious story of the ghost of the Duke of Buckingham's father appearing to "an aged gentleman, one Mr. Parker," shortly before the Duke's assassination by Fenton, and how the spectre bade him warn the favourite that "unless he forsake the company of such

and such persons he will come to destruction." Mr. Parker prudently considered that if he carried the message to the Duke "men would say he was aged and did dote." But a second visit from the spirit, who now appeared angry, decided him to undertake the required errand. As he expected, the Duke received him with ridicule, but on Mr. Parker's mentioning "some secret" which the ghost had confided to him, Buckingham was greatly startled, and acknowledged "No man knew what you have told me, save my father and I only." But though convinced of Mr. Parker's good faith, the Duke did not obey his counsel: and a few days afterwards the ghost again appeared "very quiet and sorrowful," and thanked Mr. Parker for having delivered his message, adding that he knew his son had slighted it, and he would now only ask that Mr. Parker should go once again and tell the Duke that "a dagger or knife shall end him unless he amend his ways." The ghost vanished with a warning, "Set your house in order, for you, too, shall shortly die." Very unwillingly Mr. Parker delivered this last message, to which the Duke angrily desired him "to trouble him no further with his dreams"; but in another month the deaths of the Duke and of Mr. Parker himself verified the ghost's prediction.

We pass over, as too lengthy to recapitulate, all the attacks on the king's public and private career; all the spiteful gossip which Lilly had probably raked together merely to gratify his Cromwellian allies. Like Andrew Marvell, Lilly is forced to do reluctant justice to the king's dignity and fortitude during the closing scenes of his life,¹

"He nothing common did or mean,
Upon that venerable scene."

and ends his history with the remark, "he was not the worst, but the most unfortunate of princes." Like a well-known firm of modern financiers,¹ Lilly appears to have had the strongest aversion to dealing with "unfortunate" persons. Throughout his own life he conscientiously sided with the victorious party, and cannot even write with patience of any unlucky individuals. He censures King Charles for receiving Marie de Medicis (the mother of his consort), on the ground that "wherever this miserable old queen came, there followed immediately after her plague, war, famine, or one misfortune or other. Strange it is, she was fatal to any land she entered into." His "misfortunes" are the crowning accusation against King Charles, and Lilly commends "the far-seeing wisdom" of Queen Anne of Denmark, who discerned "that the Palgrave would be unlucky," and

¹ The Rothschilds.

therefore objected to him for a husband for her daughter the "queen of hearts." Lilly is accurate regarding the place of King Charles's burial, naming "King Henry the Eighth's vault" as his final resting place. It is strange, amid all Lilly's attacks on King Charles and his advisers, that he writes with least bitterness regarding the man who is usually blamed as one of the prime movers of the civil troubles—Archbishop Laud. After all his malevolent attacks on the king, Lilly sinks into a vein of respectful sympathy regarding the archbishop. "I ever honoured the man and naturally loved him, though I never had speech or acquaintance with him; . . . let his imperfections be buried in silence."

That this attachment was personal to Laud himself, and arose from no reverence for his office, is evident from Lilly's attack on Bishop Wren for saying "he hoped to see the time when a Master of Arts or a minister, should be as good a man as any gentleman in England"—no very ambitious clerical aspiration, but one Lilly stigmatised as "saucy pride."

How Lilly found such ready pardon for his "Life of King Charles" is not explained, unless by the suggestion that he was too useful a man to quarrel with. He himself was more than willing to attach himself to the royalist side—now it was a successful one. He claims to have prophesied the Restoration sixteen years before it took place, and quotes many enigmatical phrases from his own works, and the prophesies of Merlin, which were certainly capable of interpretation as predicting the accession of Charles II.; and which could also have been translated, with equal facility, to foreshadow any other public event. "Happy for the nation he did come in, and long may he reign over us," exclaims Lilly, after indicating his own prophetic sight.

In 1666 Lilly's too accurate prognostications again brought him into trouble. In 1651 he had published two "Hieroglyphicks," one depicting "coffins, people in winding-sheets, other digging graves," and the other "a great city in flames." When we read the ingenious interpretations Lilly gives (after the events) to all the vague utterances in his almanacks, it is easy to understand that these pictures might be utilised to mean anything. They appear indeed to have attracted little attention till the great Plague of 1665 seemed to verify the first picture. When the Fire followed in 1666, the committee appointed to inquire into the cause of that conflagration (then generally believed to be the work of an incendiary) bethought them of the prophet; and appear to have suspected that he might be able to throw some light on the origin of the calamity he had foretold.

"I was ever timorous of committees," writes Lilly, "being ever by some of them scorned, calumniated, upbraided, and derided." However, he was forced to appear in answer to a citation. Elias Ashmole, the antiquary, to whom Lilly's biography is dedicated, accompanied him to the committee, and used his influence with some of its members "that they should not permit me to be affronted, nor have disgraceful language cast at me."

In answer to questions, the soothsayer declared that he had discovered "by his art" that London should be afflicted with a plague and a fire, but that as regards the exact date of these calamities, "I made no scrutiny, nor was desirous to do so."

As the plague was a steadily recurring visitant (Lilly himself had known two visitations of the disease prior to the one of 1666), and a fire was always a possible calamity in a city of wooden houses, both predictions were likely one day or other to be verified. The astrologer solemnly protested that "whether there was any design in burning the city, or who were employed to that purpose, I know not; I conclude it was only the finger of God, but what instruments He used, I know not." The committee were satisfied, and "dismissed me with great civility."

After this Lilly appears to have withdrawn himself from public notice to a great extent. In 1652 he had purchased a house and some land at Hershham in the parish of Walton-on-Thames, and there he now chiefly resided. He appears to have amused his later years with correspondence and quarrels with brother astrologers, and by the compilation of his "Life." In 1665 he entirely quitted London, and obtained a license to practise as a physician, chiefly devoting himself to gratuitous labours among the poor. "Every Saturday" he rode into Kingston, and when the poor flocked to him "he gave them advice and prescriptions freely, and without money, though from them that were able he took a shilling or half a crown if they offered it, but he demanded nothing." In 1674 his health began to fail. We spare our readers the details of the medical treatment of the era, in spite of which the astrologer lingered for some years, dying at last in 1681 of a palsy following other complaints—and the well-meant efforts of a "skilful surgeon" of the school of Sangrado.

The closing years of Lilly's life had been spent in the practice of much charity and kindness, and his death was lamented by his poorer neighbours. He was interred in the chancel of his parish church, and his friend Elias Ashmole placed "a fair black marble slab," with a Latin inscription, over his grave. His death was commemorated

by some Latin and English epitaphs, couched in strains of highest eulogy.

That Lilly himself was a firm believer in his "art" can hardly be doubted; at the same time it is equally certain that he did not disdain to avail himself of sublunary information to help out the advices of his "spirits." The man was assuredly no conscious impostor, trading on the folly of dupes. In his autobiography we see him depicted as a shrewd and quick-witted man, with a prudent judgment regarding the likely success or failure of future projects, which he appears to have often honestly mistaken for the gift of prophecy. It was rather the keen insight of a man of the world, than the inspiration of a Daniel, which made Lilly foresee the ultimate failure of the royal cause from an early period of the civil struggle, or which taught him that the feeble hands of Richard Cromwell would never long hold the reins of government.

The chief interest in Lilly's autobiography lies in the pictures it gives of the "men and manners" of his era. His calling brought him into contact with all the conjurers and astrologers of the day—he is full of anecdotes of Forman, of Kelly, and of Dr. Dee; of a less well-known seer, one Sarah Skelhorn, who "had the best sight for reading in a crystal that I ever did see." That only persons of good life were qualified to read in the magic mirror of the beryl, or "call upon angelical creatures," is insisted upon by Lilly. He relates how a Suffolk gentleman once enjoyed "the sight and conference with Uriel and Raphael, but lost them by carelessness, so that they would both but rarely appear, and soon be gone, resolving nothing. He would have given £200 for me to have assisted in their recovery, but I am no such man. These glorious creatures, being commanded, do teach the master many things. Neatness in apparel, cleanliness, a strict diet, an upright life, and fervent prayers to God, conduce to assistance of the curious."

Good ears must also be necessary to catch the angelic whispers, as Lilly remarks "the angels speak like the Irish, much in their throats."

Timid persons should not try to call up spirits. There is a story of a man who desired to behold the queen of the fairies; but his heart failed him over the incantation, his hair stood erect, and he begged to be spared the spectacle that he had come to witness. Another weak-minded adept was carried out of the magic circle, and deposited in a ditch some miles from his home, where he was discovered next morning half dead with fright and cold. Lilly relates these and many similar stories with the utmost apparent good faith;

and after all, these tales do not make larger claims on our credulity than many of the spiritualistic and "psychical" narratives which are believed in in this enlightened century. Some of the "prophecies" mentioned by Lilly have become historical. That James I. dreamed many years before his death that he heard a Latin verse warning him that "when thy carbuncle falls into the hot fire, thy death is near at hand," and that a carbuncle stone actually did fall out of the king's hat into the flames as he sat over a fire shortly before his decease, has become a well-known tale. That an ancient prophecy foretold disaster to a "White King," and that Charles I. was supposed to have deserved this name by wearing white, not purple, robes at his coronation, is also a familiar story.

Lilly's interpretation of prophetic utterances are indeed so ingenious that it would be difficult to find any that lacked fulfilment. One line in "Merlin's Prophecy," "There shall be merchandise of men, as of an ox or an ass," is explained to stand for the sale of the "wretched Scots in Lancashire after the defeat of 1648. The English merchants bought such of them as were worth anything and sent them to the plantations at Barbadoes." "What price the Scots were sold for I know not; but he that gave but twelve pence apiece for any of that nasty nation gave too much."

The English hatred of the "needy, greedy Scots" so general after the accession of James I., is strongly marked in Lilly's "interpretations"; he never lets slip an opportunity for a fling at "these true harpies, ravening wherever they come."

But it would occupy too much space to dwell further on Lilly's expoundings of prophecy.

We are all familiar with the story of the traditional "self-made man" who comes almost penniless to London to "seek his fortune." So did our astrologer in 1620, to die fifty-one years later in the enjoyment of a "competent estate," having lived in terms of friendship with many of the most celebrated men of his time; been flattered and rewarded by foreign sovereigns and by English statesmen; favoured by the ruling powers at each phase of the Civil struggle; possessed of an extensive reputation—and all by the exercise of an "art" akin to that professed by the gipsy at the country fair, or the tattered sybil who beguiles credulous maid-servants at the back door.

Modern Zadkiels and almanack makers may look back regretfully to an era when their now derided art was the stepping-stone to fame and fortune.

C. LORD.



The Bookworm.

THE human bookworm (observes a contemporary) drinks from the fount of knowledge springing from the brains of different authors, according to his or her taste, but the insect bookworm bores and eats its way through the covers and leaves of books according to its discriminating taste. As we probe into the life and work of this mite of a worm, so rapidly growing extinct, we find it an interesting subject. It prefers old books having paper leaves and leather bindings peculiar to the earlier ages. One volume printed in 1726 (an edition of the Psalms of David) evidently is the sweetest morsel to this worm, as its destructive work is more visible than in the other three books, bearing the dates of 1740, 1750, 1827. The leather and pasteboard coverings are riddled through and through with tiny holes. The leaves are so closely eaten down that but few whole pages remain. Some of the leaves look as if they were cut with a sharp instrument; even the flaxen threads that held the leaves together were nibbled at.

To demonstrate the fact of its special love for aged books we took several pieces of newspapers, cut the size of the pages of the book upon which the bookworm was working, and placed them in it alternately. In a few days we opened the book to find in every instance the little destroyer had crawled past the newspaper sheets and made its meal upon the time-worn pages of the book. So we were convinced that the bookworm is extremely particular about the kinds of paper it diets upon. It is developed in a tiny ribbed shell, about three-eighths of an inch long, similar to coverings of other small insects; both ends of the shell are sharply pointed. At

one end are two hairs or feelers; from this end it emerges when ready to begin its life work. The largest one was five-sixteenths of an inch long; the other two are about a quarter of an inch in length. Its head is somewhat pointed and sharp, necessarily so, for its work in boring. It resembles a very small maggot, but its movement is slower. Exposure to a strong light for a minute will kill it.

The bookworm works systematically; having made its entrance through the leather binding of a book by boring a tiny hole from the outside, it makes paths over the inside upon the pasteboard by burrowing. These roads are perfectly connected and uniform in width, for it lies in each one as it bores, oftentimes it cuts a path back to where it first entered, thus making a double route. When it reaches the leaves it works more leisurely, leaving the traces or its work behind it, with the crumbs of its meals. Its life at longest is but a few months. It was thought booklice were the parasites of bookworms. We placed worms and lice together in a tight enclosure. After waiting a few moments we opened the box, to find the bookworms the sole occupants. This tiny little worker requires tender and delicate handling; a slight human breath will blow it away. It is wonderful the amount of destructive work the bookworm accomplishes in its short lifetime. It is properly called the *rara avis* of the insect world.



Notes on Certain Histories and Memoirs of the Sixteenth Century.

No. III.

BY G. H. POWELL, OF THE INNER TEMPLE.

[The "notes" which the courtesy of the Editor allows me to publish under the above heading are, it will be seen, arranged on principle except such as may, by avoiding monotony, present readable selections from a work which I am compiling as occasion arises. My object is to put together in as concise a form as possible some account of the most important *original sources of history* (whether letters, memoirs, tracts, or professed "histories") which have then or since appeared in book form. The descriptions being concerned chiefly with the literary and historical qualities of the works mentioned, will deal no more with technical details of their "bibliography," nor with the biography of their authors than this aim—a short, practical introduction to the study of certain books—may render necessary.—G. H. P.]

CELLINI (Benvenuto), 1500-1571:—"La Vita di—scritta da lui medesimo" (edited from original MSS. with notes historical and literary, by the Abate G. Palamede Carpani), 2 vols., 8vo. Milan, Società Tipografica de' Classici Italiani, 1806.

It is a curious fact that this celebrated autobiography, perhaps the most singular and entertaining record ever left by the hand of man, was never given to the public until more than a hundred and fifty years after the death of the remarkable genius who produced it. The Life of Cellini, sculptor and goldsmith, in four books, which the author began to write, as he himself tells us (iv. 10), in the year 1559, and subsequently carried as far as 1566, first appeared in an undated quarto bearing the imprint "Colonia, Pietro Martello," but

printed at Naples in 1728. Of this edition which, though incorrect, was naturally much sought after, a counterfeit was published at Florence in 1792, and perhaps another (see Gamba, "*Testi di Lingua Italiana*."). Of a work which, in one or other of the numerous modern editions and translations (an interesting notice of Cellini will be found in Mr. Augustine Birrell's "*Obiter Dicta*," 1st series), has long been within reach of every reader one need only observe that it supplies a varied and enthralling picture of the intimate life, manners, and morals of the period. Although perhaps the greater part of the volume is occupied by the description of Cellini's various works of art, and his relations with his distinguished patrons—popes, kings (his visit to France fills most of the third book), grand dukes, and cardinals—this is not what gives the book its peculiar interest, but the miscellaneous mass of local and personal detail with which the vivacious artist has filled in, so to speak, every corner of his canvas. Cellini has herein described for us his own private history, his professional training, his studies and experiments in art, music, mechanics, necromancy, and fortification; his friendships, and quarrels (including money disputes with several of his employers); his sports, travels, amusement, love-intrigues, brawls, arrests, imprisonments, and hairbreadth escapes, in Rome, Florence, and Paris; and in a long and romantic narrative, the unflagging spontaneity of which seems to preclude all suspicion of designed invention, the versatile author appears by turns as a skilled and enthusiastic craftsman, a poet, an artilleryman, an antiquarian, and, it must be added, an assassin.

To inquire into the accuracy of certain particular statements of fact, to ask whether Cellini really saw salamanders in the fire, whether it was actually he who wounded the Prince of Orange, or shot the Constable Bourbon at the sack of Rome (i. 7) would be an idle task, unless perhaps we could have approached the author in those rare moments of penitence and depression when, after reading "the Bible, and the Chronicles of Villani," nothing less than an angelic messenger dissuaded him (ii. 13) from committing suicide.

But the genius of the artist who has in these pages so vividly revealed his own character—lascivious, vain, capricious, if not treacherous, jealous, passionate and revengeful—"in the fullest conviction," as a modern Italian historian observes, "that he is depicting a hero," exhibits a certain impetuous frankness which gives to these notes of sixteenth-century life in Florence, Rome, and Paris an "instantaneous" and convincing interest, apart from the unique value they derive from the position and experiences of the author.

HOTMAN (Francis), 1524-1590 :—(1) “*De Furoribus Gallicis, horrendâ et indigna Amirallii Castillionei nobilium atq; illustrium virorum cæde, scelerata ac inaudita piorum strage passim editâ per complures Galliæ civitates, sine ullo discrimine generis, ætatis et conditionis hominum. Vera et simplex Narratio. Ernesto Varamundo Frisio auctore,*” sm. 8vo, Londini, H. Bynneman, 1573.

This little volume, published under the pseudonym of Ernestus Varamundus, which also appeared in a quarto form the same year, with the false date “Edinburgi,” is, as the title indicates, a full account of the massacre of St. Bartholomew’s Eve (or Day rather, since it began at 2 a.m., August 24, 1572)—to which the author himself, one of the most eminent lawyers of the age, nearly fell a victim—and of the attendant horrors at Lyons and elsewhere.

Appended to this short and plain but extremely interesting narrative are a number of important contemporary documents—the letters of Charles IX. (dated from Paris, August 24) to the Governor of Burgundy, throwing the blame of the murder of “Admiral Coligny” de Chastillon (the latter name is more commonly used by writers of the time) upon the Guises, and also the “Declaration” (of the same date), in which his Majesty proclaims that all that had taken place (the death, *i.e.*, of the Admiral and his adherents) was “by his express command” (see Disraeli, “*Curiosities of Literature*,” “Apology for the Parisian Massacre”), the directions to the Guises nullifying the “Edicts of Pacification in favour of the Huguenots, and the circular to the provincial governors ordering the expulsion of members of the Reformed Church from their offices, the formula of abjuration, and other pieces.

(2) “*Antitribonianus*,” an attack upon the artificialities of the Civil Law, which had considerable effect in depreciating the study in France. This tract was written in 1567, first printed (in French), 8vo, 1603, and in the original Latin, 1647 (see Hallam’s “*Hist. Lit.*,” ed. 1855, ii. 171, where, however, the date of the French edition, a rare work only recently added to the British Museum, is incorrectly given).

Of Francis Hotman’s other works I need here only mention, as of some historical importance, the “*Franco-Gallia*,” 8vo, 1573 (4th ed. revised and enlarged, 1574), about the earliest in date of publication, and one of the most important of a series of tracts in which the principles of constitutional government, and especially the theory and limits of monarchical authority—to which the national tendencies of the time drew inevitable attention—are discussed, in some cases

with surprising freedom. The "Franco-Gallia" itself, which is analysed by Thierry in his "Considerations sur l'Hist. de France," is chiefly a collection of passages from early French historians.

These questions—that of regal (and papal) supremacy, the popular right of deposition, and the morality of "tyrannicide"—aroused the acutest interest, owing to a variety of obvious historical reasons, during the close of the sixteenth century. Hallam ("Hist. Lit." ii. 4) has given an excellent and detailed *résumé*, with copious citations from the originals, of the most remarkable publications which mark the progress of the discussion during the period referred to, many of which are of extreme rarity and interest. A brief mention of these under the present head may be excused on account of the connection of their subject-matter. With (*a*) the antiquarian learning of the "Franco-Gallia" may be compared (*b*) the indignant outburst of Estienne de la Boétie ("Le Contr' un, ou de la Servitude volontaire," 1578; see "Memoires de l'Estat de France," vol. iii.) so warmly eulogised by Montaigne ("Essays," book ii.). (*c*) The "Vindiciæ Contra Tyrannos" (auctore Stephano Junio Bruto Celtâ—*i.e.*, Hugues Languet—1589) breathes a severe and "Judaic Hugonotism," but does not exactly justify assassination, as the fanatical (*d*) Jean Boucher ("De Justa Henrici Tertii Abdicatione," 1589) and (*e*) Guillaume Rose ("De Rupubl. Christianæ in reges impios auctoritate," 1590), both ardent partisans of the "Catholic League," clearly do. The same may be said of the less important (*f*) "Short Treatise of Politique Power," by John Poyntet, first published in 1558, a work "not over favourable to Princes," as Strype says, and reprinted in 1642 "to serve the turn of these times." George Buchanan also, in his dialogue (*g*) "De Jure Regni apud Scotos," goes further than Languet, and assumes an explicit contract between king and people. Most remarkable of all is the advocacy of tyrannicidal doctrines in (*h*) the "De Rege" of the Jesuit historian Mariana (8vo, 1599, rare. Later editions incorrect). Lastly, (*i*) in his "De Regno et Regali potestate," the Catholic William Barclay (1600) replies at length to Buchanan, Boucher, and the anti-monarchists in general, asserting the duty of unconditional obedience.

It may be added that (*k*) the more important "Republic" of Jean Bodin, which is described in its place (French ed. 1577, Latin 1586), covers a far wider scope than most of the above, and is of less ephemeral interest. The purely Machiavellian principles of (*l*) Botero's "Ragione di Stato" (Venice, 1598), which, however, contains some historical remarks on population, and the historical (*m*) "Discorsi politici" of Paruta hardly require notice.



Rime du Bibliophile.

I.

FULL many a gentle friend have I,
 Bon camarades of shine and storm,
Who, housed with me, are ever nigh
 To keep my heart and fireside warm.
My shelves my glories hold, and here
 My joys, my griefs lie—and my gold ;
And though 's years roll, new friends appear,
 I never yet have lost the old.

II.

Choice spirits daily with me dine :
 I sup with Chaucer or Voltaire,
And then for olives and for wine,
 I taste my Walton—my Molière !
With kind Leigh Hunt my tea I sip
 Or Ser Giovanni, and my whiff
Virginian while in Donne I dip,
 In Burton—or the *Narrenschiff*.

III.

Ne'er yawn, my friends, nor weary grow,
 Though half the night I sit awake
With Plato great or wild Marot
 (And then go dream like William Blake !)
'Twere hard to tell what days I've had
 Of riotous pleasure with a lot
No whit sooth less than Hamlet mad—
 From Swedenborg to *Don Quichotte* !

IV.

Of wives I have a gross or more
 And flames—no monogamist I—
 Princess Sheherazade or
 The “Virgins Ten” or Widow *Di*,
 Queen Margaret—all in turn I love—
 Miss Eveline, or Psyche, say,
 While yearns my souls to Seraphs above—
 My Laura ! my Beatrice !

V.

O I'll not rail against the world,
 Or loosely talk of wives and “friends”—
 Such whim-whams are too cheaply hurled
 By some to gain their private ends !
 I reckon not—only this I swear—
 So long as I've some quaint old song,
 Black-letter cramped, or folio rare—
 I'll rarely join the giddy throng !

FRANKFORT SOMMERVILLE.

Bequests to Museums.

THE annual report of the Ashmolean Museum contains some interesting items. The acquisitions made during the past year include a number of Hittite seals presented by Professor Flinders Petrie, and a valuable series of objects, illustrative of the Mykenean and Primitive periods of ancient Greek art ; additional Greek vases have also been obtained. The Indian Institute, in Broad Street, is also in luck, Sir William Monier-Williams having presented it with his valuable Oriental library, which numbers between three and four thousand volumes.



A Note on Parodies and Parodists.

IN the review of the famous "Rejected Addresses" in the *Edinburgh Review*, Lord Jeffrey especially singled out for praise the poem, "The Baby's Début," written in imitation of Wordsworth's most simple style. "The author," he wrote, "does not in this instance attempt to copy any of the higher attributes of Mr. Wordsworth's poetry; but has succeeded perfectly in the imitation of his mawkish affectations of childish simplicity and nursery stammering. We hope it will make him ashamed of his 'Alice Fell,' and the greater part of his last volumes—of which it is by no means a parody, but a very fair, and indeed, we think, a flattering imitation." Here, indeed, the great critic uses the word "parody" in the sense of "travesty"; he uses it to mean an unfair imitation or burlesque, whereas the meaning nowadays is rather an allowable imitation of certain ridiculous features. But if we give the name of "parody" to the "Rejected Addresses" and their kind, then Jeffrey's remarks are absolutely true. Parody does not seek to copy the higher attributes of any poetry, but to imitate any false mannerisms and eccentricities which disfigure.

For, in truth, it is one of the best and most searching criticisms. If a book of prose or poetry be open to parody in this strict sense, then the feature or features which can be parodied are blemishes on the work. The central idea may be absurd, or it may only be some trifling peculiarities of style which are ridiculous. Of course it is only on the artistic side that parody is a corrective, for, if it has anything of a moral aim, it enters the region of satire.

Some of our greatest writers have not thought it beneath their dignity to use this weapon. Shakespeare in "Love's Labour Lost" holds euphuism up to ridicule; and in the "Midsummer Night's Dream" laughs at the inflated style in tragedy. Dr. Johnson parodied the old ballads; and Scott in the "Monastery" parodied

the absurd speech of the followers of Lyly. Some people are of so lofty a mind that they affect to despise it as so much buffoonery; but if it be used only in its lawful, artistic sense, it is no more worthy of scorn than the art of the most serious-minded of critics.

The author of that strange and most interesting medley, "The Curiosities of Literature," puts the whole matter neatly and intelligently when he says, "We maintain that far from converting virtue into a paradox, and degrading truth by ridicule, Parody will only strike at what is chimerical and false; it is not a piece of buffoonery so much as a critical exposition."

In the writings of the more famous parodists there is often much that is merely burlesque. For example, Calverley's "Wanderers," written to parody Tennyson's "Brook," is a brilliant piece of work, but no true parody. There is nothing really absurd or eccentric in the "Brook" to merit such treatment. The original is lawful art, and, consequently, the imitation is simply a humorous poem in a similar style. The same author's "Cock and Bull," however, is one of the most perfect pieces of poetry in the language. Browning's use of queer, old-fashioned words and odd twisting of phrases is caught with the happiest art.

"I purchased the concern,
And clapt it i' my poke, having given for same,
By way o' chop, swop, barter or exchange—
'Chop' was my snickering dandiprat's own term—
One shilling and fourpence, current coin o' the realm.
O-n-e one and f-o-u-r four
Pence, one and fourpence—you are with me, sir?"

The early years of our century were extraordinarily rich in artistic parodies. The "Rejected Addresses" of the brothers Horace and James Smith have been already referred to. The imitations of Crabbe, Wordsworth, and Scott can hardly be surpassed. Like Lord Jeffrey, we think the "Theatre," in the style of Crabbe, the best in the book, but it is ungracious to choose when all is so good. Another parodist of that time is now almost forgotten, or lives only in the pages of Leigh Hunt's "Autobiography." The contributions of Egerton Webbe were among the most brilliant in the *London Magazine*, and his parodies of Martial deserve far wider fame than they have at present. Readers of Martial know how trivial the subjects of his epigrams often are; and this commonplaceness is excellently imitated.

TO SMITH CONCERNING THOMSON.

"Smith, Thomson puts no claret on his board,
D'you ask the reason? Thomson can't afford."

TO THOMSON CONCERNING DIXON AND JACKSON.

“ How Dixon can with Jackson bear,
You ask me, Thomson, to declare.
Thomson, Dixon’s Jackson’s heir.”

Among our more modern parodists Calverley stands first. No other had his delicate perception of minute shades of style; nor could any other lay bare foolish extravagancies with so relentless a hand. His Tennyson and Browning poems have already been spoken of. His “Contentment” is a clever skit on the somewhat commonplace philosophy of Horace. His famous “Ballad” in ridicule of the inconsequence of many of the old ballads is a masterly performance. In its way it is a *tour de force*.

Another Cambridge scholar, Arthur Clements Hilton, died while yet a youth, or he might have been one of the foremost of our writers of lighter verse. The “Octopus,” his parody on Swinburne, seems to us to be one of the best of the many parodies on that much be-parodied poet. We may be permitted to quote two verses from this little-known writer.

“ Strange beauty, eight-limbed and eight-handed,
Whence comest to dazzle our eyes,
With thy bosom bespangled and banded
With the hues of the seas and the skies?
Is thy home European or Asian?
O mystical monster marine!
Part molluscous and partly crustacean,
Betwixt and between.

O breast that ’twere rapture to writhe on!
O arms ’twere delicious to feel!
Clinging close with the clasp of the python,
When she maketh her murderous meal.
In thy eight-fold embraces enholden,
Let this worn-out existence escape,
In a death that is glorious and golden—
Crushed all out of shape.”

Mr. Andrew Lang has parodies, as he has other things, among his literary stock-in-trade; and he is as clever a craftsman as a man will find in the course of a day’s journey in letters. His parodies of Thomas Haynes Bayly in “Essays in Little,” and his admirable imitation of Bret Harte in “Old Friends,” are both excellent things of their kind. One other modern man of letters has made notable excursions into this region. Mr. Quiller-Couch has turned aside from his romances, and given us in his “Green Days” some most skilful parodies of Moore, Whitman, and Præd.

JOHN BUCHAN.

Lines by the Rev. R. H. Barham.

[NOTE OF EXPLANATION.—In 1828 the Vicar of Edmonton (in the gift of the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's) built, greatly at his own expense, the Church of St. Paul's, Winchmore Hill, in his parish ; to which one of his sons was soon afterwards licensed. The vicar died in 1838, and was succeeded by the Rev. James Tate, and he in 1844 by his son, the Rev. Thomas Tate. This second Mr. Tate, taking advantage of the fact that the Incumbent of Winchmore Hill was legally only Curate of Edmonton, gave him notice to resign ; a proceeding which was much blamed and severely commented on in the Chapter and other quarters, and drew from Minor Canon Barham the following (it must be confessed) somewhat savage lines. I now send them to THE BOOKWORM, not knowing whether they have ever been published ; they are certainly in no edition of the "Ingoldsby Legends," or in its successor, the "Ingoldsby Lyrics."—C. F. S. WARREN, M.A.]

" I have heard that the patron [Sydney Smith] who placed Mr. Tate
At Edmonton, pitying his penniless state,
Employed as a friend all his influence and weight
For the Curate, a claim disregarded by Tate.

I have heard that this Curate's good father, the late
Rector Warren, helped build from his private estate
A chapel of ease, without charge for church-rate,
From which his own son is ejected by Tate.

I have heard that the Chapter feel somewhat irate,
As the Curate was one of some standing and date
In the place, and approved by their colleague and mate,
The identical father of this Mr. Tate.

I have heard there are men with a taste so innate
For all that is mean, that they'd feel quite elate
To filch a small coin from a blind cripple's plate ;
I can't conceive one who would do it but Tate.

I have heard that the laws of some obsolete state
Reach folks so incurably mean and ingrate
That no moral sense seemed to dwell in their pate,
Just such incomprehensible persons as Tate.

I have heard that the culprit was bagged in a crate
Or a sack, with a viper and ape to make weight,
Then sunk in the mud without further debate :
A law which I think would bear tightly on Tate."



A Parish Library.

THE following Report upon the King's Norton Parish Library, by Mr. W. Salt Bassington, F.S.A., will be read with interest:—The collection of books forming the old Parish Library of King's Norton, recently acquired by the Committee of the Central Free Library, Birmingham, for a term of years, is one of unusual interest.

The Library was given to the Parish of King's Norton by the Rev. Thomas Hall, B.D., sometime minister of the church there, not by will, but during the donor's lifetime. The books were stored in specially constructed oak cupboards, the gift of the parishioners, and the cupboards formed part of the furniture of the upper room of an ancient building standing at the north-east angle of the churchyard. This building appears to be of the fourteenth century construction, and was under-built with brick and stone apparently in the Tudor period. In all probability it was a priest's chamber used by the clergy of the chantry in the adjoining church, both as a dwelling and a school.

When Edward VI.'s Commissioners visited King's Norton in 1547, they reported that a school had anciently been kept there by the chantry priests. By the King's order this school was continued, but with a much reduced endowment.

For some years past the school and school-house have been going to decay; the former has now ceased to exist, and the latter would have fallen to pieces, but for the timely intervention of the Vicar of King's Norton, the Rev. Digby H. Cotes Preedy, who set on foot a subscription to defray the cost of repairs now (1893) in progress.

The Rev. W. Bernard Atherton, formerly curate of King's Norton, acted as Hon. Secretary to the fund, and took a considerable interest in the matter.

In the meantime the library suffered greatly from damp (neither the roof nor the walls of the school-house being sound) and it was thought to be desirable that it should be removed to safer and more accessible quarters. Negotiations were opened by Mr. Sam. Timmins, J.P., F.S.A., on behalf of the Archæological Section of the Birmingham and Midland Institute with the Free Libraries' Committee, for the purpose of effecting an arrangement between the Committee and the Custodians of the Parish Library for the removal of the books from the school-house to the Central Free Library.

W. Salt Brassington, F.S.A., was authorised by the Vicar and the Birmingham Committee to make a list of the books in the Library, and the work was completed in the month of December, 1892.

So far back as 1880, Mr. James Menzies, of Saltley, proposed that the Library should be bought for the Free Library; but when the matter was brought before the Library Committee by Mr. Timmins, it was decided that the purchase could not be made, owing to the provisions of the Act concerning Parish Libraries, and the matter slumbered till the autumn of 1887, when, at the meeting of the Library Association in Birmingham, it was again brought under public notice in a paper read before the Congress.

The founder of the King's Norton Library, Thomas Hall, was born at Worcester on July 22, 1610. His father was Richard Hall, a respectable clothier of that city; his mother's maiden name was Elizabeth Bonner—she was a daughter of John Bonner, a merchant of London, as appears from an entry in her son's handwriting in one of the books of the library. Whether or not John Bonner was related to the persecuting bishop of that name has not been ascertained, but the Bishop came of a Worcestershire stock, and Mrs. Hall is said to have belonged to "an honourable family." Thomas Hall had two brothers, John, Vicar of Bromsgrove (father of Bishop Hall, of Bristol), and Edmund, a captain of the Parliamentary army, who afterwards held the living of Chipping Norton; late in life he removed to the rectory of Great Risington in Gloucestershire, "and took to him in his elderly years a fair and comely wife."

Thomas Hall was educated at King's School, Worcester, and at Pembroke College, Oxford. He matriculated, as of Baliol, in 1624, but soon left that college for the newly-founded Pembroke, which

before had been Broadgates Hall. Here, under Thomas Lushington, his "wicked and godless tutor," Hall pursued his studies till he took his degree of B.A. in 1628. John Grent, afterwards Vicar of Aston, Edward Edward Holte, the unfortunate eldest son of Sir Thomas Holte, of Aston Hall, and other Midland men, were his college contemporaries, and probably his friends. Thomas Hall's first appointment was to a mastership at Warwick Grammar School. When he attained the age for taking Holy Orders he obtained the curacy of King's Norton from his brother John Hall, Vicar of Bromsgrove. For ten years he lived at Moseley, probably under the protection of Sir Richard Grevis, of Moseley Hall. Thomas Hall became "Lecturer" at St. Martin's, Birmingham, under Samuel Wills, the rector, who gave him a volume of theology which is still preserved in the Library. Hall was so great a lover of books that he assisted in founding the Library of the Grammar School at Birmingham, giving to it a magnificent Polyglot Bible and other books, and persuading his friends—Richard Baxter being one of them—to follow his example. He was thus a great benefactor of the first Free Library in Birmingham.

When the troubles between King and Parliament commenced Thomas Hall had become a Presbyterian, and an active partisan of the Puritans. He signed the "Covenant" in Birmingham at the time that the Rector of St. Martin's signed it. On account of his opinions he was persecuted and imprisoned, worried by sectaries and soldiers. He was probably a participator in some of the battles and sieges of those troubled times.

When the Puritans were in the ascendant, Hall received offers of preferment, which, however, were not accepted. In 1652 the degree of Bachelor of Divinity was conferred upon him.

After the Restoration he refused to conform to the Act of Uniformity; was ejected from his living in 1662; and died in great poverty at King's Norton, 13th April, 1665.

The Library, or "Study of Books," as it was then called, given by him to his parish consisted of some seven or eight hundred volumes, but—strange to say—none of his own writing. He is the known author of eighteen books and traces in prose and verse. "The Loathsomeness of Long Hair," London, 1654; and "Funebria Floræ; The Downfall of May Games," London, 1661, are the best known.

It is said that his Presbyterian principles prevented him from joining Baxter's "Worcestershire Agreement," in 1653. He, however, signed Baxter's Worcestershire "Petition for the Retention of Tithe,

and a Settled Ministry." He became a member of the Presbytery of Kenilworth.

The Library, which has now been acquired by the city, comprises about 600 volumes.

The books are chiefly upon theological subjects, but these represent a wide range of thought, and include many rare foreign treatises, besides English works, and numerous sermons by "Preachers of God's Word" all over England. The political tracts are numerous, and include rare quartos upon "Ship Money," "The Trial of Lord Strafford," "The Wallingford House Committee," "Ordinances of Lord Essex's Army," &c.

The Presbyterian literature is valuable as showing the tendency of the theological thought of the times, and the tenets of the dominant party under Cromwell.

There are a few early American tracts and one book of plays—Lord Stirling's. There are some excellent specimens of early typography, particularly the beautiful but incomplete volume of St. Augustine; a book printed by Guyot Marchant, at Paris, 1498; Ovid's "De Remedio Amoris," M. le Noir, Paris, 1495; a copy of the curious German Encyclopædia of Arts and Sciences, "Margarita Philosophica," containing early wood engravings; and lastly the valuable fragment of an early Oxford printed book by John Scolar, "Questiones Moralissime," &c., printed in 1518, and containing two woodcuts, one of the Royal Arms of England, and the other of the Arms of the University of Oxford. Only two other copies of this book are known.

Several volumes still retain their original stamped leather bindings; one bears the mark of John Reynes, bookbinder to Henry VIII., whose arms and badges are stamped upon one side, while the other is adorned with that most singular of all heraldic devices, "The Arms of the Saviour of the World." There is also a fragment of a binding bearing the initials of a fifteenth century stationer of the city of York. Several volumes are bound in vellum leaves, taken from ancient manuscripts, one, apparently from a Service Book, exhibits portions of a chant. The fly-leaves of a copy of Laurentius Valla's "Adeps" are fragments of the "Bartholomæus de Proprietatibus Rerum," printed by Wynken de Worde. The binding is of stamped leather by "G.R."; on one side are the Arms of Henry VIII., on the other the figures of four saints.

Among the more curious books may be mentioned "The Anatomie of Abuses," by Philip Stubbs, fourth edition, 1595; "The most Heavenly and Christian Speech of the Magnanimous and Valorous

King of Sweden, Carolus Gustavus Adolphus, on his death-bed," London, 1660; "Vox Piscis or the Book-Fish, containing Three Treatises, which were found in the belly of a cod-fish in Cambridge Market, on Midsummer eve last, A.D. 1626," by Richard Tracie, London, 1627.

The Postman Poet.

MR. EDWARD CAPERN, the aged and gifted North Devon postman poet, died recently at his residence at Braunton, near Barnstaple. Mr. Capern, who was seventy-six years of age, had been in feeble health for some time, and especially since the death of his wife, which occurred in February last. He commenced life as a rural letter-carrier between Bideford and Buckland Brewer, at a weekly wage of 10s. 6d., and it was during this time in the early "fifties" that he published his first book of poems. This and his subsequent productions attracted considerable attention, and he was the recipient of many marks of public favour, including an annuity from the Queen's privy purse granted to him several years ago.

What is now so popularly known in this country as "Oxford India paper" has revolutionised the printing of Bibles. This India paper is a speciality of the Oxford Press; it is the thinnest of opaque papers. So extremely thin is the paper that five original octavo volumes of the Bible, containing 2,688 pages, have been included in the space of one volume. The Oxford Press can print books in one hundred and fifty tongues, which include Bengali, Chinese, Arabic, Celtic, Finnish, Gothic, Icelandic, Syriac, Melanesian and Tamil, Latin, Greek, Hebrew, and modern Continental languages. The revolution which this paper has brought about in Bible printing is now being extended by the Clarendon Press to the printing of secular books, for example, the Oxford "Shakespeare" and the Oxford "Longfellow." Imagine a complete Shakespeare in a thin octavo, which can be easily carried in a coat side pocket! Yet the leaves of that volume are as opaque as cardboard, while the print is sharp and the type is of fairly large size.

* * * *

We learn that Mr. Shechter, the Reader in Talmudic at the Cambridge University, in the course of his researches at the Vatican Library, has brought to light a MS. copy of a Hebrew elegy, which is not without considerable interest to students of English history. It refers to the terrible massacres of the Jews in England which occurred on the accession of Richard Cœur de Lion to the throne in 1189. The MS. purports to be composed by Rabbi Menahem, and is a poetical lament on Jewish martyrs of the twelfth century, and in particular on "the martyrs of the Isles of the Sea" (England) in the year A.M. 4950 (1190). The author, who died at Worms, was a contemporary of the events which almost annihilated the flourishing Jewish communities of London, York, Lincoln, Bury St. Edmunds, &c., at a time when Europe was aflame with the dreams and aspirations of the Crusaders. It is probable that R. Menahem obtained the facts on which his poem is based from eye-witnesses. The poem throws considerable light on the position which the Jews held in England at that time. They are described as "crowned with the knowledge of the law," and as "reared on scarlet for dominion and power," and as "clothed in silk, confuting their adversaries." The elegy is full of stirring lines, and is closely akin to the majestic periods of Milton's celebrated sonnet written on the occasion of the massacre of the Protestants by the Piedmontese in 1655—

"Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints,
Whose bones lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold,
Even them who kept their faith so pure of old—
Forget them not."

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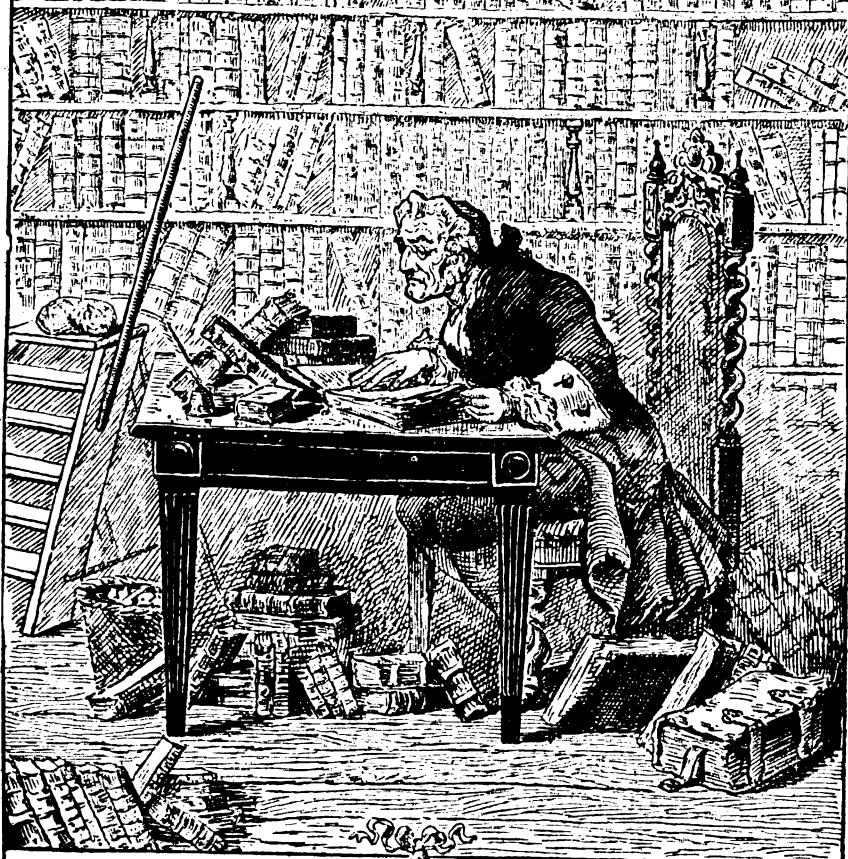
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THE BOOKWORM



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Our Note-Book.

THE second part of *Bibliographica* (Kegan Paul & Co.) sustains all the favourable impressions of the first portion. It contains eight articles, admirably diversified in character and scope, but all of more or less interest to the bookman. Perhaps the most important article in the whole number is the first of a series by Dr. E. Maunde Thompson (Principal Librarian of the British Museum) on "English Illuminated Manuscripts," A.D. 700-1066. This paper is accompanied by no less than eight exquisitely finished facsimiles which at once demonstrate the very high position which England occupied in the early beginnings of this fine art. The most learned paper in this issue is, we should say, Mr. R. C. Christie's, entitled "The Chronology of the Early Aldines." Indeed, we cannot conceive any one but Mr. Christie writing on such an abstruse but withal important topic, for his knowledge, as well as his collection, of Aldines is perhaps unsurpassed. Mr. Christie deals more particularly with the Greek books printed by Aldus, and his paper will be found to contain some very remarkable facts.

* * * *

Another article of a very different character, and perhaps of more general interest than that on Aldines, is Mr. Falconer Madan's contribution on "Early Representations of the Printing Press," which, although not the first paper written on the subject, is certainly the most exhaustive. Mr. Madan gives a list of twenty-four engravings of old printing presses, with illustrations, the best of which is a copy of an extremely rare engraving of Stradanus's printing office, published at Antwerp about the year 1600. Most of the engravings existed originally in the form of printers' Marks, and are found more

frequently in France than elsewhere. The earliest known engraving of a printing press exists in an edition of "The Dance of Death," printed in 1499 at Lyons. The only copy of it now known to exist is in the Huth Library. The engraving reproduced in Mr. Madan's article represents Death seizing the printer at his press, and the compositor at his desk, and a frightened assistant about to shy an inkball at him. The most complete and elaborate of all the engravings is the picture of Stradanus's printing office, showing the compositors at their cases, the ink rollers at work, the "copy" in position, and the man tugging at the lever of the heavy, primitive-looking screw. One of the compositors sits on a cushion, and wears a short sword. To relieve the number from a charge of heaviness, and to cater for the lighter moods of which even bibliographers have been suspected, there are two gossipy papers on English Bookmen, Samuel Pepys and Henry Fielding, each dealing more particularly with the book-collecting phases of their careers.

* * * *

Messrs. David Bryce & Sons have just issued a little pamphlet which they describe as a "Concise Guide to the Mitchell Library, Glasgow," which is distributed gratis. This noble library now contains nearly 100,000 books. At a very early stage of its existence three special collections were commenced. First, "The Poets' Corner": The object aimed at in this department is the acquirement of copies of the works of Burns and all Scottish poets and verse writers in their different editions; selections and collections of Scottish poetry; historical and critical dissertations on the poetry of Scotland; biographies of Scottish poets; together constituting a treasury of the national poetical literature. This has to a large extent been accomplished. The number of volumes now in the Poets' Corner is about 5,800, of which those specially relating to Burns number over 1,100. Secondly, a "Glasgow Collection": Following the example of other important provincial libraries, the committee, early in 1877, resolved that the library "ought to contain copies of all books, pamphlets, periodical publications, maps, plans, pictorial illustrations, and generally all papers which in any way illustrate the city's growth and life; that, with respect to past publications, care should be taken to secure any which may from time to time be obtainable; that all local newspapers and periodical publications should be filed for preservation; and that Glasgow books and pamphlets should be purchased as issued when not presented." This policy has been steadily maintained, and the library is now in possession of one of the most complete of the

collections of local literature. It numbers about 4,700 volumes, great and small, and includes some 200 different periodical publications (of many, complete sets; of others, only portions) which have at various times been issued within the city. And thirdly, "Early Glasgow Printing": This collection was commenced in the early days of the library, and has assumed very considerable proportions. In it the authorities hope to bring together copies of every book and pamphlet printed in Glasgow before 1801. As in the cases already mentioned, great progress has already been made. The library has a copy of the first piece of printing executed in the city (1638). From this down to 1800 the productions of the Glasgow press are represented by more than 1,300 books and tracts.

* * * *

It can scarcely be said, with a due regard for truth, that Mrs. A. S. Lewis's "Catalogue of the Syriac MSS. in the Convent of St. Catherine on Mount Sinai" is a book likely to be generally read. It is, nevertheless, one of unusual interest to students of the Gospels, inasmuch as we at last get some idea of the value and extent of the rich MS. collection stored at the above Convent. The opportunity of examining this collection was never before granted to a European visitor. Even now we only have an index. Among the most important of Mrs. Lewis's discoveries is a palimpsest which contains the Four Gospels in Old Syriac, from which a number of extracts are given. Of equal interest also are the discoveries of a tenth century Arabic codex of the Gospels, a ninth century Arabic codex of some of St. Paul's Epistles, and a Greek Liturgy of St. Mark of Alexandria, some of these being hitherto unknown in Europe, and others being known by one copy, or, in the case of the Liturgy, by two copies only. There are six carefully executed illustrations which give a very good idea of the present condition of the treasures in this place. The Catalogue, which is published at half a guinea net, is issued by Messrs. C. J. Clay & Son, of the Cambridge University Press, and forms the first part of the "Studia Siniatica" series.

* * * *

The holiday season is, it is true, nearly over, but in season and out of it "Mountain, Moor, and Loch," illustrated by pen and pencil, and published under the auspices of the recently-opened West Highland Railway Company, will be a very interesting book to take up. The illustrations, of which there are 230, are from original drawings made on the spot, and add greatly to the value of the book, which is written in a very popular and entertaining manner. The volume is of course nothing more or less than an advertisement

of the West Highland Railway, but those who have travelled in the West Highland Districts of Scotland will readily agree that "Mountain, Moor, and Loch" does not at all exaggerate the striking natural beauties of this part of Great Britain. The opening up of the West Highland Railway will bring this district within an easy access of the tourist and sportsman, and this book will act as a very convincing advertisement in its favour.

* * * *

The authorities at South Kensington have been extremely well-advised in publishing a catalogue of "Bookbindings, and Rubbings of Bindings in the National Art Library, South Kensington," which is published at the very low price of eighteenpence by the Department of Science and Art. There are full descriptions of between three and four hundred bindings from various parts of the globe, besides equally full particulars of nearly one thousand rubbings of bindings which have been obtained from the most characteristic specimens preserved in the various libraries of Europe. Many of the old bookbinders, like the early printers, had marks which they generally affixed to the books which they bound, and it is these marks which enable us often to identify a particular binding. The compiler of this excellent Catalogue has reproduced many of these quaint and interesting marks, which will prove most helpful to future students.

* * * *

Under the title of "Dietrich von Bern," Herr Paul Heitz (Strasburg) has had struck off one hundred copies of a collection of fourteen original wood-blocks of Strasburg origin, "aus einer allen Bibliographen völlig unbekannten Ausgabe," of the sixteenth century. The little illustrations are extremely quaint, in fact ludicrously so; and but for the appropriate legends at the foot of each, their meaning would be by no means clear. The blocks do not appear to have been in any way touched up since their discovery, so that their pristine baldness still remains to charm. Herr Heitz deserves our best thanks for placing the reproduction of these woodcuts into so agreeable a dress.



Booksellers in 1803.

FROM a little-known periodical, entitled *The Picnic* (edited by Col. Henry Grenville), we get a quaint and interesting view of the London booksellers as they were in January, 1803. The account arose through "my bookseller, Mr. Vellum," communicating "a plan which had been formed to secure to the British press the most attractive and correct account that has hitherto been given of the daily transactions of the metropolis; which is no less than to engage the whole body of booksellers that attend to and collect the occurrences of every kind which take place in their respective districts."

The description then runs as follows:—

Bond Street is to be submitted to the numerous booksellers who inhabit that predominant thoroughfare. Mr. Robson will attend to the old peers, to dignitaries of the church, and dowagers; whilst Mr. Faulder will look sharp after the fortune-hunters; and the rest of their brethren will take the miscellaneous passengers among them. The Cyprians, on crossing Oxford Street from Bond Street, on their return to Mary-le-Bone, very naturally present themselves to the attention of Mr. Bell, who, being the publisher of *The Monk*, is admirably qualified to make the necessary observations. Mr. Debrett and Mr. Hatchard will take care of Piccadilly; Mr. Stockdale being better employed in collecting the profound opinions of the enlightened politicians who frequent his shop. Mrs. Humphrys will give the caricatures of St. James's Street; and Bulmer, the printer, will transmit a hot-pressed account of any interesting transactions of Cleveland Court, as well as of the guard on duty at

the Palace. George Nicol, bookseller to his Majesty, is pre-eminently qualified to communicate the lively histories of King's Place ; while it is impossible for a row to be kicked up at the Union Club, but Old Becket and Young Evans must be in the way to hear a good account of it. Harding may have his eye on Carlton House, and Jeffreys may collect some useful materials from Market Street and the back door of the Opera. The men of genius who frequent Mr. Ridgeway's repository of loyalty in York Street have promised occasional contributions ; and some smart paragraphs have already been received respecting the conduct of the swans who inhabit the water in St. James's Square. To Messrs. Egerton will be consigned the pregnant and ever-varying scene of Charing Cross ; they may also take an occasional peep into Durham Yard and the Horse Guards. Mr. Payne, of the Mews Gate, will look a little to Castle Street, and the numerous cranny alleys in his neighbourhood. King, the auctioneer, will furnish many a pleasant lot from the Covent Garden Piazzas and their vicinity ; while Leigh and Sotheby may follow his example from Tavistock Street. Mr. Otridge may enlarge on the upper part of the Strand, and borrow occasional scraps of natural history from the menagerie of Exeter Change. The lower part of the Strand, with Catharine Street, will be undertaken by Cadell and Davies, a branch of duty which, as they have been lately married, they may undertake with perfect safety. Old Gardner, from his long and studious acquaintance with the parish of St. Clement Danes, is incomparably qualified to procure intelligence of the very interesting concerns of Drury Lane, Clare Market, the Crown and Anchor, and the convenient scenes of seclusion in his agreeable neighbourhood.

Mr. Kearsley will take the upper part of Fleet Street, and the two Temples, with the several buildings, courts, walks, lanes, and backways thereunto belonging and appertaining. The law booksellers are *retained* to communicate much *special* and *original* matter from Chancery Lane and Lincoln's Inn ; and Mr. White will look to the history of Fleet Market and the concerns of Bridewell. St. Paul's Churchyard, and all its varieties, are familiar subjects to Messrs. Johnson and Rivington ; while Mr. Phillips will give select *memoranda* from the conversations of the *Illuminati* who frequent the Chapter Coffee-house. The Court of Assistants of the Stationers' Company have voluntarily engaged to procure accounts of the meetings, feastings, and other important business of the livery companies. A committee of the trade in Paternoster Row and Ave Maria Lane will occasionally meet to receive and

transmit accounts of the very affecting transactions of the Old Bailey and Newgate, and that well-known scene of humanity called Smithfield, with the pleasures of St. Martin's-le-Grand, the hurry of Cheapside, and the bustle of the Swan with Two Necks. Mr. Mawman and Messrs. Vernor and Hood, of the Poultry, have reserved themselves for the lively records of the Mansion House, the due detail of city state and civic honours, and a luminous display of aldermanic oratory and common council eloquence. Mr. Richardson, under the Royal Exchange, and the print-sellers in the adjoining alleys, will be able, from their literary situation, to produce no small store of elegant communications. Mr. Asperne will offer strings of moral aphorisms relative to trade and commerce; and the booksellers and stationers in Leadenhall Street are in the way to obtain poignant jests affecting narratives, and fine strokes of satire from the London Tavern, the East India House, and Leadenhall Market. Mr. Steele, of Tower Hill, will derive no small fund of amusement from the humours of Wapping and Rag Fair; and a notary public, who understands nine languages, and must consequently be considered as a very literary man, has promised to enliven the British press with a few brief memoirs of the leading fashionables of Bevis Marks, Duke's Place, and Houndsditch. Messrs. Lackington and Allen may be expected to procure variety of intelligence from Moorfields, Bedlam, and Grub Street; while Holborn and St. Giles's cannot be entrusted to better circumspection than that of Mr. Cuthell, of Middle Row. Mr. Dulau, the French bookseller, will have an eye upon the company who visit Sir Joseph Banks, and the more lively gentry who frequent the white house on the opposite side of Soho Square. To the tribe of circulating libraries of St. Mary-le-Bone is confided the various and varying history of that very interesting and prolific part of the metropolis.

To the account of this masterly plan of intelligence I have only to add my congratulations to the public, who are so soon to enjoy the advantages of it; you may, if you please, communicate it to the readers of your elegant publication.

Bookbinding Notes.

AN ancient specimen of gold plate binding, now in the Cathedral of Monza, formed the cover of a copy of the Gospels in richly illuminated manuscript, which was presented to the basilica at the beginning of the seventh century, by Theodolind, Queen of the Lombards. This precious binding has a cross with valuable gems set in its centre, and two cameo decorations. One of the latter dates only from A.D. 1773, it having been then restored. Jules Labarte, in a six volume "*Histoire des Arts Industriels au Moyen Age*," issued at Paris about eight years ago, gives a facsimile of the relic.

Examples of ivory book casings of great beauty are preserved in the library of the Vatican at Rome, and also in the celebrated collection at South Kensington. Both are delicately carved with scriptural figures and emblems, panelled by knob, roundel or cable borderings in high relief. These are ninth century specimens of artistic work, equalled to-day by none of its class of sculpture.

In the early part of the Middle Ages very costly materials were used for binding books. There are in the Cluny Museum two superb plates of Limoges enamel, which were originally so employed. On an elaborate book of prayers belonging to Duke Philip of Burgundy (he who was called "Philip the Bold") gold nails, rubies, and pearls were lavishly displayed. A unique copy of Boccaccio is recorded as being covered with red velvet studded with five large and brilliant rubies on each side.



In the Royal Library, Windsor Castle.

WHAT is the age of Windsor Castle ? is a question which cannot be answered precisely, but certainly it has been a royal residence since the days of Henry II., and may date back to the Norman Conquest, for there are many lower parts of the older buildings which are of decidedly Norman type. Bit by bit, however, the original fortress has been built over and built around until its original appearance has been hidden, and it has grown until its outer walls contain as many people as might throng a decent sized town ; but with all its growing during eight centuries, it had never grown big enough to hold a library until the days of King William IV., when the happy idea of adding a few shelves was conceived, and by him the present Royal Library was commenced just sixty years ago.

Most of our past monarchs have been more deeply engrossed in the arts of war or the follies of peace, than in the pursuit of letters—dead letters, as Queen Anne called them. Had they been book lovers, what precious treasures this venerable pile of buildings might now have contained ; but alas, whatever else of value has been at various times stored there, we can scarcely ever find in any records the mention of such a tiresome thing as a book. Even with so celebrated a bookish queen as Elizabeth, who lived a great deal at Windsor, we find no record of books there. In Paul Hentzner's "Journey into England" there is a great deal about Windsor Castle as it was shortly before Queen Elizabeth's death, and some notice of its treasures. He speaks of two bathrooms ceiled and wainscoted with looking glass ; of seeing the chamber in which Henry VI. was

born ; of Queen Elizabeth's chamber in which was a table of red marble with white streaks ; of a gallery everywhere ornamented with emblems and figures ; of a collection of royal beds, comprising, amongst others, those of Henry VII. and his Queen, of Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn, and of Edward VI., "all of them eleven feet square" and covered with quilts shining with gold and silver. He also saw some wonderful tapestry ; the horn of a unicorn worth £10,000 (we wonder what would be the price of this marvel had it been preserved to us) ; a bird of Paradise ; and a cushion most curiously worked by Queen Elizabeth's own hands ; but not a word about books. Not that he was unmindful of them : they were in London. "In Whitehall are the following things worthy of observation. 1. The Royal Library, well stored with Greek, Latin, Italian, and French books. All these books are bound in velvet of different colours, though chiefly red, with clasps of gold and silver ; some have pearls and precious stones set in their bindings." This library was, however, but a private collection for the Queen's own use, added to by presents, for, wherever the Queen went, a book was presented to her, largely as a tribute to her learning, and special orders were sent out by Lord Burghley to those intending to give :—"Present a book well bound and regard that the book hath no savour of spike, which commonly bookbinders do seek to add to make their books savour well." Her Majesty loved not lavender.

Bishop Parker tried to induce Elizabeth to form a National Library, but he got little more encouragement from her than the permission to go and hunt up the lost treasures of the suppressed monasteries, many of which when recovered he had transcribed at the scriptorium he established at Canterbury and which afterwards he gave to Cambridge. The principal action of James I. was a sort of maudlin generosity to Bodley, a warrant under the privy seal allowing Bodley to take any books he wanted from the royal palaces for his new library at Oxford. Neither Charles I. nor Charles II. cared much for books ; the latter even forgot to pay his binders' bills and his books remained in pawn for the worth of their coverings. Queen Anne was somewhat better, but when advised by Harley to buy the splendid collection of Sir Symonds D'Ewes, her kindness of heart prevented her, and not while the blood and honour of the nation were at stake would she consent to bestow the money of her subjects upon what she termed "dead letters."

Down to the time of George III. the Royal Library remained in London, and was never of much account until, in 1762, George III. purchased the collection of Joseph Smith, the English consul at

Venice, which forms the best part of the King's Library given to the British Museum by George IV.

There is little doubt that it was this disposal of the King's Library in the British Museum for the benefit of the nation that brought about the establishment of the Royal Library at Windsor by William IV., with whom Windsor was a favourite residence, and it was owing to the lack of books that he commenced to bring together the better parts of the collections of Kew, Hampton Court, Kensington, and other palaces, so that a good start was made with some fine works.

The great bulk of the present collection of upwards of 100,000 volumes has, however, been made during the present reign, and the credit of it must remain with H.R.H. the late Prince Consort. Shortly after his marriage with the Queen he began to study how to make better arrangements for the library, and secured a liberal annual sum for its extension, devoting himself assiduously to the task of selecting the choicest works on English history and topography, besides other departments of literature and the fine arts, and endeavouring to make it representative especially of the libraries of English monarchs. At the present time, from Henry VIII. to our Queen, there is only one sovereign unrepresented by a book specially bound for her or bearing her arms—Mary Tudor.

The entrance to the Royal Library, for the privileged visitor who obtains Her Majesty's permission to inspect its treasures—for it must be remembered that this is, after all, really a private collection—is at the Equeries' Entrance, just to the left of the great Round Tower. From thence you ascend a staircase to the first floor, where you enter a lofty room with a groined ceiling, which opens into a large chamber where the drawings, engravings, and works of art are kept. The fine arts are specially well represented; chief, are the drawings by Leonardo da Vinci. No collection can be compared with this but those of Florence and Milan; there are three volumes of drawings by this artist, comprising every form of study, which were brought to England by Sir Peter Lely from the Arundel sale in Holland, and were bought by Charles II. Raphael and Michael Angelo are represented by some of their choicest work, and these alone would make the reputation of any gallery in Europe. The drawings of Hans Holbein are invaluable, especially the unrivalled collection of eighty-seven historical portraits in red chalk and Indian ink of the principal personages of the court of Henry VIII.

The Raphael cabinet contains a collection formed by the late Prince Consort, consisting of every engraving, drawing, or other

mode of illustration which could be obtained that throws any light upon "the mental processes and modes of operation of the great artist in the creation of each of his pictures. This vast mass of material occupies over thirty immense portfolios—cut short as it was by the lamented death of His Royal Highness—and would prove almost unwieldy but for the separate catalogue which has been printed by order of Her Majesty.

In one corner of the room we first entered, against the window, is a small spiral iron staircase leading to the upper part of the library. At one time all the apartments of Windsor Castle opened out, the one into another, until they formed one continuous corridor; but in modern times staircases have been cut here and there to facilitate ingress and egress, and this iron staircase, incongruous with the older building, is one of the modern improvements. It leads into a large chamber called the Charles II. room, having been one of the private apartments of that monarch, as this part of the building was at different periods the private apartments of several sovereigns. It is now filled from floor to ceiling with bookshelves all round the sides, while large cabinets stand in the centre, on which, in cases, are some of her Majesty's presents. A large oblong album from New South Wales, with views of the exhibition, bound in purple velvet with exquisitely designed silver gilt ornaments; an address album, with gold mounts, from New Guinea, and the plumage of a bird; an album presented to the Queen by Sir Dinshaw Manockjee, petit baronet, Sept., 1891, bound in Indian silver relief work, with a beautifully pierced border, and preserved in an ivory case inlaid with ebony and silver. At one end of the room is a reading desk, inlaid with "C.R." in monogram, which belonged to Queen Charlotte.

From the Charles II. room we pass into Queen Anne's room, also fitted with rows of bookshelves. This was originally one of the apartments of Henry VII. In the centre, before the mullioned windows, are octagonal glass cases filled with charters, seals, dishes, spoons, drinking glasses, jewellery, &c., of bygone kings and queens. One case is filled with most magnificent specimens of Persian and Indian work in manuscripts and bindings. Here is a little alcove built projecting from the walls and affording a most delightful view over the surrounding country, where Queen Anne was sitting with the Duchess of Marlborough when the news arrived of the great victory at Blenheim, August 13, 1704.

Next we enter Queen Elizabeth's room, with its beautiful old-fashioned fireplace, large enough to hold a family party, with fine overmantel in which is set a bust of Bess in her high frills. Here,

besides the rows upon rows against the walls, and the projecting shelves, are some fine cases full of the books gradually collected as representative of the libraries of other monarchs.

And now let us look at a few of the rarities which the library contains, first thanking its royal mistress for the permission so kindly extended to the writer; and next Mr. R. R. Holmes, F.S.A., librarian to Her Majesty, who so courteously assisted us in our inquisitiveness.

Chief among the few we shall have space to mention are the famous "Mentz Psalter" of 1457, a splendid and perfect copy; a copy of Coverdale's Bible of 1535, of which no perfect copy is known to be in existence. Amongst other Caxtons here is the "Æsop's Fables" of 1584, the only perfect copy known.

Here is a decree of Frederick, king of Naples, Sicily and Jerusalem, 1488, in an Italian binding of but little later date, with blind interlaced work with gold stars and other small ornaments. On the reverse side there is a large raised circular piece caused by a panel sunk from the inside to contain the great seal of that king; a curious piece of workmanship.

A magnificent copy of the Koran, written by Harun Ben Bayazid, 1613-1614, which formerly belonged to the Emperor Aurungzib, having been purchased by him for 9,000 rupees. It afterwards came into the possession of Tippoo Sultaun, and then into the hands of the directors of the East India Company, who sent it to the Royal Library in 1807.

In the same case is a manuscript history of Shah Jehan of Delhi, father of Aurungzib, written by Mohammed Amin of Meshed in 1685, and ornamented throughout with full-page illuminations of the highest style of painting of the period. It is stated to have cost the Nawab of Lucknow £1,500. The cover is a magnificent piece of painting upon water gold.

A magnificently illuminated copy of the poem "Shah Nama," by Firdusi, bears an inscription in the book that it "is now presented by the exalted in dignity His Majesty Shah Kamram as a rare gift and token of friendship to the Morning Star of Sovereignty. . . . Her Majesty the Queen of Great Britain, in the month of Shuvval 1255 A.H., Dec. 1839 A.D." The enamelled Persian binding of this poem is one of the most beautiful pieces of work we have ever seen.

"More Leaves from the Journal of our Life in the Highlands," a copy written in Persian and bound in Persia in 1885, is a good example of later Persian work, with small sunk panels, the gold underlaid with green.

Of the royal bindings, we have here two or three examples of the time of Henry VIII., with panel blocks on the sides by G. G. and H. N., but there is no evidence that they ever belonged to that king. "The Kinges Revenues," a MS. report of commissioners in 1552, bound for Edward VI., is in the "Venecion fascion," favoured by Berthelet, and was probably bound by him.

"M. Tulli Ciceronis Epistolæ Familiares," Venice, 1540, was bound for the Princess Elizabeth, with the badge of her mother (Anne Boleyn) in gold on the side, and the letter F. repeated round the crest and at head and tail in blind.

"The Faerie Queen," bound for Queen Elizabeth, is in brown calf blocked, with a gold Tudor rose on each side, and the letters E. R.

There are several bindings executed for James I., Henry Prince of Wales, his eldest son, and the ill-fated Charles I., but none of any particular merit; noticeable, however, is the "Eikon Basilike," 1648, which has silver clasps containing relief profile portraits of Charles I.; while another copy, dated 1649, has a silver medallion on the side with winged female figures around the portrait, and engraved silver flat corners.

A "Holy Bible," Cambridge, 1660, presented to Charles II., is a magnificent example of English work in imitation of the Eve and Le Gascon styles, probably the work of Hugh Hutchinson, the binder for Bishop Cosin. It is bound in black morocco.

The "Eikon Basilike" of 1681 is a really beautiful piece of contemporary inlaid work, with a curious intertwining of green and open work lacing filled in with pointillé and solid line tools.

Two very curious bindings, probably executed in Germany by Italian workmen, with a strange mixture of rococo and other ornaments, partly inlaid, may be found on a "Tasso, Gerusalemme Liberata," 1745, and a "Biblia Sacra," both executed for George III. when Prince of Wales. The German Bible is dedicated to him, and has inside a painting of the Prince. But not only is the whole style of the outsides curious, probably unique, but inside, the vellum linings, inlaid with leather, bear a most extraordinary compound of marbling and smearing which has a most grotesque effect. Nowhere else have we seen anything like it.

Here are "Hours of the B.V.M.," a vellum MS. of the late fifteenth century, bound in red velvet, embroidered with gold and silk in a border with floral corners and the royal arms, crown, and cardinal's hat for Henry Benedict, Cardinal York, after 1788, given to the Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV. A "Biblia Sacra,"

Wittenberg, 1584, in its original panel blocked binding, with portraits of Luther and Melancthon in oil colours in sunk panels. An "*Imitatione Christi*," 1508, bound for Marguerite de Valois, and many other works, the style of which is more or less well known, so that even the specialist in bindings will find his visit to Windsor worth the trouble.

Looking around the library, and estimating it generally, it is a mighty comfortable place—its carpeted floors, its long stretch of promenade for the restless thinker, its grand outlook upon quiet and peaceful scenes, and its sense of restfulness within. It is beautifully furnished, the many varied hues of its bindings harmonise, and the numbers of books in white vellum with gleaming gold make it light and pleasant to the eye; it has no appearance of musty tomes, the decaying brains of bygone wiseacres. We had felt curious as to the truth of silly assertions ever and anon repeated about the prevailing colour of the books, and many other absurdities begotten, perhaps, of the same inanity which created a heaven of two instruments and one song. We were agreeably impressed with the home-like look of this august study, and pleased to see the care and attention given to the preservation of every minute part of a book's individuality. As an example of this, there are some volumes of "*Telemachus*," printed in Anspach, 1727, by Johann Valentin Lüders, which were originally stitched together with a curious paper cover. They have been rebound in white vellum, and in order to preserve the papers the sides have been cut out, leaving a square panel, into which these fine examples of half-marbled, half-smearred papers have been set, forming a very pretty style of binding.

BOOKMAKER.

Hints on the Use of Books.

THE following suggestive "hints" are given in the "Concise Guide to the Mitchell Library, Glasgow." Many readers handle the books issued to them with all care and consideration. But there are some who, from want of thought and without any ill intent, inflict much unnecessary injury on them. The life of a book may be said to be longer or shorter in direct proportion to the care with which it is used. If laid on the table during perusal, and touched only when a leaf has to be turned, it will practically never wear out. If roughly handled it will perish in a comparatively short time. As the books are the property of, and are provided for the benefit of, the whole community, it is the interest of each not only to abstain himself from inflicting any injury on them, but also to influence others to use a like care. The object of the following cautions is to aid in the preservation of the books in sound and clean condition for as long a period as possible :—

Do not take books unless with clean hands.

Do not wet finger or thumb to turn leaves over.

Do not lay coat or jacket sleeves on the book, particularly if the clothes be wet from rain.

Do not permit drops of rain to fall from hat or cap on the book.

Do not turn down the corners of leaves to mark a place, but note number of page.

Do not touch the face of engravings or other illustrations.

Do not lay an open book face downwards.

Do not handle the book in any way more than is necessary for its convenient perusal.

These cautions are intended to reduce or prevent injury arising from inadvertence or want of care. Unfortunately, some injuries are due to wilful mischief or selfishness. These are chiefly scribbling in the books, and the cutting or tearing out of leaves or portions of leaves or pictures or designs.



Dated Book-Plates.

THERE is no more truculent a book-plate collector than the worthy Chairman of the Ex-Libris Society, Mr. Walter Hamilton, whose latest move in regard to his particular hobby is to draw up a definite and, so far as possible, a complete Class Book of the whole study, as far reaching, in fact, of its kind, as the "Genera Plantarum" of Hooker and Bentham is in botanical science. The first of the three parts which is to complete this undertaking has now appeared, and we have no doubt that the aims of the compiler will be rewarded with success—we cannot say complete success, for such a term is peculiarly elusive and deceptive in a hobby such as Book-plate collecting.

During the last few years public interest in book-plates has so much increased that the several works relating to them which have been published have speedily gone out of print, whilst some of them have become very scarce, and are eagerly sought after by collectors. Yet, with the exception of "The Guide to the Study of Book-Plates," by the Hon. J. Leicester Warren (now Lord de Tabley), published as long ago as 1880, no attempt has been made to furnish a serious text-book on the topic, which should be useful as a work of reference alike to the collector, the dealer, and the ordinary reader.

Pleasantly written essays abound, dealing superficially enough with the main features not to alarm the *dilettante* reader, and copiously illustrated with facsimiles of imposing-looking Ex Libris, but hitherto no annotated list of "Dated Book-Plates" has been published, although the want of one has long been felt by all collectors. The author's aim has been to supply this deficiency, and to provide a reliable and useful book of reference, arranged on a clear and definite system. It is to include the dated plates of all countries,

and of all periods, since their origin about four centuries ago. For several reasons dated plates are more sought after than any other description, and it is almost as important for a collector to know what he has not, as what he has.

The inscription on each plate will be given in full, with a descrip-



tion of its style, whether Armorial, or Literary, or Pictorial, &c.; with the motto, if any, and the names of artists and engravers. Further details of interest to collectors as to the plates themselves, or relating to their owners, will be added, with instructions as to the best means of identifying, classifying, and arranging book-plates.

To obtain the necessary materials for this work has been the labour of years, and some of the finest collections of book-plates have been placed at the author's disposal, so that he can confidently assert that very few *dated* British book-plates have escaped his



observation, whilst some thousands of German, French, Dutch, Belgian and American dated plates have been examined and noted. Such information is not to be obtained in any other work, whilst the collector will find material assistance, in the introductory chapters,

as to the origin and development of book-plates, dealing as they will with the following topics:—How to collect, preserve, identify, and arrange book-plates; some hints on heraldry, tinctures, and orders of knighthood; styles of British book-plates:—Early English; Jacobean; Chippendale; wreath and ribbon; festoon; book-pile, library interior, and literary; landscape, allegoric, punning, pictorial, and portrait plates; German book-plates, and their styles; French book-plates, and their styles; and earliest dated plates, and some arbitrary dates.



A list of dated plates prior to 1700 appears in the first part, with illustrations specially selected as typical examples of early work. The second part will contain dated plates of the eighteenth century, and the third will contain dated plates of the nineteenth century.

The first part, a notice of which has been crowded out from the last two issues of the *BOOKWORM*, is a very substantial quarto of over one hundred pages, and with nearly thirty illustrations, of which, through Mr. Hamilton's courtesy, we reproduce three examples.



The Making of a Book.

WE have been favoured by Mr. John Murray with the following facts relative to the production of the Rev. J. Julian's "Dictionary of Hymnology, setting forth the Origin and History of Christian Hymns of all Ages and Nations, with special reference to those contained in the Hymn-books of English-speaking countries, and now in common use ; together with Biographical and Critical Notices of their Authors and Translators, and Historical Articles on National and Denominational Hymnody, Breviaries, Missals, Primers, Psalters, Sequences," &c.

The editor first began a methodical study of the subject in 1870, and in 1879 the work was undertaken for publication by Mr. Murray. It was at first intended to annotate every hymn published in any recognised hymn-book in the English language, in alphabetical order of first lines, and thus to form a volume of about 800 pages : further progress, however, proved that this method involved endless repetition, and would require twenty volumes instead of one. The first design was accordingly abandoned in favour of that which has since been carried out. Hymns which have a history are dealt with in separate articles ; biographical notices of hymn writers are given ; and minor hymns are grouped in these biographies, while a complete cross reference index of first lines enables the reader to trace any hymn with the utmost facility.

Special articles on National and Denominational Hymnody constitute a new and valuable feature in this work.

The languages and dialects dealt with number nearly two hundred, including Greek, Latin, Syriac, German, French, Italian, Welsh, Dutch, Swedish, Danish, &c. Most of the great libraries of Europe

have been either visited by the editor or the assistant-editor in the course of their researches ; or direct information has been supplied therefrom by the chief librarians.

Some 10,000 MSS. have been consulted, very few of which have been used for hymnological purposes before. The number of hymns annotated is about 30,000 ; the number of authors, translators, &c., recorded, over 5,000.

The tracing out of the mutilations and arbitrary changes made in many favourite hymns for denominational, metrical, musical, and other purposes, has of itself been a most arduous task, *e.g.*, seventeen changes in the first four lines of "Jesu, lover of my soul," have been recorded and accounted for ; and many other examples might be given.

A mass of information, hitherto inaccessible to the student of hymnology, has been collected from many private sources, and the accepted histories of a large number of hymns, including some of the most popular, have been proved to be erroneous.

The editor has been in communication with upwards of one thousand correspondents in all parts of the world, the delay thus caused has in some instances been very great. A year and a half elapsed in one case before an answer was received to a letter of inquiry ; whilst delays of six and nine months were of common occurrence.

As regards the more mechanical part of the preparation of this "Dictionary" it may be interesting to note that—(1) Of the 3,000,000 words and figures which the volume contains, more than 2,000,000 have been written originally or in revision by the editor himself. (2) Upwards of £300 have been spent on postage alone. (3) Sixteen different kinds of type have been employed—the total number of types set in the process being 14,027,000, or about eight tons weight. (4) Every line of the book has been revised in proof from five to ten times, and (5) If this "Dictionary" had been printed in the same type and on the same paper as the "Speaker's Commentary," it would have exceeded in size the Old Testament portion (6 vols.) of that great work. It is also equal to more than vols. i. and ii. either of Dr. Smith's "Dictionary of the Bible," or of Drs. Smith and Wace's "Dictionary of Christian Biography."



The Three-Volume Novel.

MR. Walter Besant makes, in *The Author*, the following interesting remarks on the above topic:—The history of the novel, when it comes to be written, will show how it has been issued, at different times, in three volumes, four volumes, and even more, for the convenience of the reader, and to avoid holding a heavy volume; the price varied in amount, but was always high; the people who read them were a small minority, but they bought books. There was no cheap edition thought of, because there was no public outside this small circle of readers. Gradually the circle widened; there grew up in many places, such as Norwich, Lichfield, and other cathedral towns, circles of readers who wanted to read more than they could afford to buy. Already in London the circulating library had been started. In the country towns book clubs were established—in many respects much more convenient than the circulating library. There were so many book clubs in the country sixty years ago that any publisher of repute could place at once a thousand copies of a new work. This fact explains the great output of novels about that time; it was so easy to place them that publishers very naturally thought little of the quality, and sent out so much rubbish that the book clubs refused to take them, and preferred extinction. The English novel during the Thirties and Forties fell into profound disrepute except for one or two writers—Dickens, Lytton, Ainsworth, for example—who kept the lamp from extinguishing. The cheap edition was introduced about thirty years ago. It was not customary until twenty-five years ago to reprint a serial novel from a magazine. The critics in those days used to be very angry with one who did not acknowledge that his book had

appeared in a serial form ; they spoke of it as a deception played upon the public. The appearance of the cheap form began with the two shilling or railway novel ; it was at first called contemptuously the "sensation" novel ; people were a little ashamed of liking a good story : the rest we know. Knight, Chambers, Bohn, began and carried on the issue of cheap literature ; but I believe the only form which proved very successful was that of the novel. The form and price of the novel, as it has varied during the last century, could easily be learned by following the advertisements in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, *Blackwood's*, the *Quarterly*, the *Edinburgh*, and the *Athenæum*. The last-named paper did not begin till, I believe, 1834, but sixty years carries one back a long way in the history of a novel. The advertisement sheets in books would also be of some use.

From an amusing dirge on the "Three-Decker" which appeared in the *Saturday Review*, we take the following verses :—

Fair held the Trade behind us ; 'twas warm with lovers' prayers ;
We'd stolen wills for ballast and a crew of missing heirs.
They shipped as Able Bastards till the Wicked Nurse confessed.
And they worked the old Three-Decker to the Islands of the Blest.

We asked no social questions, we pumped no hidden shame ;
We never talked obstetrics when the Little Stranger came ;
We left the Lord in Heaven ; we left the fiends in Hell ;
We weren't exactly Yusefs but—Zuleika didn't tell !

And through the maddest welter and 'neath the wildest skies,
We'd pipe all hands to listen to the skipper's homilies ;
For oft he'd back his topsle or moor in open sea
To draw a just reflection from a pirate on the lee.

No moral doubt assailed us, so when the port we neared
The Villain took his flogging at the gangway, and we cheered.
'Twas fiddle on the foc'sle—'twas garlands at the mast,
For every one got married, and I went ashore at last.

I left 'em all in couples a-kissing on the decks ;
I left the lovers loving and the parents signing cheques—
In endless English comfort, by county-folk caressed,
I left the old Three-Decker at the Islands of the Blest.



Friar Rush and Howleglas.

MANY of the popular superstitions of England are extremely amusing, and we are almost tempted to lament that we can no longer believe in the stories of the "Lubbar Fiend," or pleasant tales of "Friar Rush"; or at least that these ingenious inventions are grown obsolete and out of fashion. Robin Goodfellow, and other sociable demons, must have been very agreeable companions; but, alas, they have vanished, and the only traces which are left of them are locked up in black letter, and doled out in scraps from the libraries of those fortunate persons who can afford to give £1,000 for a scarce volume. Of "Friar Rush" there is but one copy extant, and that was in the possession of a former Marquis of Stafford. Ritson doubted its existence for a long time, but such a treasure is in being, and the quaintness of the narrative may entertain those who are not smitten with the bibliomania, but who love to mingle with the domestic elves, haunting the kitchen-chimney or the barn, or those smaller spirits who tell us in their song—

By wells and rills in meadowes green,
We nightly dance our hey-day guise,
And to our fairy king and queen,
We chant our moon-light minstrelsies.

The title of "Friar Rush," a book in black letter, ornamented with woodcuts, runs thus :—

The Historie of Frier Rush. How he came to a house of re-

¹ Referring to the frequency with which rare and unique books are reprinted, and so in a manner placed within the reach of all, Sir Egerton Brydes wrote, in 1814 : "A few years ago an eminent bibliographer was obliged to make a pilgrimage to a distant land, and betake himself to a strange library, for the sake of reading almost the only copy known to exist of 'Friar Rush,' which may now be had for a guinea, and permitted to become the sport of his children!" ("Restituta," i. p. 182).

ligion to seeke a service, and being entertained by the Priour ; was first made Cooke, being full of pleasant mirthe and delight for young people. Imprinted at London by Edo—All-de, and are to be solde by Francis Grove dwelling on Snowhill, 1626.

It contains fourteen chapters, and the heads give a good analysis of the story :—

1. A pleasant history how a Devill named Rush, came to a religious house to seeke a service.

2. How a Devill named Rush, came unto a gentlewomans house, and how he brought her privily into his Masters Chamber.

3. How Frier Rush threw the Maister Cooke into a kettle of water seething upon the fire, wherein he died.

4. How Frier Rush made truncheons for the Friers to fight withal.

5. How Frier Rush grymed the waggon with tarre, and what cheere he made in the countrey.

6. How the Priour made Frier Rush sexton among the Friers, and how he charged him to give him knowledge how many Friers were absent from Mattins at midnight, and what they were.

7. How Rush went forthe a sporting, and was late forthe, and how in his way coming home he found a cowe, and which cowe he divided into two parts, the one halfe he tooke on his necke, and carried it with him, and the other halfe he left still, and how soon had made it ready for the Friers supper.

8. How a Farmer of the Priour sought his cowe, and how he was desolated by the way homeward, and was feine to lye in a hollow tree, and of the vision that he had.

9. How the Farmer which laye in the tree, came unto the Priour on the morrowe after, and tolde him the wonders he had heard, and the wordes of Frier Rush, and that he was a very Devill.

10. The lamentation that Rush made when he was departed out of the house of religion.

11. How Rush came to a husbandman labouring in the field, and desired to be entertayned in his service.

12. How Rush came home to make cleane the stable, and how he found the Priest under the manger covered with straw.

13. How Rush came home and found the Priest in the Cheese Basket, and how he trayled him about the towne.

14. How Rush became servant to a gentleman, and how the Devill was conjured out of the gentlemans daughter.

The contents of the 7th chapter, which proved the cause of poor Rush's dismissal from the Monastery are as follows :—

It befell upon a time that Rush, when all his businesse was done

in the kitchen, he woulde goe further in the country to sport him, and to passe the time with good company. As he walked on his way, his chaunce was to come into a village which was two or three mile from the place where he did dwell, and when he was enter'd into the village, hee looked round about him in every corner to finde out som company to make merry withall, and at the last espied an ale house, and in he entered, and there he founde good fellowes playing at cardes, and drinking, and made cheere. Then Rush made obeysance to them, and sate downe among them, and dranke with the Players, and afterward he fell to play and was as merrie as any man in the company, and so long he played and passed the time, that cleane he had forgotten what he had to doe at home, and the day went fast away, and the night approached. Anon Rush looked up and perceived that it was almost night, remembered himself that there was nothing readie at hom for the Priours supper and Covent, and it was almost supper time. Wherefore he thought it was time to departe thence, so he payed for his drinke, and tooke his leave, and homeward he went, and on his way he founde a fat cowe grasing in the field, and sudaynely he divided her in two parts, and the one halfe he tooke on his necke and carried it home, and quickly hee made it ready, some he put in the pot, and some upon the spit, and he made mervailous good pottage, and rosted the meat very well, and made such good speed that every thing was readie at the hour accustomed to goe to supper; whereof the Priour and all the Friers had great mervaille that he had every thing readie so soone, for they knew it was late ere he came home, for some of the Friers had beene in the kitchen a little before, and saw neither cooke, nor fire, nor any thing prepared toward supper. Wherefore they gave to Rush, and said he was very quicke in his office.

Howleglas was another worthy, whose adventures afforded our ancestors great delight; he seems to have been as clever a personage as Friar Rush, and this too with his own unassisted abilities, natural talents, unaided by the fiend; though he appears to have shared the mischievous disposition, the characteristic of demons, such as love to "make fearfull noise in butteries and in dairies."

He served at all trades, and cheated with great impunity, sometimes for profit, and sometimes for sport. One chapter tells us, "How he begyled a Doctor with his medicines"; another, "How Howleglas wan a great deale of money with a poynt of foolishnesse"; a third, "How Howleglas, through his subtile disceytes, deceyved a wyne drawer in Lubeke"; and his wanton frolics are equally numerous. We are told:—

How Howleglas made a woman that solde erthen potts to smyte them all in pieces.

How Howleglas brake the stayres that the munkes shulde come downe on the matyns, and how thei fell downe into the yarde.

How Howleglas bought creme of the women of the couñtre, that brought it for to sel at Maryandra. Within a while after or that he woulde enter y^e abbey of Maryandra to be a munke, he went a wakyng on the market daye to Bremen, wher he sawe many women standing ther to sel creme. And then went Howleglas to the house where he was lodged, and borowed a tub of his Hostise, and went againe into y^e market; and when he was there, he set downe his tub, and came to a woman of the countrie, and he asked the pryce of her creame; and when they were both agreed, he made her for to put her creme into his tub. And then wēt he to another, and gread w^h her also, and made her to put her creme into his tub; and so wēt he fro the one to the other, tyll that he had made all the women that had the creme to put it into his tub. And when they had soo done then asked thei poore women theire money of Howleglas, for they woulde departe home. Then sayde Howleglas to the women, "Ye must do so muche for me as to trust me these eight dayes, for I have no money at thys tyme." Thā were the women of the countrey angry, and the ran to the tub for to take every one their creame againe, for the woulde not trust him. And as thei woulde have taken theyr creme again, than began thei to fal together by the eares and sayde, "Thou takest more than thou sholde have, and the other stode al wepyng, and sayd to them, shall I loose my creme?" And other twayne were tumbling by the here in the middes of the canel. And thus they pulled and haled on the other, that at the last the tub fell downe, and arrayed the very foule, so that they were all dysfigured, and wist not of whome they shoulde be avenged of. And than arose the, and asked where is this false knave y^t hath bought our mylke, and hath deceived us so, for had we hym here amonge us, we shoulde chrysten him here in the creame that is in the cannell, and paint him therwith as wel as we be, for he is a false begyler and a dyscever. But he was gone fro thence, for he cast before y^t such a thyng shulde folowe. And when the Burgeys of the towne saw that the cannels ran with creame, than went thei to the market place for to se. And when y^t were ther they asked how the creme was spylt, and thā it was tolde them, and when that the knew it, than the returned home laughynge, and praised greatli y^t falsenes and subtilte of Howleglas.

This book is extremely scarce ; it is, or was, one of the most valuable from its rarity in the Garrick collection, and is entitled :—

Here Beginneth a merie jeste, of a man that was called Howleglas. And of many marveyulous thynges that he dyd in his lyfe, in Eastland and in many other places. Imprynted at London in Tamestrete, at the Vintre on the Three Craned Wharfe by Willyam Copland.

The “Pfarrer Von Calenberg” is mentioned with Ulenspiegel in an exceedingly scarce and curious tract, entitled, “De generibus ebriosorum,” and printed at Nuremberg in 1516, 4to. Calenberg, or Calembourg, is a village in Lower Saxony. This fragment is the history of The Parson of Calembourg, of which the following is not the least curious specimen :—

The Parson of Kalenborow had wyne in his seler which was marred ; and because he would have no losse be it, he practysed a wyle to be ridde of it, and caused it to be publyshed in many parysheas there about, that the Parson of Kalenborow at a daye assigned, would fle over the Rever of Tonowa from the stepyll of his owne churche, and this he proclaymed in his owne parysh also. And than he caused ii wynges of Pecoockes fedders to be made, and also he caused his naughty wyne to be brought under the churche stepyll whereas he sholde stande for to fle over the rever. And he gave the clerke charge of his wyne, because he sholde sell it well and dere to the most profyte. And when the daye was come that the Parson sholde fle, many one come theder to se the mervayle from farre contrees, and then the Parson went upon the stepyll arayed like an angell redy for to fle, and there he flickerd often tymes with his wynges, but he stode styll. In the mean whyle that the people, stode so to beholde hym, the sonne shone hote, and they had great thurst, for the Preste did not fle, and he se that, and beckened to them, sayinge, ye good people my tyme is not yet to fle, but tary awhile and ye shall se what I shall do. And than the people went and dranke apace of this wyn what they se there for to sell, and they dronke so longe that they coude gete no more wyne for money, and cryed out for drinke, and made great preas. And within a little tyme after, the Clerke come to the Parson, and sayde, Sir your wyne is all solde and well payde for, though there had ben more. The Parson being very gladde of this tydings, began to flicker with his wynges agayne, and called with a lowde voyce unto the people, saing, Harke ! harke ! harke ! is there any among ye all that ever se a man have wynges or fle ? There stepped one furthe, and sayde, Nay, Sir, Nay. The Parson ansered agayne, and sayd, Nor never shall he my fay. Therefore go your wayes home every

whone, and say that ye have dranke up the Parson of Kalenborows evill wynes, and payd for it well, and truly more than ever it cost him. Than ware the vilaynes, or paysanns mervelously angry, and in their language curssed the Parson perillously, some a myscheve, and vengeaunce, and some sayd, God geve him an hundred drouse, for he hathe made amonge us many a fole and totynge asse. But the Parson cared not for all their curses ; and this subtyle dede was spred all the countre about.

New Books or Old ?

" New books or old ? " I must confess
Old books bring greatest happiness.

I hate your modern poet's lay
That finds no brightness in the day,
But only darkness and distress.

A fig for their conceitedness,
Their songs in Penseroso dress !

But yet again I hear you say,

" New books or old ? "

Come, give me Chaucer's pilgrims gay,

My Spenser fair and fresh as May,

Kit Marlowe's buxom shepherdess,

And Shakspeare for all blessedness—

Now need you ask for which I pray,

" New books or old ? "

JAMES ERNEST BAKER.

The End of Books.

OUR friend, M. Octave Uzanne, has been prophesying away like a red-faced Nixon in a manner that must be very disturbing to other book lovers who put faith in his words. There will soon, he has declared, be no more printed books at all—books, that is to say, which are books. The stories and essays and poems of the future will reach the author's public not through the eye but the ear. Instead of buying volumes we, or our great-grandchildren, will go away from the stall or the library with little wax cylinders in our pockets, and when the time comes for recreation we shall insert these in the phonograph and listen as the work is reeled off in the very tones of its creator. Writing will then, it is assumed, become easier, because the moving inflexions of the narrator's voice will atone for any laxity of style. Sometimes, we fear, the book of the future will be "*vox et preterea nihil*." In order to prepare themselves for this new audience authors must speedily set about acquiring the rudiments of elocution. When the phonogram takes the place of the book, it will be the most seductive speaker who will be the most popular. The squeaky-voiced romancist, no matter how enthralling his story to the eye, will have small chance when the ear is to adjudicate. And the poet with an impediment will starve. Alas for the gentle Elia of the future! or rather, alas for them who are denied him by reason of his stutter! But, after all, there is no call to be grieved by M. Uzanne's forecast. No phonogram, however entrancing its tones may be, can ever affect the dominion of the printed page.

 Shelleyana.

THE annual report of the curators of the Bodleian Library for the year 1893 states that the Shelley Donation received from the poet's daughter-in-law, who offered it through one of the curators, the late Professor Jowett, is rightly pronounced "one of the most important gifts received by the library for many years." It consists partly of volumes given under special conditions. These are not to be opened or copied until twenty odd years hence, and consist of MS. letters of Shelley, his second wife and others, together with two printed volumes, containing the journal-book of Shelley, and other biographical documents. The remainder of the Shelley Donation is permanently exhibited in the library, and consists of ten autograph MSS., three volumes of his printed works, the "*Sophocles*" found in his hand after death, and two copies of portraits of the poet.

Bookmaking Extraordinary.

BOOKS on a given subject which have been made by putting together odd verses or sentences from other books are not only in many cases very ingenious, but they are also very valuable, and sometimes realise large prices at book sales. These literary mosaics are known as "centos." All the great public libraries possess valuable "centos," those in the British Museum numbering about one hundred and twenty volumes. Among these is a priceless "Life of Christ," made by the Empress Eudoxia by means of lines taken from Homer, and also another similar life compiled by one Ross from lines to be found in Virgil. Then there is also in another public library a full three-volume novel compiled from sentences in the works of Thackeray by an invalid lady of title, who spent five years in the task. Not very long ago one of these "centos," which had been compiled by the first Duchess of Marlborough, sold for over one hundred guineas. Scrap-books in the ordinary sense which have been put together by celebrities—generally in the youth of the latter—have often been sold for very large sums indeed; one of the most valuable specimens of this kind sold lately had been a dirty old ledger in which the Brontë sisters had pasted scraps.

IN the Ghent Public Library has been discovered a hitherto unknown newspaper. The journal was destined for the use of the English officers taken to the Netherlands in 1745 by the war of the Austrian succession, and was entitled *The Daily Advertiser to the British Army*: published by authority. It contained political news extracted from contemporaries and advertisements.

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Book Collectors of To-day.

THE REV. PREBENDARY HEDGELAND.

THE country clergyman of half a century ago was, almost by instinct, a book collector. And certainly no class, or indeed no half-dozen classes, of men were greater book-lovers. If anything were needed in proof of this proposition, the book-sales of Sothebys, Putticks, and Hodgsons would afford more than ample proof, without consulting the lists of thousands of sales which have been held in various provincial towns of England during the last thirty or forty years. The period was a transition one, and the country clergyman was in the happy position of receiving a good stipend without an unreasonable call on his time. Usually he was the only "reading" person in the locality, for the Squire had not much advanced from the hunting and drinking character who has been drawn for us in the immortal pages of Fielding. The Sporting Parson had gone out of fashion and had fallen into disrepute. And as every man must have a hobby of some sort, a vicious one in the absence of everything else, so the country clergyman took up the recreation which came nearest to his inclinations, and for which his college studies had peculiarly fitted him.

The book-collecting habits of the Rev. Prebendary Hedgeland, whose library is one of the most select and extensive in the West of England, go back to a period of nearly sixty years. For quite half a century Mr. Hedgeland has been an inveterate collector, in spite of the fact that his duties have increased rather than diminished with years. His house is one of the most picturesquely situated places in the neighbourhood of Penzance, from which it is only a few minutes' walk ; and his books are to be found in all parts of the house, from

the cellars to the garrets, not to mention a goodly slice of the staircase which has been pressed into service. A rough calculation would place the number at close on six thousand volumes, in addition to large quantities of periodicals.

The first book which Mr. Hedgeland possessed was "conveyed" by an unscrupulous borrower. He was about six years old, and some one gave him half-a-crown. Asked what he was going to do with it, he replied, "Buy a book." "What book?" "The 'Pilgrim's Progress,'" which accordingly was got for him, and stolen a year or two afterwards. The book now in his possession, the actual first of his present stock, is a copy in boards of Valpy's Delphin edition of "Sallust," 1830, the sole survival of his school books, having the autograph inscription "*P. Hedgeland, March, 1836.*" Mr. Hedgeland's first independent purchase, after the "Pilgrim's Progress," must have been Chambers's "Cyclopædia of Literature," which came out in monthly parts in 1844. The first *old* book was a little St. Augustine's "Meditationes," Coloniae Agrippinae, 1631, which used to be much under his pillow at Oxford. Another early find was Dean Colet's "Sermon of Conforming and Reforming" Cambridge, 1661; L. C. Lactantii F. Opera, Cambridge, 1685; and Izaak Walton's "Complete Angler" by Major (1835). The very early acquisitions also included "Omnia D. Anselmi . . . Opuscula," Venetiis, MDXLVII., which was obtained in 1845; a copy of the best edition of Johnson's "Typographia," and also Moxon's edition of Charles Lamb's "Works," 1840. Later purchases included Sir Thomas Browne's "Religio Medici," 1642, and "Hydriotaphia, or Urn Burial," 1658, both fine copies of the first editions.

Mr. Hedgeland's collection of English Poets, which may be regarded as a special feature of his library, began with the four-volume edition of Shelley, published by Moxon in 1839; and Wordsworth followed in the shape of the seven-volume edition of 1843. The little "Church Poetry," Mozley, 1844, was also an early acquisition. In 1849 he secured Browning's "Poems," 2 vols., published in that year, and he has first editions of everything of Browning's subsequent to that date, as well as of "Sordello" and "Christmas Eve." Mr. Hedgeland has also a fine series of first editions of nearly all of Swinburne, William Morris, Rossetti, and Tennyson. He has never given in to the craze for "first editions," except as they have come naturally at published prices; he is, nevertheless, very proud of a copy of the famous Farthing Edition of Horne's "Orion," presented to him by a sympathetic Penzance bookseller. He has close upon a thousand volumes of English Poetry and Drama.

Mr. Hedgeland made a very good start in the way of incunabula by purchasing a copy of the Boethius, "De Consolatione Philosophiæ," printed by Coburger, at Nuremberg, in 1476, a very good edition of a once famous book. In regard to the "Cradle Books," however, Mr. Hedgeland's most important volume is a copy of the "Nuremberg Chronicle," also printed by Coburger (or Koburger) in 1493. This particular example, which measures 18½ in. by 12½ in., is an historic copy, inasmuch as it is the tallest one known. The volume is beautifully bound in morocco super-extra by Rivière. It must be one of the earliest copies of the first edition struck off, for the 2,250 large woodcuts are of the finest possible impression, and are, as is well known, the work of Michael Wolgemuth (the master of Albert Dürer) and William Pleydenwurff. Many of the initials are coloured, and the volume has the original owner's coat of arms in gold and colours. It is certainly one of the most magnificent volumes which has ever appeared from any press, and would form the corner-stone of any library, however select.

Being an Exeter man, Mr. Hedgeland has made a speciality of books printed in or relating to the famous old capital of Devon. One of his treasures is a fine map, "Plan de la Ville et fauburges d'Exeter, tres exactment Levé et desseinné, par I. Roque," published according to Act of Parliament, 1744. It contains views of Custom House, Cathedral, Bridge, &c.; its size is large folio, and the details are filled in with great minuteness. He also values the "Account of Exeter Cathedral" published in folio by the Society of Antiquaries in 1797.

Another interesting and extensive feature of this library is the number of Bibles which it contains. The earliest are very good copies of the Bishops', 1574, and Geneva, 1582; but, earliest of all, the Vulgate printed by Spiræ in 1490. A copy of the Biblia cum concordantiis, printed at Lyons at the expense of Coburger, in 1518, is also one of the rarities; there are also the Preachers' Bible, published at Cambridge in 1666; Luther's of 1731; the Vulgate printed at Venice, 1690; and two editions of the Biblia Hebraica; not to mention (*cum multis aliis*) a copy of a very massive edition presented by the late Emperor of Germany to Mr. Hedgeland, for his assistance on the occasion of the ever-memorable tragedy in connection with the loss of the *Schiller* off the Cornish coast a few years ago. He has a collection of over three hundred tracts and pamphlets relating to what is known as the Oxford Movement.

Among the large number of books whose interest is chiefly of a personal character, the two most important are an edition of Lockhart's

"Spanish Ballads," 1823, with this note on the fly-leaf: "Daniel Terry, Esq., with Sir Walter Scott's kind regard;" and, of almost equal interest is a copy of William Chamberlayne's "*Pharonnida: An Heroic Poem in Five Books*," three volumes, 1830, inscribed "Robert Southey, London, Dec., 1830." In this copy there are numerous pencil marks, evidently by the quondam poet-laureate. Another noticeable book, not now in his possession, was a copy of Dr. Johnson's "*Political Tracts*," presented by the author to Sir Joshua Reynolds, containing the autographs of both these eminent men. But, finding that his college, which was also Dr. Johnson's, was collecting "*Johnsoniana*," he offered this volume, which was gladly accepted, to the college (Pembroke, Oxford).

One of the most interesting incidents in Mr. Hedgeland's book-collecting career may be given in his own words:—

"Calling one morning at Trereife, in 1858, I found my venerable predecessor walking on the lawn, with a letter in his hand. He said, 'I have been greatly pleased to-day. A little while ago I sent my old friend Lord Lyndhurst a copy of some of my writings, and I have just received his letter of thanks.'

"I forget Lyndhurst's letter. But subsequently, many years after, I saw mentioned in a catalogue, and secured, '*Le Grice's Sermons, &c.*,' presented by the author to Lord Lyndhurst, with the Author's autograph, presentation letter, and Lord Lyndhurst's Book Plate.' The inscription in the book is: '*To the Right Honourable Lord Lyndhurst, with C. Val. Le Grice's Affectionate Regards and Sincere Respects. March 8th, 1858.*'

"And this is the letter:—

" 'A mile from Penzance to the West, Trereife
(pronounced, Treve).

" 'My Dear Lord Lyndhurst,—Your letter with satisfactory corrections of my error with respect to your health has excited in me the most lively pleasure. You kindly inquire for some account of myself. My history is happily uniform. I am where I came in 1796, and am now, by marriage in 1799 with the mother of my pupil, possessor of an ample estate, my pupil having bequeathed it to his mother. He lived to the twenty-eighth year of his age, only partially relieved from his weakness, but free from pain. I have been a widower thirty years. I have a son in fine health nearly sixty years of age, and a grandson who is now at Oriel College, where his father was before him. The volume of which I beg your acceptance will convey a history of my movements. I was minister of Penzance—a perpetual curacy,

small emolument—for twenty-eight years.* I have no duty now, nor would undertake any. I am now, and ever have been, in excellent health. I never walk to fatigue myself, but am *agilis*. I have reason to be, as I am, most grateful. I am a magistrate, and so is my son. I do not sleep so well as I was wont to do. My estate on which I reside is in view of the sea, without interruption, nor possibility of it. I think I told you that Agnipedes' [Archdeacon Sheepshanks] for the latter years of his life was within twenty miles of me. I used to come in contact with dear Jones [see Wordsworth's sonnet, which begins: "Jones, as from Calais southward you and I"]. My sermons by locality, &c., will fill up my history.—Dear Lord Lyndhurst, Accept my dearest regards. Yours sincerely, C. VAL LE GRICE."

W. ROBERTS.

* It may be of interest to note that this record, up to that time the longest in the ecclesiastical history of Penzance, has now been exceeded by the Prebendary, who has held the living, which it is said he is now on the point of resigning, for more than thirty-four years. Every one will sincerely endorse the hope that Mr. Hedge-land will live long to enjoy the very fine library which his excellent taste and knowledge have succeeded in building up.



The Mistletoe in Medicine.

THE old Anglo-Saxon name of the mistletoe—*mistel*, signifying “mist”—is peculiarly applicable to the famous epiphyte whose popularity increases with each Christmas, as, for centuries, its real history has been enveloped in obscurity, and its properties in doubt. But modern investigations have helped to remove much of the obscurity and all the doubts. It is no longer included in the British Pharmacopœia, and what virtues it may possess find advocates among the herbalist fraternity alone. But there was a period when it was regarded as “a most wonderful specifick remedy for the cure of convulsive distempers,” and other complaints. Indeed, Sir John Colbatch, in 1719, published a “Dissertation Concerning Mistletoe,” which, in eleven years, had reached a sixth edition. The book was “calculated for the benefit of the poor as well as the rich,” and it was “heartily recommended” (by its author) “for the common good of mankind.”

The first half of the last century was a period unequalled in the history of the world for shams and artificiality, but of the many mad phases of that time nothing was more diabolical than its system of surgery. It was an age of quacks, and nearly every day the press gave forth some treatise characterised either for its foolishness or for its far-fetched whimsicality.

One of Colbatch's reasons for publishing the treatise now under consideration was, having been a “debtor to the world,” and been unable “to pay off my old scores to my own satisfaction,” the Dissertation was offered, modestly enough, as part payment. Its appearance was also due to “an impression” which he had “upon my spirits for some weeks past that it would be highly criminal in me to

let another mistletoe-season pass without informing the world what a treasure God Almighty has every year presented to their view," and so forth.

The notion that "there must be something extraordinary in that uncommon beautiful plant," struck our author all of a heap, so to speak, "one day upon a journey," although it is perfectly evident, nevertheless, that he was conversant with the theories expounded by Pliny, and also by Marcus Marcia, on the subject. The great difficulty, after starting the idea, was to obtain some mistletoe from the oak, but this not proving feasible, he came to the conclusion that plants which grew on any other tree were equally efficacious—the virtue lying, it is supposed, in the berries, leaves, and very tender twigs, which, after being dried gradually over a baker's oven, were then converted into a very fine powder.

The first person upon whom our distinguished physician experimented was a distressed youth who had for five years been subject to frequent attacks of epileptic fits. Like nearly all the examples cited by our author, "this glorious medecine" cured the fits, but by some unjustifiable dispensation the patient died soon afterwards—not, of course, through taking mistletoe powder as a medicine. It was a "blackish spot upon the *dura mater*, of the bigness of a shilling, just under the *os temporis*," that upset all calculations.

A mere scruple of the powder, mixed with a little black-cherry water, has been known (says Colbatch) to restore children that were "agonised with the most exquisite convulsions"; it is also "good in their gripes, either to obtund the acrimony of the bile or pancreatick juices." There can, however, "be no error in giving them too much," as it is of a nourishing quality. For "that frightful distemper called Chorea Sancti Vitis," or, vulgarly, St. Vitus' Dance, the powder was strongly recommended, and one little girl was cured *after she had taken fourteen ounces* of mistletoe powder! Our author does not say if the cure was permanent. Indeed, he adopted the plan of publishing his treatise before his patients had a chance of getting *quite* better!

To the second edition (1720) a second part was added. Among various other contentions, more or less preposterous, it is argued that ignorant pretenders to medicine ought to use the mistletoe powder extensively, inasmuch as "if it fails of success, since their patients are sure not to be sufferers by it, they can receive little damage!" Colbatch admits to having met with "three or four in the compass of this year that mistletoe has not had the desired effect

upon," but this is not, of course, any fault of the powder. In one case it was a want of the common necessities of life; another had "something peculiar" about his fits which obstinately refused to be cured, and the reduced circumstances of a third negatived the blessings of this divine remedy!

A most useful point about the powder is that it relieves in certain cases of worms, stone, wounded nerves and tendons, "by which means both physicians and surgeons may gain time, which is a thing of great consequence (*qui dat Tempus, dat Vitam*)," especially in totting up the little bills! But we think we have sufficiently indicated the quaintness of this little pamphlet, the author of which is perfect in his self-satisfaction. "I shall have that pleasure," he observes, with a superfluity of capitals, "and satisfaction of mind, which generally redounds to those that have the happiness of being benefactors to the age they live in, which I have in every part and circumstance of life endeavoured." Like the author, we "could have greatly swelled the number of observations, but thought it altogether needless."

The Spenser Society.

THE council of the Spenser Society "have reluctantly been forced to the conclusion that the time has come for the Society to be dissolved"; therefore the final report and balance-sheet has been issued, and nothing more will be printed except Mr. Oliver Elton's Estimate of Drayton. The society was founded in 1867, in response to an inquiry from Dr. Furnivall why Manchester did nothing for early English literature. During the twenty-seven years of its existence it has issued fifty-three volumes, in many cases facsimiles. Of these, nineteen are devoted to the works of George Wither, and eight to the various writings of John Taylor, the Water Poet. Seven are by Drayton. Others are by John Heywood, Alexander Barclay, Thomas Watson, Clement Robinson, Timothy Kendall, John Bodenham, Thomas Churchyard, Francis Rous, Anthony Copley, Henry Willoby, and Thomas Bastard; and one is the anonymous "Zepheria." Spenser's Shepherde's Calendar was issued to the members in 1888 as an extra volume. Surplus copies of most of these are still for sale.



The Chevalier D'Eon.

WE are indebted to Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson, and Hodge for the following interesting list of books purchased by the Chevalier D'Eon of their predecessors, Messrs. Baker and Leigh, on January 10, 1771.

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Jan. 12th, 1771.

Recd. the contents
For Baker and Self,
GEO. LEIGH.



Dr. Johnson on Book Collecting.

THE following extremely interesting letter was written by Dr. Johnson on May 28, 1768. It was quite unknown until nearly half a century after its author's death; and as it has only been printed once or twice before, we do not think any apology is necessary for reproducing it in this place. The letter is addressed to F. A. Barnard, Esq.¹ :—

"SIR,—It is natural for a Scholar to interest himself in an expedition, undertaken, like yours, for the importation of literature; and therefore, though having never travelled myself, I am very little qualified to give advice to a traveller, yet, that I may not seem inattentive to a design so worthy of regard, I will try whether the present state of my health will suffer me to lay before you what observation or report have suggested to me, that may direct your inquiries, or facilitate your success. Things of which the mere rarity makes the value, and which are prized at a high rate by a wantonness rather than by use, are always passing from poorer to richer countries, and therefore, though Germany and Italy were principally productive of Typographical curiosities, I do not much imagine, that they are now to be found there in great abundance. An eagerness for scarce books and early editions, which prevailed among the English about half a century ago, filled our shops with all the splendour and nicety of literature, and when the Harleian Catalogue was published, many of the books were bought for the Library of the King of France.

"I believe, however, that by the diligence with which you have enlarged the Library under your care, the present stock is so nearly exhausted, that 'till new purchases supply the booksellers with new stores, you will not be able to do much more than glean up single

¹ Afterwards Sir F. Barnard, and for about half a century librarian to George III.

books, as accident shall produce them ; this, therefore, is the time for visiting the continent.

“What addition you can hope to make by ransacking other countries, we will now consider. English Literature you will not seek in any place but in England. Classical Learning is diffused everywhere, and is not, except by accident, more copious in one part of the polite world than in another. But every country has literature of its own, which may be best gathered in its native soil. The studies of the learned are influenced by forms of Government and modes of Religion, and therefore those books are necessary and common in some places, which, where different opinions or different manners prevail, are of little use, and for that reason rarely to be found.

“Thus in Italy you may expect to meet with Canonists and Scholastic Divines, in Germany with Writers on the Feudal laws, and in Holland with Civilians. The Schoolmen and Canonists must not be neglected, for they are useful to many purposes, nor too anxiously sought, for their influence among us is much lessened by the Reformation. Of the Canonists at least a few eminent Writers may be sufficient. The Schoolmen are of more general value. But the Feudal and Civil Law I cannot but wish to see complete. The Feudal constitution is the original of the law of property, over all the civilised part of Europe, and the Civil Law, as it is generally understood to include the law of nations, may be called with great propriety a regal study. Of these books, which have been often published, and diversified by various modes of impression, a Royal Library should have at least the most curious edition, the most splendid, and the most useful. The most curious edition is commonly the first, and the most useful may be expected among the last. Thus, of Tully's Offices, the edition of Fust is the most curious, and that of Grævius the most useful. The most splendid, the eye will discern. With the old Printers you are now become well acquainted ; if you can find any collection of their productions to be sold, you will undoubtedly buy it ; but this can scarcely be hoped, and you must catch up single volumes where you can find them. In every place things often occur where they are least expected. I was shown a Welsh grammar written in Welsh, and printed at Milan, I believe, before any Grammar of that language had been printed here. Of purchasing entire libraries, I know not whether the inconvenience may not overbalance the advantage. Of libraries collected with general views, one will have many books in common with another. When you have bought two collections you will find that

you have bought many books twice over, and many in each which you have left at home, and, therefore, did not want; and when you have selected a small number, you will have the rest to sell at a great loss, or to transport hither at perhaps a greater. It will generally be more commodious to buy the few that you want, at a price somewhat advanced, than to encumber yourself with useless books. But libraries collected for particular studies will be very valuable acquisitions. The Collection of an eminent Civilian, Feudist, or Mathematician, will perhaps have very few superfluities. Topography or local History prevail much in many parts of the Continent. I have been told that scarcely a village of Italy wants its historian. These books may be generally neglected, but some will deserve attention by the celebrity of the place, the eminence of the authors, or the beauty of the sculptures. Sculpture has always been more cultivated among other nations than among us. The old art of cutting on wood, which decorated the books of ancient impression, was never carried here to any excellence, and the practice of engraving on copper, which succeeded, has never been much employed among us in adorning books. The old books with wooden cuts are to be diligently sought; the designs were often made by great Masters, and the prints such as cannot be made by any Artist now living. It will be of great use to collect in every place maps of the adjacent country, and plans of towns, buildings, and gardens. By this care you will form a more valuable body of Geography than can otherwise be had. Many countries have been very exactly surveyed, but it must not be expected that the exactness of actual mensuration will be preserved, when the maps are reduced by a contracted scale, and incorporated into a general system.

“The King of Sardinia’s Italian dominions are not large, yet the maps made of them in the reign of Victor, fill two Atlantic folios. This part of your design will deserve particular regard, because, in this, your success will always be proportionate to your diligence. You are too well acquainted with literary history not to know that many books derive their value from the reputation of the printers. Of the celebrated printers you do not need to be informed, and if you did, might consult Baillet Jugemens des Sçavans. The productions of Aldus are enumerated in the *Bibliotheca Græca*, so that you may know when you have them all; which is always of use, as it prevents needless search. The great ornaments of a library furnished for magnificence as well as use, are the first editions, of which, therefore, I would not willingly neglect the mention. You know, sir, that the annals of Typography begin with the Codex, 1457; but there is great

reason to believe, that there are latent, in obscure corners, books printed before it. The Secular Feast, in memory of the invention of Printing, is celebrated in the fortieth year of the century ; if this tradition, therefore, is right, the Art had in 1457 been already exercised nineteen years.

"There prevails among Typographical Antiquaries a vague opinion that the Bible had been printed three times before the edition of 1462, which Calmet calls '*La première Edition bien averée.*' One of these editions has been lately discovered in a convent, and transplanted into the French King's Library. Another copy has likewise been found, but I know not whether of the same impression, or another. These discoveries are sufficient to raise hope and instigate inquiry. In the purchase of old books, let me recommend to you to inquire with great caution, whether they are perfect. In the first edition the loss of a leaf is not easily observed. You remember how near we both were to purchasing a mutilated Missal at a high price.

"All this perhaps you know already, and therefore my letter may be of no use. I am, however, desirous to show you that I wish prosperity to your undertaking. One advice more I will give, of more importance than all the rest, of which I, therefore, hope you will have still less need. You are going into a part of the world divided, as it is said, between Bigotry and Atheism : such representations are always hyperbolical, but there is certainly enough of both to alarm any mind solicitous for Piety and Truth ; let not the contempt of Superstition precipitate you into Infidelity ; or the horror of Infidelity ensnare you in Superstition. I sincerely wish you successful and happy, for I am, Sir,

"Your affectionate humble servant,

"SAM. JOHNSON."



Dekker and Webster's "Sir Thomas Wyat," 1607.

HAVING, many years ago, noted in my copy of Webster's Works, edited by my father in 1857, certain apparent mis-readings in the text of this carelessly printed drama, overlooked by Hazlitt and Dyce, I offer them, for what they may be worth, to the BOOKWORM. The references are to the impression of 1857, 4 vols., 8vo.

Page 6. *A court* should be *A'* or *at court*.

7. Read: "Adieu, my lords: the court's no court for me." The line "He's idle, and wants power" seems to be corrupt.

Read:

Enter PREACHER.

"live, reverend man?"

Preach. 'Live, 'live——"

8. "What great men fear to be, their fears grow greater," *i.e.*, their fears make to grow.

9. "Will cowardly call thee sovereign" (?) read *towardly*.

Read: "*Forswearing* nightcap wore a crown."

"Will depend upon thy *hearsay*."

10. Read: "The tower will be a place of *simple* state."

11. For "This little volume," read "*The* little volume."

"Your highness, with the high title of queen," *dele* comma after *highness*.

13. Read: "The sister of our late *dread* sovereign."

16. Read: "Is *in* these strange turmoils——"

17. "*Wyat*. A divine spirit——" I would read: "*Wyat* (*Kneeling and aside*). A divine spirit——" for Wyat must be understood to deliver this in an undertone. Compare Arundel's speech, which implies, it appears to me, that he has not caught what Wyat says on entering.

24. Read: "*(aside)* 'Tis short and sharp."

27. Read: "*Homes*. And *have* offer'd a thousand crowns."

28. Rearrange thus:

Enter Sheriff and Officers *behind*.

Sher. (*outside the window*). See, yonder sits the duke.
and a line or two farther:

Sher. (*entering*). So Judas kiss'd his master (*aside*). Seize the duke.

Again, lower down, read :

Suff. Hast thou betray'd me : *yea*, with such a tongue,
So smoothly oil'd, *slighted* my danger's fear?
O, *break, my heart!* this grief's too great to bear.

32. Read : "Mercy to mean offenders we'll *extend*," and "Attends your Highness, *as who* brought these letters." Count Egmond is introduced afterward.

35. Read : "And *you* not damn your souls with infamy."

36. *And ere, i.e.*, if ever.

"Enter Guildford, Jane, and Lieutenant."

The entrance of the last should be marked lower down, surely.

37. Read : "And *for* show they *weep*." And mark here the entrance of the Lieutenant of the Tower.

38. "Point me my house of prayers," *i.e.*, shew me.

39. Rearrange thus :

"*Guild.* Entreat not, Jane : though she our bodies part,
Our souls shall meet—

Jane. Farewell, my love, my Dudley, my own heart.

Enter Wyat and Sir George Harper with soldiers.

40. Read : "This (*he points a sword at him*) shall let forth—"

"We'll handle him, he shall sound before he go."

A play on the double meaning of *sound*, which is constantly used in the sense of *swoon*.

42. I would read the third line from top thus :

"*Wyat.* At whom, at whose drum, [dost thou hearken?]"

46. "*Brett.* Wear your own neat's-leather shoes."—

Compare a passage in the *King and the Tanner of Tamworth*, 1596.

49. (?) read : "March back to Fleet Street, if that Wyat die,
London, unjustly *by* thy treachery."

He advises his followers, if he is taken, to return to Fleet Street.

50. Read : "I'll eat no wrongs ; *let all die, an' I die.*"

54. Read : "But the thinn'st *frame's* the prison of the weak."

56. "This is my cross," *i.e.*, my misfortune.

58. Read : "My lord of Winchester *has made a law.*"

59. Read : "Sprinkle their bloods, though *they* know no cause why."

60. Read : "Good man, of earth make haste to make us earth."

Read : "My worldly *death's* a new celestial *birth.*"

62. Read : "That sprinkles bashfulness *thorough* the clouds."

A dissyllable is required for the metre.

W. CAREW HAZLITT.



Our Note-Book.

FEW books have preserved their popularity through successive generations so completely as Æsop's "Fables." The proverbial schoolboy knows that they were compiled by Babrios, a Greek who lived in the Alexandrian age, but their actual author must for ever remain a moot point. Doubtless they are the work of many brains. However that may be, Æsop the fabulist is described as having flourished *circa* 570 B.C., so that such a thing as a portrait must to no small degree be apocryphal. We are not, however, without portraits of various descriptions. One of the earlier examples of these is from the pen of the translator of an English edition printed by Henry Wykes for John Waley in or about 1570, and from which we learn that Æsop "was of all other men most diffourmed and evil shapen: for he had a great head, a large visage, long jawes, sharp eyen, a short neck, crok-backed, great bely, great legs, large feet: and yet that which was worse, he was dombe, and could not speake: but notwithstanding this, he had a singular wit, and was greatly ingenious and subtyll in cavillations and pleasaunt in woordes, after he came to his speache." From a continental source we get an earlier and a very different portrait of the famous fabulist. The nature of this example will be gathered from a reference to the frontispiece which accompanies this volume. This very extraordinary "portrait" appears to have been first published in an edition of Æsop's "Fables" which Anthony Sorg printed at Augsberg between 1477 and 1485, but issued *sine anno*. Gerard Leeu of Gouda copied this portrait of Æsop, and included it in his edition of the "Fables," with just this difference, that the hand at the bottom of the engraving

holds two cocks instead of a goose ; the copyist, it may be further mentioned, has forgotten to alter the feet of the goose. From many points of view this "portrait" is extremely interesting, whilst the excessive rarity of the editions of *Æsop* in which it occurs renders it inaccessible to the majority of students.

* * * *

The second and third parts of the extremely important series of Catalogues of Syriac and Arabic manuscripts, in the Convent of St. Catherine on Mount Sinai—and entitled "*Studia Sinaitica*"—has just recently been printed and published by Messrs. C. J. Clay and Sons, of the Cambridge University Press. We have already referred to Mrs. Lewis's Catalogue of the Syriac MSS., with which this series started ; the second part is edited by Mrs. Lewis's sister, Mrs. Margaret Dunlop Gibson, and is an Arabic version of St. Paul's Epistles to the Romans, Corinthians, Galatians, and part of the Ephesians, the original MS. of which dates back to the ninth century. The same lady is responsible for the third part, which is briefly described as "*A Catalogue of the Arabic MSS. in the Convent of St. Catharine on Mount Sinai.*" Over six hundred items are catalogued in Greek as well as Arabic characters, and an excellently full index adds greatly to the value of the Catalogue as a work of reference. Several capital photographs have been lithographed, and are reproduced as full-page plates. As regards the condition of the books themselves, Mrs. Gibson states that most of them have lost not only their title-pages, but their last leaves as well, so that it was not possible to find their dates. "One is ashamed to think that some scholar in former years must have abused the hospitality of the monks, and that a choice collection of title-pages may be found in some European library. There were a few, happily not many, whose fate it had been during the centuries of their existence not to be 'marked nor learned,' but 'inwardly digested' by little rodents more innocent than scholars." All scholars will unite in thanking, not only Mrs. Gibson for undertaking the arduous task which she has so successfully accomplished, but also His Beatitude Porphyrios Archbishop of Mount Sinai, who gave the two sisters the necessary permission to draw up these Catalogues. When the full contents of this rich storehouse of manuscripts become known, probably many historic doubts will be settled, and certain phases of the world's knowledge considerably increased.

* * * *

Not altogether foreign to the subject of the previous note is Mr.

J. W. Clark's entertaining booklet entitled "Libraries in the Medieval and Renaissance Periods," which formed the Rede Lecture delivered on June 13th last, and is now made up into book-form by Messrs. Macmillan and Bowes, of Cambridge. The lecture is necessarily slight, but in this case slightness is not synonymous with superficiality. It seems, indeed, rather a pity that Mr. Clark did not elaborate his lecture; but as it is, it will serve a very useful purpose if it induces its readers to pursue their studies into more elaborate channels. A good, comprehensive history of ancient and modern libraries is much needed—a revised and exemplified edition of Edward Edwards's "Memoirs of Libraries" would meet the case, and, if well done, would be very generally welcomed. Mr. Clarke, in his little *brochure*, reproduces several very excellent photographs of chained libraries which are not generally known. For example, we have a general view of part of the library attached to the Church of St. Wallberg, at Zutphen, and also a view of a desk in the same library, which dates from the middle of the sixteenth century, and with which doubtless Sir Philip Sidney was acquainted. There are two engravings representing book-cases in the library at Cesena, and another of the book-cases in the library of the University of Leiden, from a print by J. C. Woudanus, dated 1610. These engravings give a far better idea than any amount of verbal description could do, and they have the additional advantage of being uncommon.

* * * *

We are not sure which is the more fortunate: Canon W. Sparrow Simpson on the subject of St. Paul's Cathedral, or the Cathedral in having so entirely sympathetic an historian as the esteemed Sub-Dean. "St. Paul's and Old City Life" (Elliot Stock) is the third book which Canon Sparrow Simpson has compiled on the subject of St. Paul's, not to mention the capital catalogue of the library which was published last year. The present volume is of an exceedingly miscellaneous character. The first two chapters deal respectively with the Treasuries of the Cathedral Church of St. Paul in 1245, and again in 1402. The third and fourth chapters are described as St. Paul's Cathedral and the City, and are certainly quite the most curious in the volume. Then we get chapters or sections dealing with the publication in St. Paul's Cathedral of the sentence of Pope Leo X. against Luther, May 12, 1521, with the Bible in Old St. Paul's, with the sermons preached at St. Paul's Cross by Dean Feckenham, and by Dr. Hugh Glasier, Chaplain to Queen Mary,

1555. But perhaps the greatest amount of literary interest in this volume is to be found in the tenth chapter, and centres in two little books by Henry Farley, "St. Paules-Church, Her Bill for the Parliament," 1621, and "Portland-Stone in Paules-Church-Yard," 1622, both of which are very rare, and full of quaint and interesting information concerning the famous cathedral and its surroundings. The two last chapters are described as "miscellaneous," and certainly their variety is great enough for any such designation. Canon Simpson's book is not one that appeals to the man in the street, but those to whom our national history and growth are of any consequence these entertaining pictures of old City life will be greatly relished.

* * * *

The vitality of the woodcut during the earlier part of the last century is strikingly demonstrated in two quaint little books which Mr. Menken, the courteous and intelligent bookseller, of Bury Street, New Oxford Street, has recently lent us. One of the most popular of the "popular" books of the period in question—when the entire range of human knowledge could, in a manner, be condensed within the covers of a duodecimo—was entitled "The Knowledge of Things Unknown," which professed to show "the effects of the planets and other astronomical constellations, with the strange events that befell men, women, and children born under them," &c. This little work was printed for J. Clarke, at the Golden Ball, in Duck Lane, and A. Wilde, in Aldersgate Street—close neighbours. We should much like to quote some of the letterpress of this extraordinary production, but space does not permit. The most remarkable point about it centres in the woodcuts, which even in 1743 were worn almost out of shape and form. Twenty-one years after, however—and possibly every intervening year—they again turn up in a new publication of a very similar character, but with the more emphatic title of "The Newest, Best, and Very-much Esteemed Book of Knowledge," which was "sold by the booksellers in Town and Country." By this time the woodcuts are so worn that, even if the paper had been of the best quality (which it is not), they convey scarcely any definite idea of the "artist's" original intention. In the earlier book a quaint little map "of the sea" is inserted upside down, a mistake which is rectified in the publication of 1764. In several other instances the woodcuts are shifted about with no apparent motive, except perhaps to give the chapmen the chance of passing off a very old friend as the latest thing in literature and knowledge generally.

Almost the latest acquisition to the British Museum Library is a rare volume dated 1615, entitled "A Manumission to a Manu-diction," by John Robinson. The author, who was pastor of the English congregation at Leyden, took a prominent part in organising the expedition of the "Pilgrim Fathers." Personal interest attaches to another volume recently acquired by the Museum in Southey's copy (with autograph) of "The Flagellant," of the year 1792—a magazine avowedly written by Westminster boys. It was for writing in this magazine against "the beastly and idolatrous custom of flogging" that Southey was expelled from Westminster School.

* * * *

An interesting study in the reading tastes of Young Britain now and a generation ago is supplied to a recent number of the *Strand* by Frances H. Low. She compares the recollections of distinguished persons of to-day with the confessions of some three hundred boys and one hundred and fifty girls, in schools belonging to the middle and upper-middle classes, who have furnished through their teachers lists of their favourite authors. "Pilgrim's Progress" bulked largely in the childhood of the personages now famous; but only five out of the three hundred modern boys, and two out of the hundred and fifty girls, mention it. "Robinson Crusoe" does not occur in nearly one half their papers! But M. Daudet describes it as the sole food of his infancy, the Prince of Wales calls it "the favourite book of his childhood"; it was the companion of John Burns, Dante G. Rossetti, Professor Huxley, Sir Henry Thompson, and Mr. Santley in their childhood; but neither Mr. Gladstone, Lord Salisbury, nor Mr. Ruskin give it any place of favour. "The Arabian Nights," the confessed joy of many an early genius, is named by only fourteen out of the three hundred boys, and by none of the girls. Mr. Gladstone's favourite books at the age of ten, writes Mrs. Drew, were Scott's novels, Froissart's Chronicles, "Pilgrim's Progress," and "The Arabian Nights." Lord Salisbury says his were Walter Scott's novels, the earlier novels of Dickens, Marryat, Fenimore Cooper, and Shakespeare's plays. Lord Wolseley confesses, "It was love of country more than love of heroes which filled my mind."

* * * *

The credit of one of the most interesting of recent literary "finds" belongs to a well-known book-lover, Mr. A. Neale. The "find" is of less importance than it might have been, but the discovery is full of suggestive possibilities. In March, 1891, Mr. Neale purchased at Sotheby's a copy of Cicero's "Rhetorica," printed

by Paul Manutius in 1546. There was nothing special about the copy, except that it was in good condition. A few bits of the binding had got rubbed away, and through the spaces some black-letter words were plainly seen. The book was evidently bound or rebound in this country, and by Thomas Berthelet, two or three years after it left the office of Aldus. The black-letter attracted the owner's notice, the result being that the book was sent on to Messrs. Rivière to have the binding "dissected." This task was skilfully

whyppe you prestes and tourne you
 For vice and synne they wyl not rebuke
 Nor come to gods worde to warne you
 Where do you see more Idelnes used
 whyppe you prestes and tourne you
 Then among you prestes whych shuld be refused
 And come to gods worde to warne you
 20 Yet they haue an other pryde caste
 whyppe you prestes and tourne you
 Whych they play at the last
 Leue that you prestes I warne you
 20 For thus they do holde by a cup
 whyppe you prestes and tourne you
 And al the dinke they them selues dynke by
 Leue that you prestes I warne you
 20 Moreouer, they teache they god to playe
 whyppe you prestes and tourne you
 This waye and
 Leue that you prestes I warne you
 20 Now therfore
 whyppe you prestes and tourne you
 They wyl not stycke to bryake their god in twayne

performed by these eminent binders, who extracted sixteen slips of paper, of which only one was quite blank. Only two or three of the slips have been identified. Perhaps the most interesting of these is the portion of a page from Grafton's King Edward the Sixth's Prayer Book, 1549. The second item consists of five slips from "The Image of Both Pastours," by Ulrich Zwingli, described by Lowndes. It is curious to note that both the foregoing are printed on both sides, from which it is evident that the completely printed

books or pamphlets were pressed into the service of the binder. The remaining eight slips are all printed on one side only, and have the appearance of being proof-sheets; by far the most important of these is a portion of a ballad which appears to be now lost—the British Museum authorities have been unable to identify it. We give herewith a facsimile of this curious item. Our second facsimile is taken from the more important of two slips which evidently relate to the Cornish rebellion of 1549. The Common Prayer of 1548

Cromwell was cruel and cam very ran
 They sayde thay wolde thow wth out any paine
 There hartes were w rote in the popys lawe
 They be gane the lalte pay when they flew bolope
 All Englan) reioysce at ther ouer thowse
 For only the Lorde is oure kynges victorpe
 They had false prophetes which brought eniges to passe
 Cleane contrary to ther owne expectacion
 Ther hope was for helpe in ther popys masse
 They wolde nedes haue hanged by a reseruat on
 The beate of pomodoke with his congerat ion
 CommanDED enem to like to ther Idolatry
 They had muche prouicion and great preperacion
 Yet God hath giuen out longe the victorpe
 They d. d robe and spoule al the kynges frendes
 They called them heretres with spight a discayne
 They toiled a space lyke titantz and findes
 They put some in prison & sume to greace payne
 And sume fled a waic or else they had bene slayne
 As was Coplam killing that marcer trulp
 goo hiche they kille) at sandford moore in the playne
 where yet goo h uth giuen out e kynges victorpe

and the sweeping changes introduced and put into effect with such vigour by Cromwell, called forth shoal after shoal of pamphlets and broadsides, among which were the two foregoing. The Cornishmen refused the new service because it was "like a Christmas game"; Devonshire demanded the restoration of the Mass and of the Six Articles. Two of the remaining slips are evidently of the same period, and are odd portions of a poem which has not yet been identified. The "find" is of extreme interest, and shows how, even in the covers of old books, literary treasures may be found.

A New Series.

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